Collier's

15¢

October 14, 1950

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Captain Thach's Phantom Carrier

By JOHN DENSON

Oct. 14, 1950

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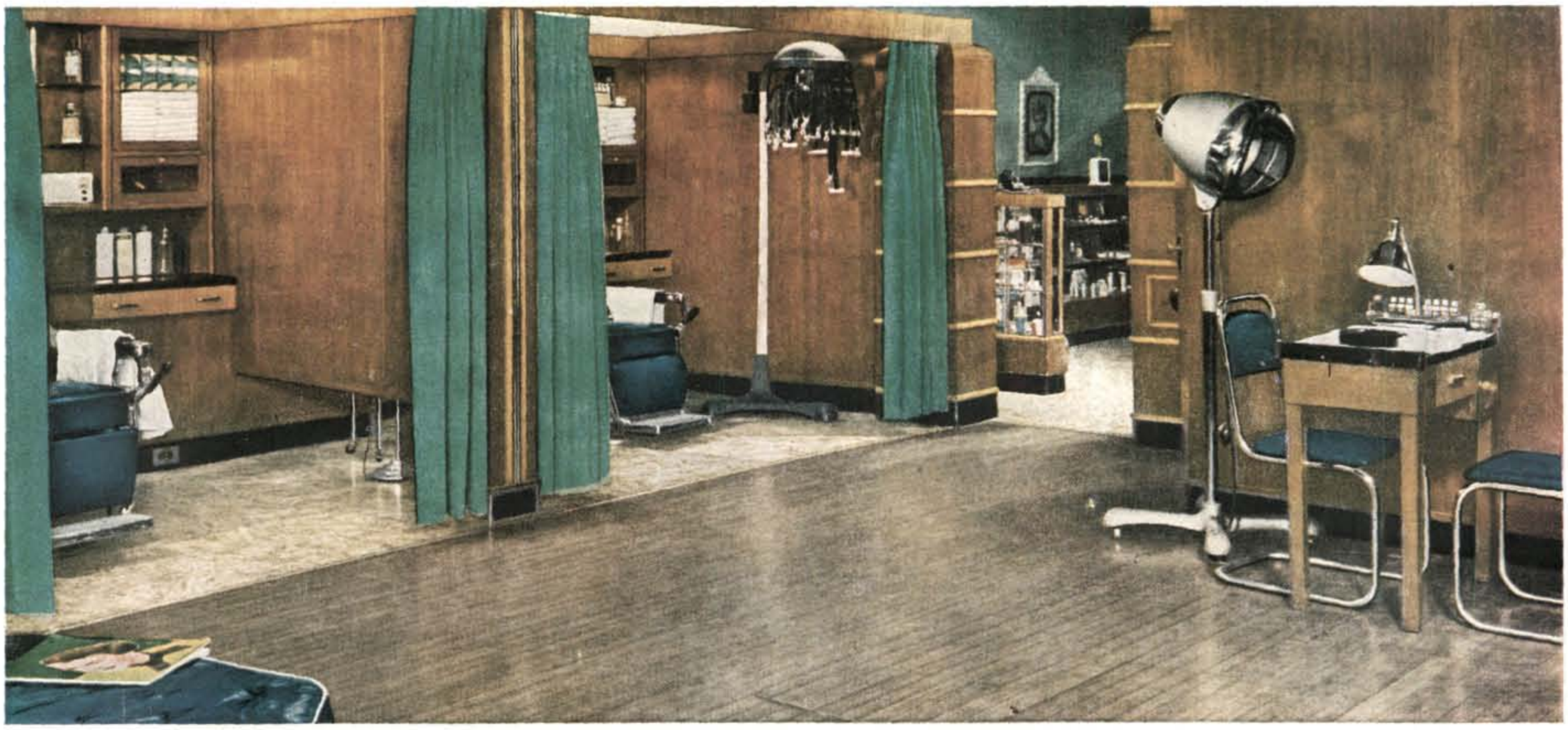
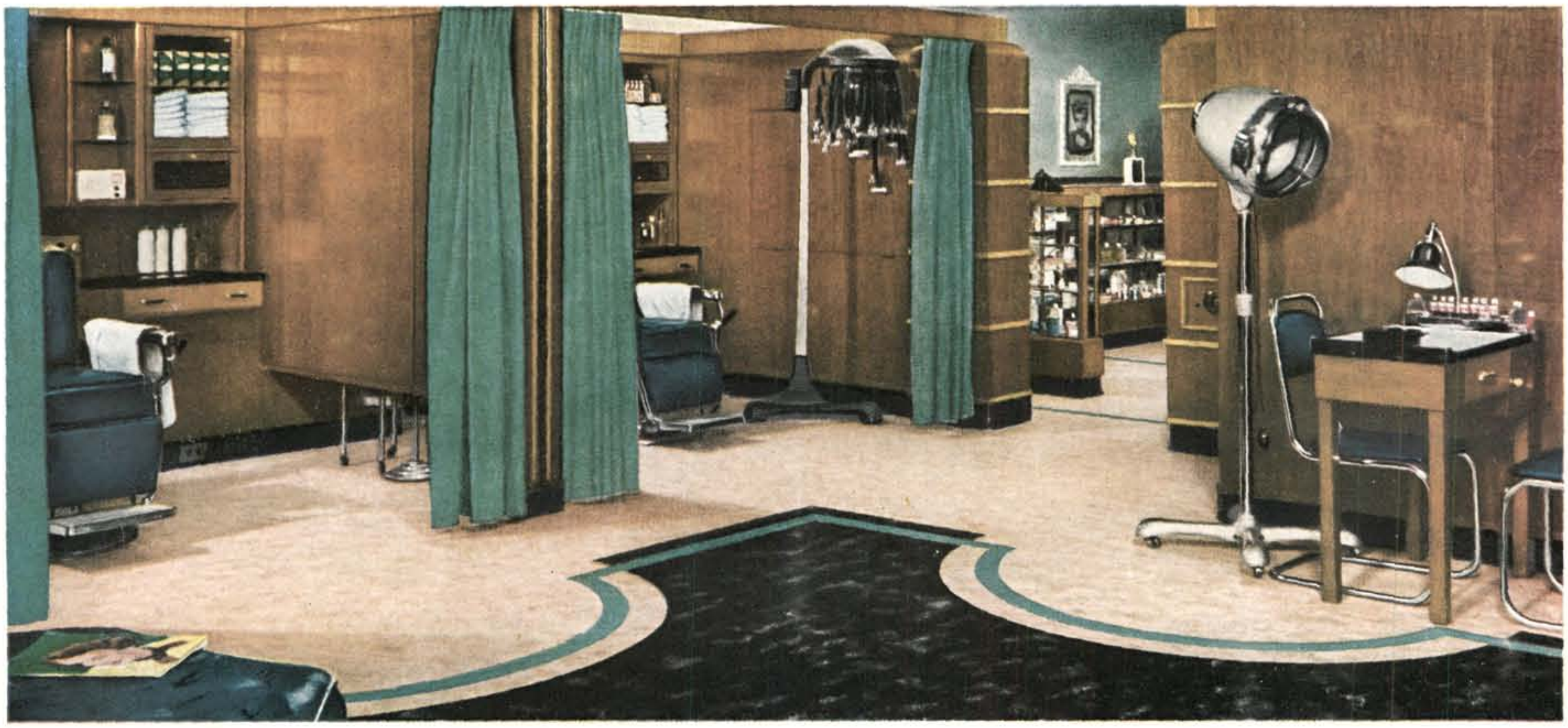


NOTHING IS CHANGED BUT THE FLOOR



Patrons of this beauty shop got a surprise when they walked in one morning a few weeks ago. They had known something was going on when their appointments were delayed a day—but didn't expect to find the appearance of the place completely changed. So much "remodeling" seemed impossible in that short time.

When the owner pointed out that the only change was the new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum, they couldn't believe it. Everything in the place seemed newer, brighter, cleaner. Then they looked around again and saw that it was true. The improvement in appearance was due entirely to the handsome new floor. That's what made all the rest of the shop look so much better.

"I really think I've had the best shop in town, all along," the owner said with a modest smile, "but until now it's never looked like it. After all, my customers come in here looking for style and beauty. Naturally, they expect our surroundings to reflect those same qualities."

The owner of this shop selected Armstrong's Linoleum for more than its beauty. He also appreciated its underfoot comfort. The old linoleum in the booths had proved how comfortable it was to stand on all day long. Now, with linoleum over the entire floor, the shop is even more comfortable to work in because the disturbing clatter of footsteps has been reduced. It's easier to clean up at the end of a day, too, because the smooth surface of Armstrong's Linoleum doesn't hold dust and dirt.

If style is a factor in your business, perhaps you could gain similar benefits by "remodeling" your shop or office with a new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. Any decorative requirement can be met with the wide range of colors and patterns. Your Armstrong contractor will be glad to show you samples and give you a cost estimate.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong makes several types of resilient floors—Armstrong's Linoleum, Asphalt Tile, Linotile®, Rubber Tile, Arlon Tile and Cork Tile. Each floor has its own special advantages. Choosing the one that's best suited for you depends upon the effect you want to create, the amount of money you can spend, and the type of subfloor you have.

Send for free booklet. "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you select the resilient flooring best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Co., 5010 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Penna.

Which floor
?
for your business

ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

Why did she leave him that way?

HE FELT a strange, new, emotional thrill that evening. She had been perfectly enchanting. And before him floated visions of—well—everything he had dreamed of during the lonely periods of his bachelor days.

Yet he couldn't express himself. When he pleaded for permission to call next evening, her reply was a crisp, cool "No!"; and, with scarcely a "Good night", she darted out of his car, up to her door and was gone . . . so hurriedly, that she forgot her gloves. He was puzzled and discouraged and hurt.

Are You Guilty?

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not know that you have it . . . and even your best friends won't tell you. It may be absent one day and present the next. And whenever it is, you offend needlessly.

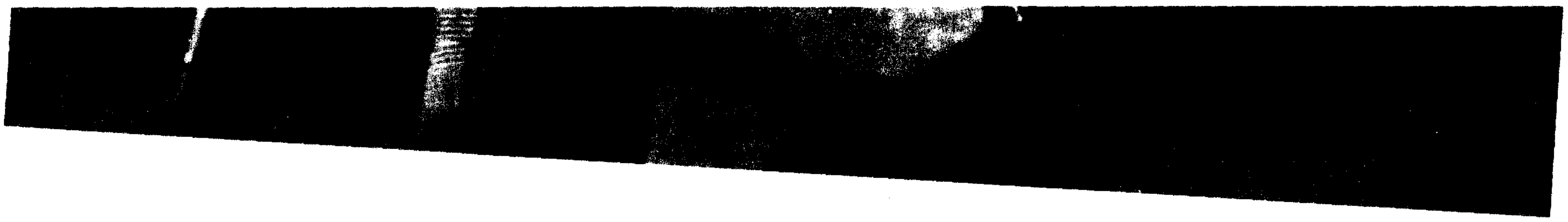
Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some systemic disorder. But usually—and fortunately—it is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle.

Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, wholly delightful and *extra-careful precaution against halitosis?* Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when you want to be at your best.

Sweetens for Hours

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. When you want that extra assurance, don't trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before any date . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**



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October 14, 1950

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The Cover

Nineteen-year-old Norma Eberhardt is a Powers model whose most publicized feature is the color of her eyes. One is brown, the other blue. André de Dienes posed her with his favorite flower near Oakhurst, New Jersey, Norma's home town, and we've given her the temporary title of Sunflower Girl.

Week's Mail

The "Why" Behind Korea

EDITOR: Thank you for your timely editorial, Too Little, 45 Days Too Late! (Sept. 2d). Those in Washington, whose business it is to look out after our interests, were too late for my son. He was killed in action in Korea on July 24th.
G. E. PERRY, Oklahoma City, Okla.

. . . Congratulations on your hard-hitting editorial demanding removal of Secretary Johnson over the Korean debacle.

Now let me have the answer to the $64 question: What caused the sudden reversal of policy to defend Korea? This should smoke out other incompetents or worse.

Your challenge on behalf of the American people is most inspiring. Another first for Collier's. C. R. EBERT, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . Too Little, 45 Days Too Late! is one of the finest pieces of material your magazine has put out to date. If I had the money I would buy an additional copy for everyone in these United States.
CHARRON O. DOZOIS, Newark, N. J.

. . . I cannot refrain from thanking you, and congratulating Collier's for a timely, powerful and wholly warranted indictment of fumbling politicians in high (and our highest) office, all of whom should be impeached.

You have performed a notable public service, which I am sure has earned the admiration and support of millions of humble Americans like the writer. More power to you. J. W. ROBERTS, Chicago, Ill.

. . . Too Little, 45 Days Too Late! is the best editorial I ever read on the condition of our country today with all the rotten politics.

The more of that kind we see the sooner everyone will sit up and take notice and, I hope, do things to change the situation as soon as possible. Too bad for all those poor boys who have suffered, and are suffering, for such rotten deals.
MRS. PETE JENSEN, Boise, Idaho

Korea's Mr. Pak

EDITOR: I want to thank you most warmly for John Denson's very fine article, Mr. Pak Is Worth Fighting For (Aug. 19th).

As one who knows something of the Korean people, I certainly subscribe most heartily to the conclusions he has presented. Your printing of this article is a service to the United States, the United Nations and the Korean people.
ROBERT T. OLIVER, Washington, D. C.

Pittsburgh's Police

EDITOR: You have my sincere thanks and congratulations on your article They Get Away with Murder in Pittsburgh (Sept. 2d).

When the curtain of politics is pulled aside, the police force is revealed as nothing more than a puppet show, and a poorly organized one at that.
PATSY BALOK, Turtle Creek, Pa.

. . . Compliments to Howard Whitman for telling Pittsburgh how their police department looks. On a recent visit I was amazed at the lack of respect and lack of confidence Pittsburgh citizens have in their police,

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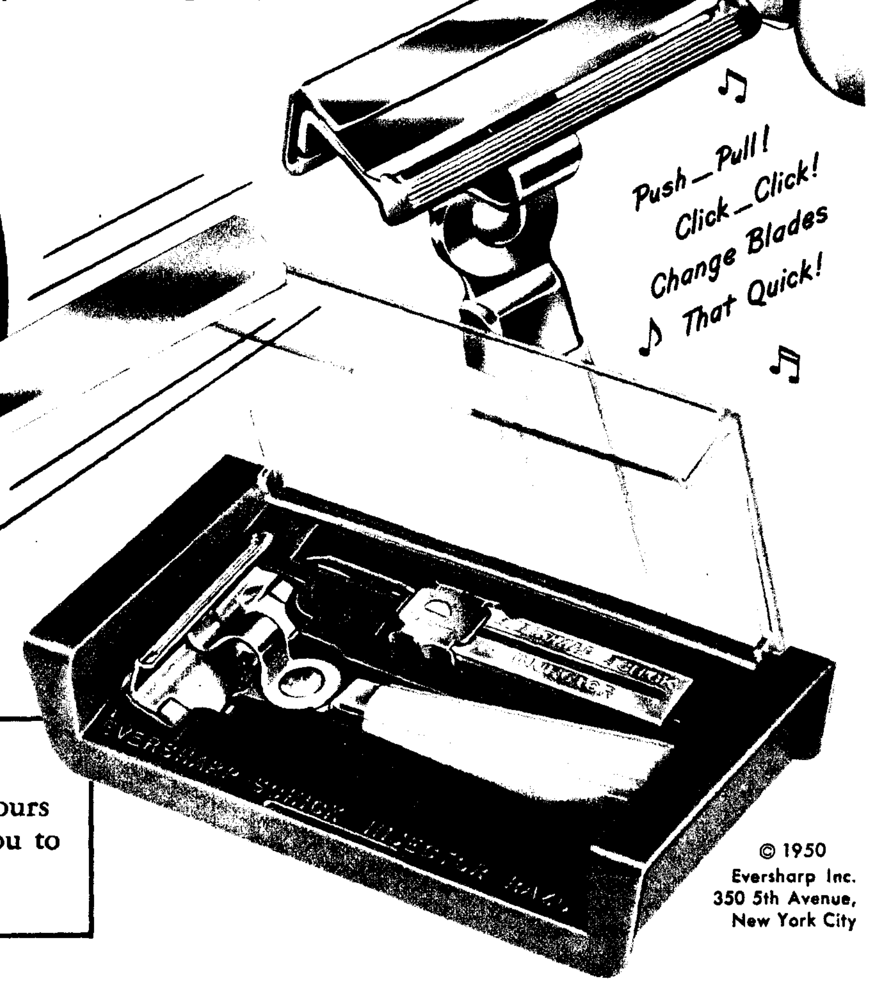
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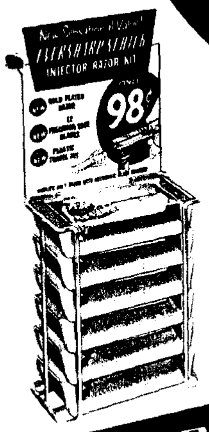
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It's Wise
EXTRA-MILD FATIMA
"I agree..."
says Helen Davidson—beautiful Ice Capades skating star.
KING-SIZE FATIMA ... the finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—EXTRA-MILD ... gives you a much different, much better flavor and aroma than any other long cigarette.
FATIMA
CIGARETTES
EXTRA-MILD
ENJOY FATIMA YOURSELF
... BEST OF ALL LONG CIGARETTES

till I met a Pittsburgh officer who acted and talked like a one-man Gestapo. Police departments are to protect the people not to scare them.

In Boston, we like our cops and they like us, so they give us good protection and we give them good equipment to do it with.

HENRY ENGEL, Boston, Mass.

. . . Everything you said about Pittsburgh's police force and the politicians is entirely true. The whole city of Pittsburgh, including the suburbs, was completely shocked when they heard of the Kensinger and Brusco slayings and how our police reacted as though it were an everyday affair.

Girls and women were too frightened to step out of their doors or even answer them when someone knocked. Many times coming home from school in the afternoon, men will try to accost me or my friends. When this is reported to the police, they always say they'll see what they can do about it, and then the matter is dropped.

ROMILIA PAPOULAS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Too Many People

EDITOR: I am curious to know after reading Mighty Sperm (Sept. 2d) why the world needs an increased birth rate. Even now Europe, Asia and other parts of the world are starving due to overproduction.

As life expectancy is greater, and with increased fertility in mankind, it will create some food problem.

JOHN L. WAHLER, Philadelphia, Pa.

About Face

EDITOR: You cheated us on that picture of reporter Helen Detzel in your story of Caproni's Restaurant (Here's to the Pasta at Caproni's, Aug. 19th). How about showing us her face in your next issue? And where does she report? How did she rate all those male companions?

E. V. MITCHELL, Los Angeles, Cal.

Miss Detzel is a reporter for the Cincinnati Times-Star. As for all those male companions—well, look at her picture.

Spuds and Scandals

EDITOR: Hooray for Gordon Schendel and The Great Potato Scandal (Sept. 2d). I am a former student of agricultural economics at the University of Maryland where the glories of free trade were constantly preached. Anyone who approved of tariffs was considered reactionary, selfish and considering only our "huge industrial interests."

Mr. Schendel has done an excellent job showing how free trade can wreck our economy. Let the advocates of free trade bring forth a solution to the present agricultural depression in Maine.

JOHN U. WALKER, Margate, N. J.

. . . Your Mr. Schendel came to the front with a complete refutation of the charges of Mr. John Ball, of the Washington Post, last fall against our Aroostook County potato growers. Now we can hold up our heads, because Mr. Schendel has shown clearly to the country that we are not to blame for what was truly called the potato scandal.

It appears that the surplus of potatoes in Aroostook County last year was exactly equal to the Canadian-grown potatoes that passed through the ports of Houlton and Fort Fairfield for distribution in this country. The cost of growing those Canadian potatoes was just half what it cost us, and the ridiculously low duty didn't begin to make up the difference.

Mr. Schendel has put the finger on the person primarily to blame for soaking us and making former $4-a-day Canadian laborers over into $100,000-a-year exploiters of our liberality—Mr. Brannan.

WALTER A. COWAN, Houlton, Me.

. . . Your article The Great Potato Scandal was quite a shock to us Canadians who have been hearing for years of the great friendship existing between the United States and Canada. It wasn't so much what was said, but the way your writer said it.

Certainly, if you folks don't want to buy our potatoes there is no question that it is your privilege to place an embargo against their import. However, while their import is allowed, Canadian farmers will naturally seek to sell where the price is highest.

Incidentally, it should be mentioned that Canada (with a population of 14,000,000) buys much more from the U.S.A. (with a population of 150,000,000) than she sells south of the border.

The unfairest reference of all was the oblique mention of Marshall aid in such a way to make it seem as if Canada were receiving assistance under this plan. I am proud to state that Canada has not received one penny in money or goods under the Marshall Plan or under Lend-Lease.

Mr. Dewey, governor of New York, recognized this fact when he recently made a speech here in Ottawa. He pointed out that not only had Canada never asked for or received aid, but that on a per capita basis *she had given more aid to Europe than any other country in the world* since 1939—not excluding the United States.

C. R. O'NEILL, Ottawa, Ont.

. . . THANKS FOR FIRST ACCURATE ARTICLE ON POTATO SITUATION IN AROOSTOOK COUNTY.

CARIBOU FARMS INC., CARIBOU, ME.

. . . As an old reader of Collier's I notice with disgust your anti-Canadian article, The Great Potato Scandal. Here in Canada we are not concerned with the political significance of this article, as American politics is none of our business. We are surprised at the anti-Canadian tone of this article in which Canadian growers are charged with exploitation and called names because they are trying to market their produce in the United States.

Much of the article is inaccurate, as it gives only one side of the story. It says nothing about the imports of American vegetables, including potatoes, into other regions of Canada which more than balance the imports into the New England district. Here in Manitoba potatoes from Idaho and other states come into the market, much to the discomfiture of local growers. In British Columbia considerable quantities of American potatoes, especially seed, are imported.

As a matter of fact, Canada imported $50,000,000 worth of American fruit, $21,000,000 worth of American vegetables and $35,000,000 worth of American grain products in 1947, the latest year that complete official figures are available.

Your biased article does not mention this and suggests that our market is protected. It mentions that we impose quotas but it does not state that American fruits and vegetables mature earlier in U.S. and are imported into Canada, taking the cream of the early market which is saturated before the Canadian crops are ready. If some sort of quota was not imposed at this time Canadians could not market any produce in their own country.

GEORGE SIGUARDSON, Selkirk, Manitoba

ARROW
·SANFORIZED·
DART
ARROW
·SANFORIZED·
PAR
ARROW
·SANFORIZED·
DREW

January GARNET February AMETHYST March AQUAMARINE

Three for the show—and plenty for the money!

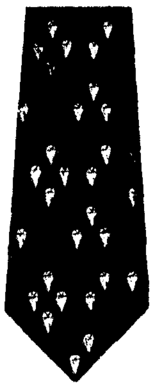
You don't have to pamper these beauties. They're *Arrow* shirts—as rugged as they are good-looking, and (wives say) they're the easiest shirts in the world to launder. They're Mitoga-tailored for a trim, tapered waist. The snowy broadcloth shirts are "Sanforized"-labeled (won't shrink more than 1%) and buttons are *anchored* on.

Pick your favorite: Dart, non-wilt collar, $3.65. (In even finer broadcloth, *Mall,* $3.95; *Dale,* in premium broadcloth, $4.50.) *Par,* soft, spread collar, regular or French cuffs, $3.65. *Drew,* low-band, non-wilt collar, $3.65.

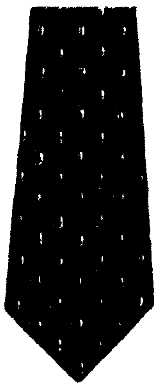
For yourself, or for a distinctive gift, pick Arrow's new *Birthstone Ties.* The correct birthstone for each month makes a distinctive pattern on luxurious foulard, $1.50. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. Makers of Arrow Shirts, Ties, Sports Shirts, Handkerchiefs, Underwear.

ARROW SHIRTS
"BIRTHSTONE" TIES

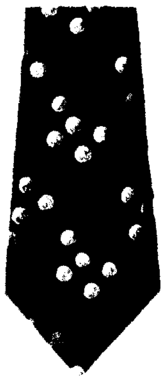
April
DIAMOND



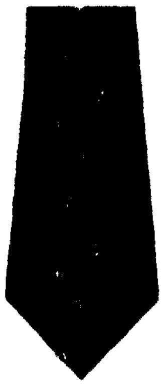
May
EMERALD



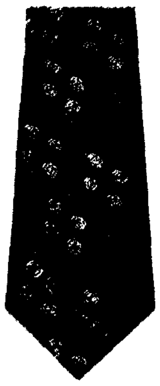
June
PEARL



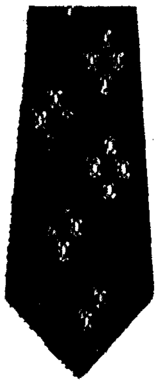
July
RUBY



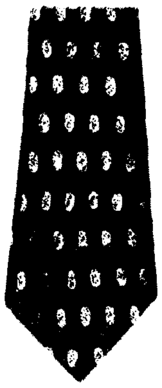
August
PERIDOT



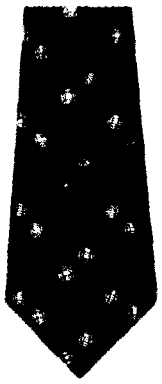
September
SAPPHIRE



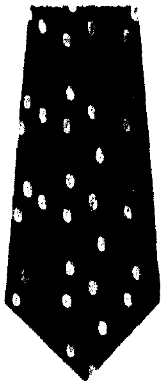
October
OPAL



November
TOPAZ



December
TURQUOISE



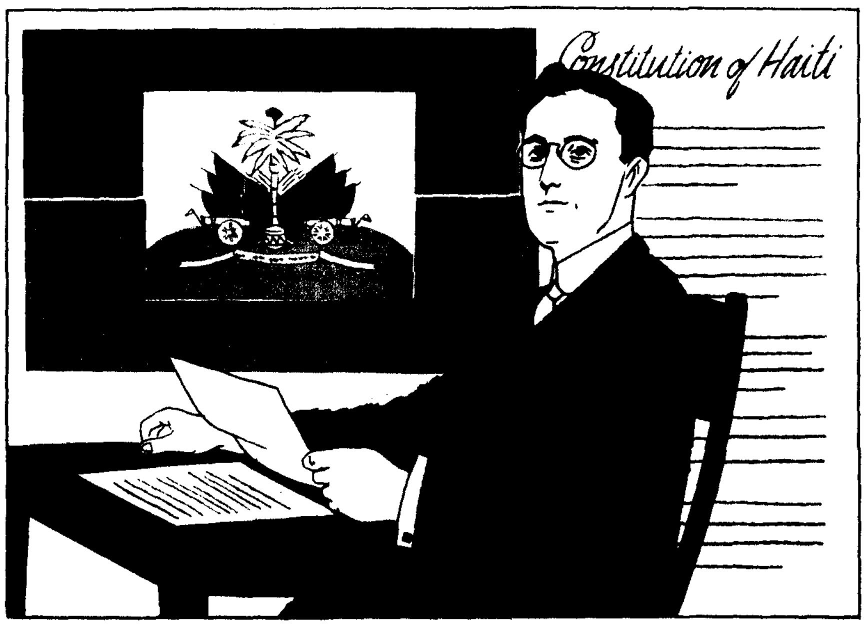
Genuine Shell Cordovan has no equal when it comes to honest-to-goodness, down-to-earth wear! And, because of the nature of this tannage, it shines like new with the flick of a cloth! Add to all this the superior quality of Florsheim designing and shoemaking, and you have a shoe that's a perfect combination of good looks, perfect fit, and economical longer service.

Florsheim Shoes

The VIKING, *S-1358 genuine Shell Cordovan plain toe*

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Chicago · Makers of fine shoes for men and women

Keep Up with the World



PETER VIOLANTE

Franklin D. Roosevelt once wrote a constitution for Haiti

Haiti won its independence from France in 1804, as a result of the only successful revolt of slaves in history. In 1844, it was separated from the Spanish section of the island which became the Dominican Republic. During the following 71 years, Haiti was in a constant state of political turmoil and had 24 presidents, only one of whom served his entire term. Among the others, two resigned, three were murdered, three died in office and 15 were deposed by revolutions. Incidentally, when the American Marines were sent there in 1915 to re-establish order, a new constitution was written for Haiti by Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the U.S. Navy.

* * * * * * * * *

To determine the effect of high altitudes on humans and animals, the U.S. Army Air Corps, in the 1930s, conducted a number of experiments. One of the most interesting was made with a rabbit confined in a small glass chamber in which the atmospheric pressure was gradually decreased until it was equivalent to that at a height of 63,000 feet. Thus, as the air pressure on the animal became lighter than the pressure of its internal gases, the rabbit's body swelled to twice its normal size.

* * * * * * * * *

During the royal visit to France of the King and Queen of England in July, 1938, one of the most magnificent luncheons in history was given in their honor in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. Planned and supervised by a dozen famous chefs, the banquet required days to prepare and consisted of nine courses and 14 wines for 280 guests. Yet the schedule for the day allotted only 45 minutes for the serving and eating of the elaborate feast.

* * * * * * * * *

In 40 large cities of the United States, the telephone company issues an extra directory in which subscribers are listed according to street address instead of alphabetically by name. These directories enable organizations to compile lists of residents of a certain neighborhood or district for the purpose of contacting them by mail, messenger or telephone. In New York, revised books are issued monthly, quarterly and semiannually for each of the five boroughs and the cost of the service ranges from $24 to $696 a year.

* * * * * * * * *

One of England's most baffling and still unsolved murders was that of a young army officer who was poisoned while dining with his wife in their home in Aldershot, near London, on the evening of June 20, 1931. The maid had served each of them a roasted partridge, giving the smaller one to her mistress who found it delicious. But the husband refused to eat his meat, after a bite or two, because it had a bitter taste. After dinner, he became ill and, within four hours, died of strychnine poisoning. The birds had been purchased that afternoon at a local market by the cook. The cook, the maid and the wife were the only ones who had been in the house all day. The three women were subjected to an intensive investigation, but were completely exonerated. The partridges had been roasted together in the same pan. In a laboratory test, two others were cooked under the same conditions. The larger one was given a dose of strychnine, the other had none. When they were thoroughly roasted, it was found that they had become equally poisonous and deadly as the result of the mixing of their juices in basting.

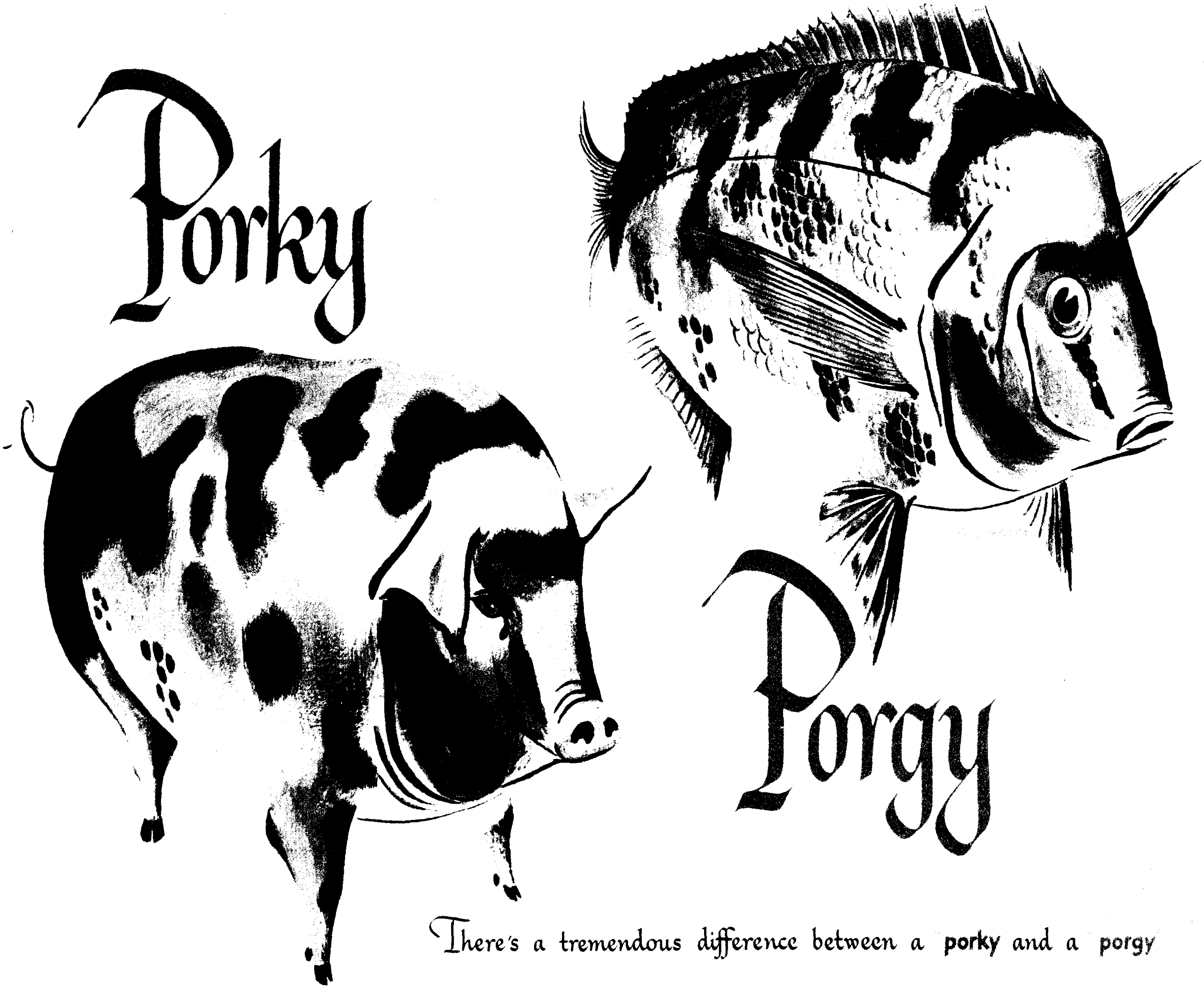
* * * * * * * * *

Many years ago, a wealthy New York widow died and left a special will in which she bequeathed $1,000,000 to the descendants of a distant relative. The money was a trust fund that she had been given to use throughout her life, provided that she willed it to these persons. In accordance with the widow's instructions, her lawyers located the 438 rightful heirs and gave each his share. Several of the sums were very small, one even being one seventh of one thirty-second of one forty-fifth of the million-dollar estate, which amounted to $99.

* * * * * * * * *

The world's largest snake is the reticulated python of Malaya. Upon reaching its greatest known length of 33 feet, this serpent has approximately 575 vertebrae, far more than any other animal.

Porky



Porgy

There's a tremendous difference between a **porky** and a **porgy**

– and there is a powerful difference, too, between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline!

TRADE-MARK

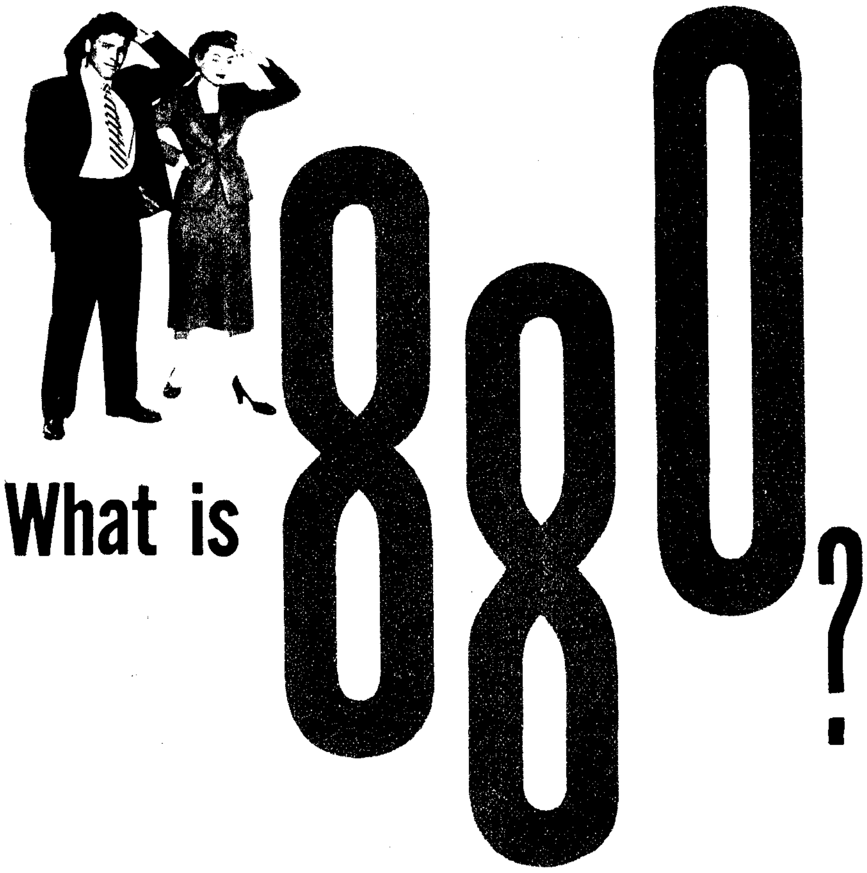
ETHYL
ETHYL CORPORATION

"Ethyl" gasoline is *high octane* gasoline. That's why it brings out the top power of your engine—makes a difference that you can feel on hills, on the open road, and when you need quick power for passing or acceleration.

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

ETHYL CORPORATION . . . New York 17, New York

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake . . . ethylene dichloride . . . sodium (metallic) . . . chlorine (liquid) . . . oil soluble dye . . . benzene hexachloride (technical)



What is 880?

It could be **Burt Lancaster's** address...
Or it might be the price of roast beef...
It might be **Dorothy McGuire** (But since 880 is a mister, that rules her out).
It might be a famous locomotive...
an important license plate...
a small town phone number...

This much
we will tell you...
It's a wonderful
new motion picture...
So warm and human—
So alive and real
It will always be
on the tip of
your tongue...
It's just about the
grandest movie
you'll be seeing
in a long, long time...
Mis

with MILLARD MITCHELL · Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Produced by JULIAN BLAUSTEIN · Screen Play by Robert Riskin
Based on an Article in The New Yorker by St. Clair McKelway

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

It was on the date of this issue of Collier's—October 14th—that William Penn was born in England 306 years ago. In the event you don't know, Mr. Penn was the founder of Pennsylvania. Being a Quaker he considered fighting a great waste of time. The Indians he met in what is now Philadelphia thought so, too, and they got along fine. But Mr. Penn didn't stay long—less than three years. Hadn't figured on the politicians. Indians fled, too.

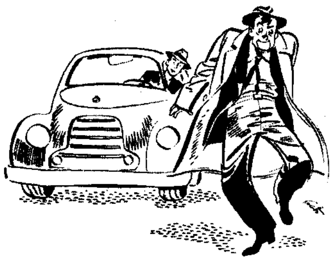
★ ★ ★

A Fresno, California, lady who wishes not to be named complains that she is sure she has been bitten by a radioactive mosquito. The creature attacked her, she tells us, while she was driving through the San Joaquin Valley. Her symptoms should interest scientists. For example, she thinks she is growing a beard. Also she baked a small potato, she says, by merely holding it in her left hand for five minutes. We've made inquiry and find that a million radioactive mosquitoes were recently released near Turlock, California, by scientists who at once began following them with Geiger counters to study their migratory habits, an occupation calling for considerable agility. We are assured by Dr. Wilton L. Halverson, State Director of Public Health, that the mosquitoes present no danger to public health because "the amount of radioactivity they carry is much less than is found in an ordinary luminous watch dial." Nevertheless, our lady says she doesn't want to be identified lest her friends avoid her as an Atomic Aggie. "I don't care what Doctor Halverson says," she reports. "I buzz for several minutes every afternoon about four o'clock."

★ ★ ★

We have made a note in our memory-jogging book to speak to Congressman A. S. Mike Monroney, of Oklahoma, who is running for the United States Senate. We have just read a piece in the Washington, D.C., Daily News that in his house in Washington he has a charming array of cocktail and highball glasses. Moreover, the piece says, the glasses are decorated with pictures of Mrs. Monroney's ribbon-winning West Highland terriers. The last time we visited the Monroneys, who do not drink at all, Mike set out a bottle of bourbon near our elbow. No glass. Not even an old jelly tumbler or a tin dipper. Just the bottle. We took a lonely swig, wiped our mouth on the back of our hand and departed. But we guess you've got to have pretty glasses when the White House or the State Department drops in. We've heard of a statesman who never ate off a plate before getting elected to Congress.

All of which gives us a fine opening to relay to you from Mr. Jonas Fyler of Colorado Springs, Colorado, that he knows a tavern with the following notice to motorists over the bar: "Please drive carefully. You might hit one of our customers."



It's not quite clear from Mr. Tom Broodhurst's letter whether it occurred in his town—Bakersfield, California—but we gladly agree with him that it was pretty tough on free speech. Seems there was a Hi-Neighbor parade and as it trudged through the town the marchers were required to shout Hi-Neighbor to all and sundry, including themselves. Arm waving, backslapping and handshaking accompanied the shouts. All Mr. Broodhurst did was lean from a second-story window and holler, "Ah, shaddap." He was arrested for disturbing the peace and let off with a warning. And now he wants to know what the world is coming to, anyway.

★ ★ ★

So far as we know there is no law requiring Miss Karen Underbolt, of Beatrice, Nebraska, to sit through a movie she doesn't like. And yet we don't want to pass hasty judgment on that part of her complaint which demands that English movies come equipped with subtitles in American so that she can "know what they're talking about."

★ ★ ★

We have a long letter from Mr. Elwood (Tacks) Framley of Atlantic City, New Jersey, informing us that there is no freedom of the press, of all things, in Russia. But Mr. Framley is wrong. In Russia you can say anything you want provided you ignore facts.

JACK BETTS

Looking ahead a bit, Mrs. Nola Johns Caldar of Phoenix, Arizona, foresees the day when, having beaten back the North Koreans, America will embark with tearful enthusiasm upon a campaign of Kartons for Korea. It's an old American custom, says she—beat 'em and feed 'em. But Mrs. Caldar is willing to give you odds that "we will still be paying no attention to the fact that out here in Arizona, the Papago Indians will still be starving on rangeland so poor that

Frank
Swi
Pre
Ham
Pork Sausage
Hambu
Swift's
Prem

Come on over!

INVITE THE CROWD! No bother . . . all fun! Just bring out an armful of Swift's Premium Canned Meats—add buns and relishes—and you've got yourself a bang-up kitchen-table buffet! "Party-style" Hamburgers need only a quick brown-up on the grill, at the same time those wonderful ready-cooked Pork Sausages are sizzling. Swift's Frankfurts are ready for the bun in nothing flat. Prem and Chopped Ham are delicious, served either hot or cold. And be sure to get that festive Lazy Susan shown at right. See order blank below.

Swift's Premium Canned Meats

SWIFT QUALITY FOODS

Exclusive design "Lazy Susan" yours for only 50¢

$1.50 VALUE

with number copied from top of any can of Swift's Premium Canned Meats you buy.

This beautiful, revolving Lazy Susan is made of crystal-clear plastic . . . etched with an attractive floral design . . . divided into 4 compartments . . . perfect for assorted relishes, canapes, etc. Tray removable . . . may be used separately. 11 in. diam. 3 in. high. Why not order several for gifts and party prizes?

Tear out this order form and mail to:

Canned Meats, Dept. C-10, Box 6309, Chicago 77, Illinois

Send me________Lazy Susans. For each, I enclose 50¢ and number which I have copied from a can of Swift's Premium Canned Meat (any kind) bought by me.

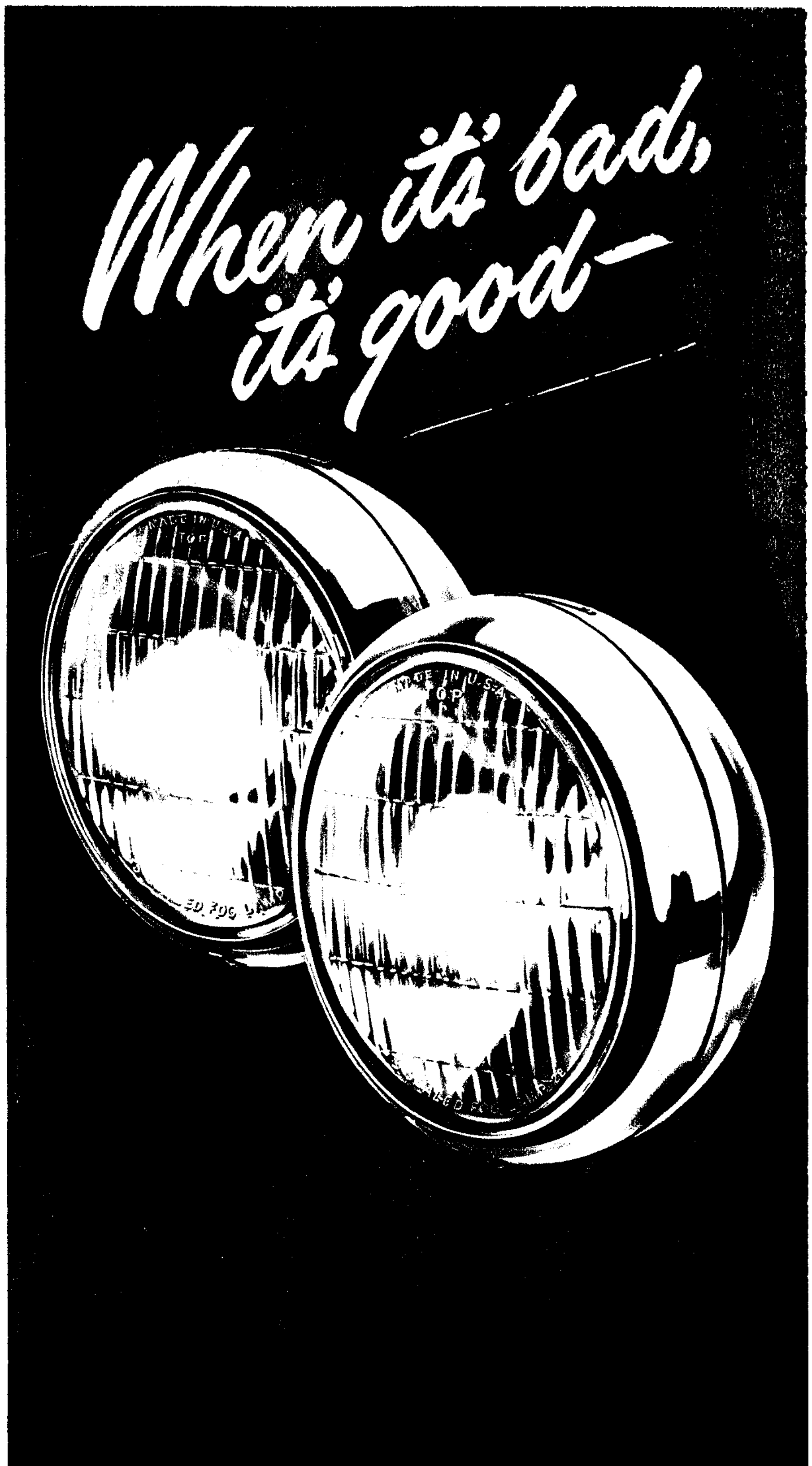
*Number*________________________

*Name*________________________

*Address*________________________

*City*________*Zone*________*State*________

This offer good only in U. S. A. and void in any state, or subdivision thereof, where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Offer expires March 31, 1951, or when supply is exhausted. Allow 2 weeks for delivery.



It's good to have Guide Fog Lamps. Their low, flat-top beam affords greater visibility during adverse weather conditions than ordinary headlamps. Fitted to any car, they not only help reduce the strain of after-dark driving in rain, snow, sleet and fog but are a handsome, all-season addition to the car. Get a pair of Guide Fog Lamps installed at a United Motors Service dealer, car dealer or service station. Guide Lamp Division, General Motors Corporation, Anderson, Indiana.

Guide FOG LAMPS

one square mile of it will support only three cows. And Congress will still be spending millions on backward foreign parts while Papagos are living in illiterate squalor."

* * *

This one is up to you readers. We'd be glad if you'd worry it and let us know what you suggest. Mr. S. L. Meulendyke, of New York City, thinks that GI is an "inappropriate designation" for our troops in Korea, as they are fighting the United Nations' war, not as United States forces.

Got any ideas? If you're old enough, you'll remember such a competition in World War I. All sorts of names were suggested—Amis (French for friends), Sammies (for Uncle Sammy), Yanks (which made the Southerners sore) and Amercs (Americans) which made everybody sore. Finally the lads settled it for themselves—doughboys. Out of World War II came GIs. With that as a start, you readers ought to produce something pretty neat. Let's see: Unis (nope), Unats (terrible), Liberators (Look here, my lad, a few more like that and you'll be looking for a new job). Okay, readers, take it away.

* * *

Maybe it would be as well if you, while driving through Porterville, California, did not drop in at the police station and ask the desk sergeant, "How's things?" He's liable to reply, "Things are positively dreadful and your grammar stinks"—and then throw you out. It is possible that he has just had a session with Police Chief Paul Finley who recently issued a directive informing the sergeant that hereafter there will be no more split infinitives, dangling participles, double negatives or other grammatical offenses entered upon the police blotter. Moreover, the chief left a large dictionary and a volume with the formidable title The Making and Meaning of Words at the sergeant's desk, just in case any copper wanted to know what a participle or an infinitive is. Yep, maybe you'd better stay away. They may throw the book at you—or both of them—on general principles.

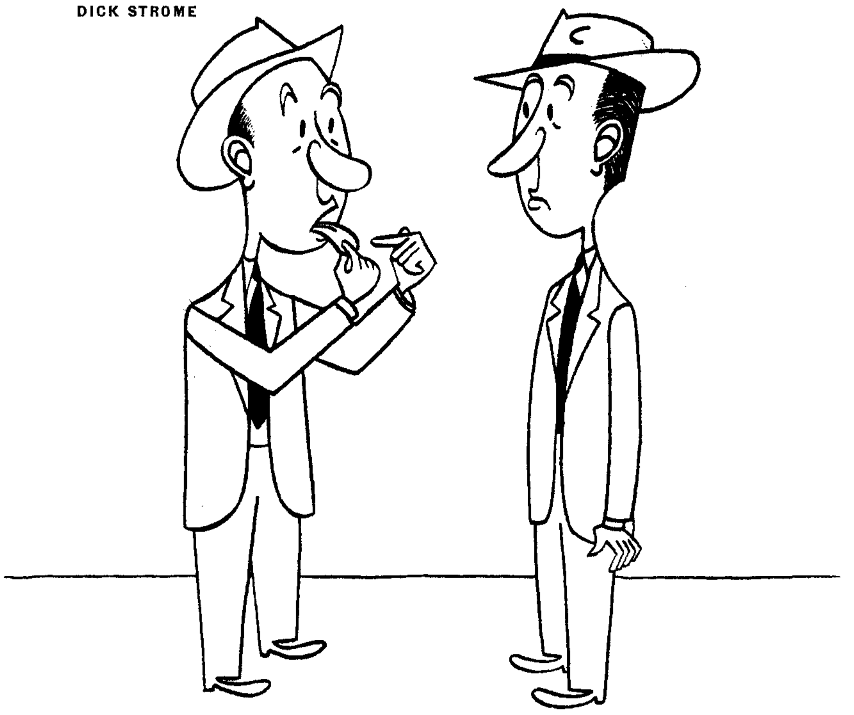
* * *

And Mr. Tedder T. Cleave of Flint, Michigan, says he knows a lady in Marquette County who has successfully petitioned the highway department not to improve the back-country road she lives on. She wants it as it always has been because it is the only thing left that reminds her fondly of days and ways she understands.

* * *

This is the season of the year—football—that we receive letters from skeptical ladies like this: "I have recently met a handsome giant who is very active and attentive. He says that he was an All-America tackle in ———. Is this true or is he just trying to throw me?" We've had six thus far. Collier's gets them because this magazine—which started many years ago with Walter Camp's All-America selections, and still features the mythical All-Star Teams—is generally regarded as the final All-America word. We'd like it understood, however, that we are in no way responsible for amorous elephants who try to convince impressionable females that they once were Collier's heroes. W.D.

DICK STROME



The Conversationalists

2—The Medical Menace

ALWAYS say, "Hi," to this fellow. Or perhaps "good morning," "good afternoon" or "good evening."

Never say, "How are you?"

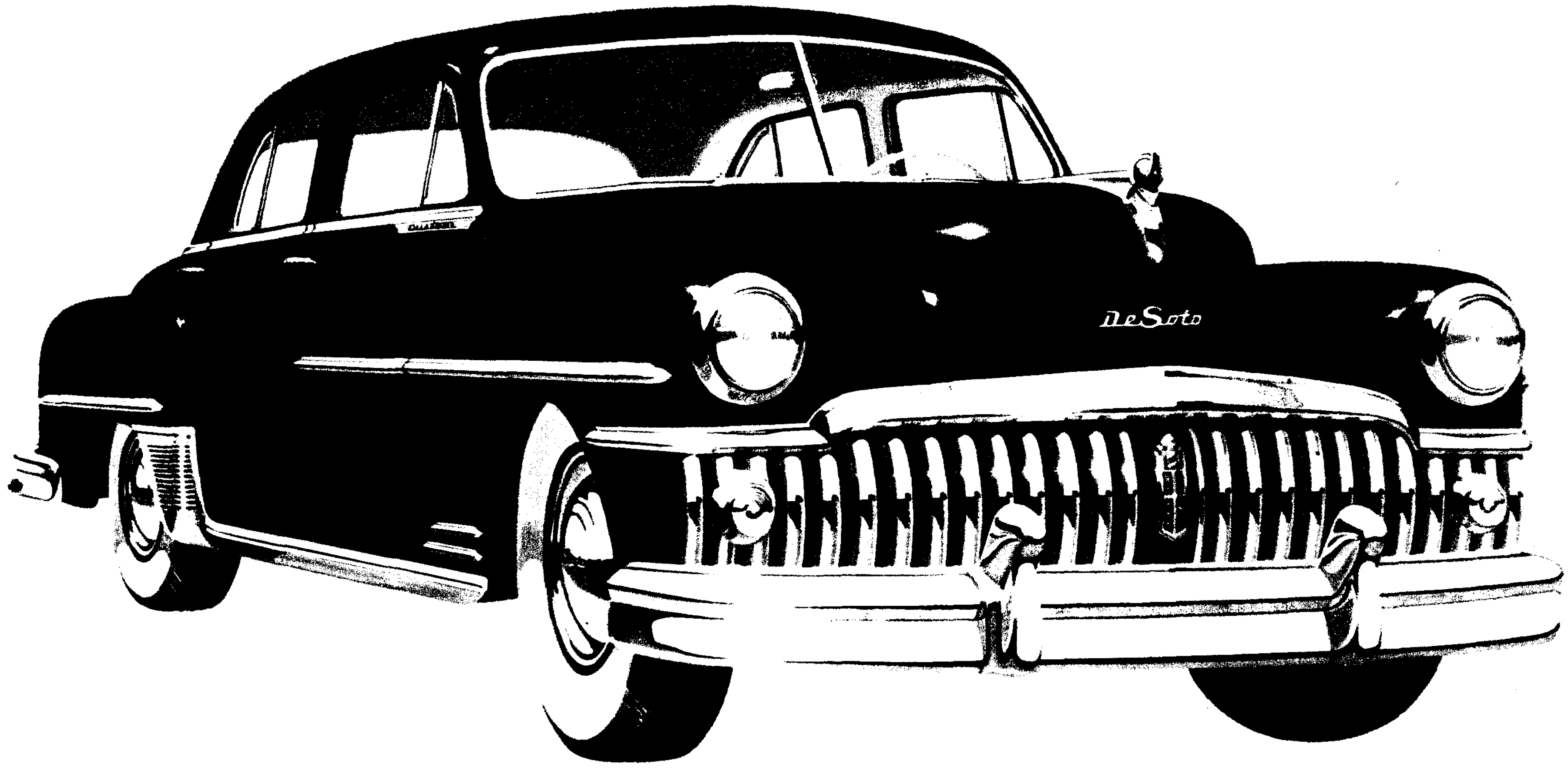
"Funny thing you ask that," he'll reply. "When I got up this morning, I was feeling fine, but when I started to shave a hot wave went over me and I saw little green spots goin' around in circles in front of my eyes. So I stuck out my tongue and I'm telling you I didn't like the looks of it. I sat down to the breakfast table and ate a couple of eggs, a few slices of bacon and only one stack of hot cakes but I could tell I was off my feed. Mind you, I'm not one to worry about my health, poor as it is, but I dropped by to see Doc Withers just the same and he said there wasn't a thing wrong with me which just goes to show how these things can baffle medical science. I'm going to a specialist this afternoon and my guess is he'll have to operate. A person can feel those things, you know. My guess is that I got that new disease that's going around called 'basillius stroboscopis.' Read about it yesterday. Fatal in nine out of ten cases."

I'm not feeling so well myself.

—BY PAUL RITTS

“New road?” “No, sir... new DE SOTO”

...with full-cradled ride...longer wheelbase...bigger brakes...shock-free steering...waterproof ignition ...and it *lets you drive without shifting*. It’s terrific!



Drive a DeSoto before you decide!

Don’t miss GROUCHO MARX *in “You Bet Your Life” on both radio and television (NBC networks)—presented by* DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH DEALERS. RADIO ... *every Wednesday night.* TELEVISION ... *see your local newspaper for time and station.* DE SOTO DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION

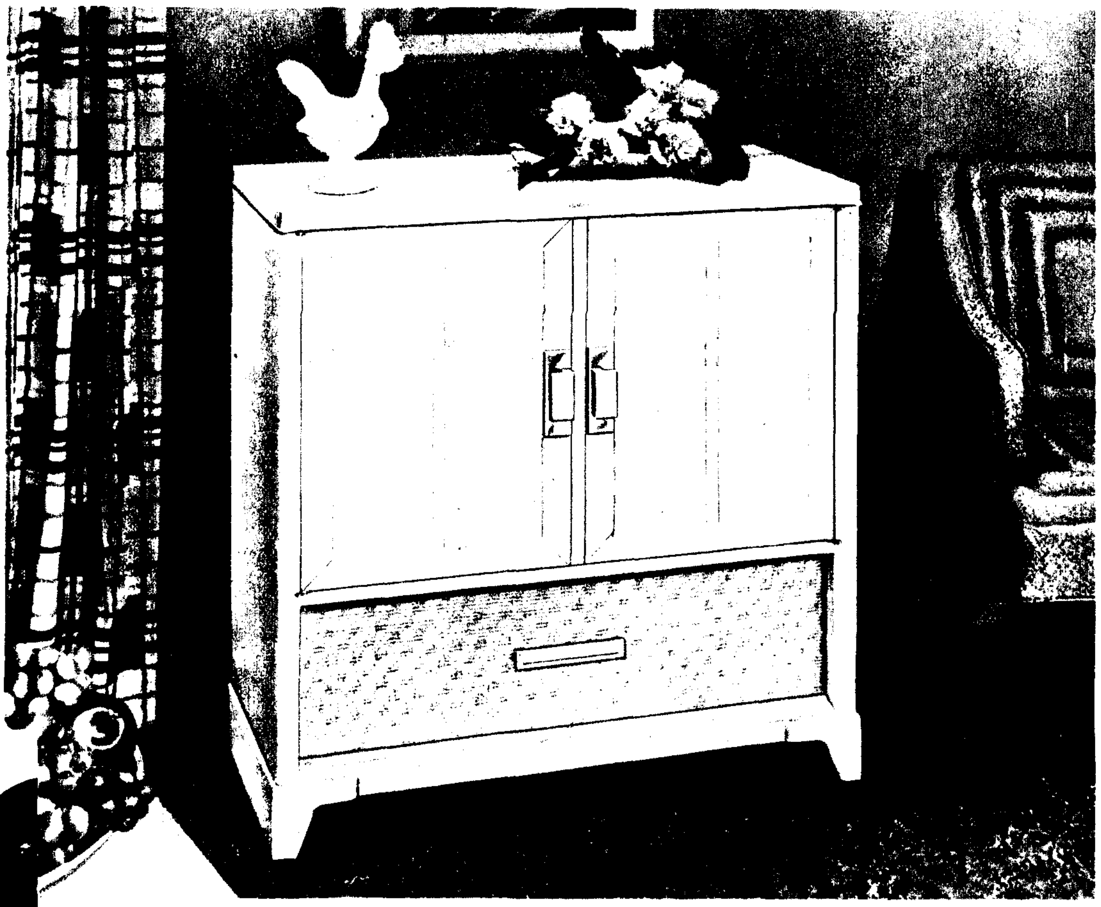
Only Philco—No Other Phonograph—Brings You Such Undistorted Tone!

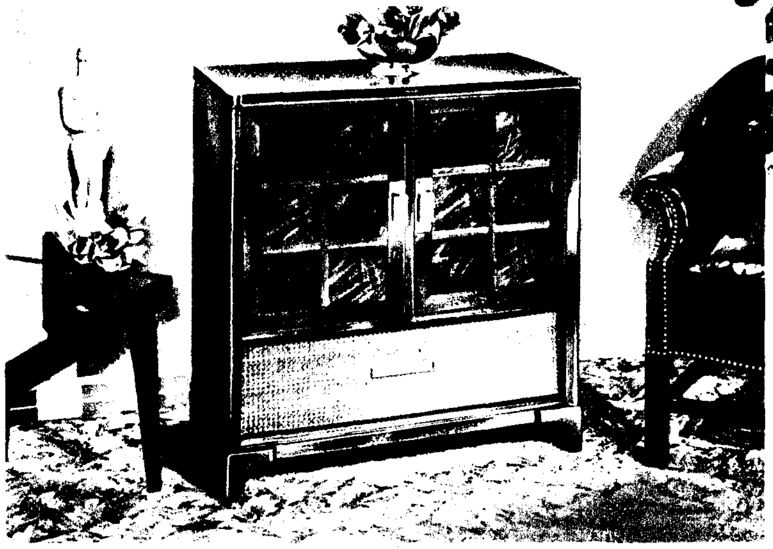
Ordinary phonographs are simply not designed to reproduce all the "highs" and "lows" that give brilliance and fullness to music. They bring you only the middle tones — and what you hear is actually a *distortion* of the original music.

But the magnificent new Philco phonographs bring you not only the middle tones but far more of the brilliant "highs" and rich "lows" than ordinary phonographs.

You hear *more* of the music on your records, amazingly free from distortion.

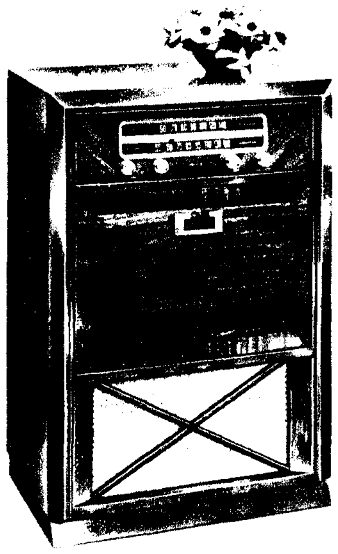
Compare — play the same record on a Philco and on any other phonograph in your dealer's store. Once you do you'll agree—*"there's no tone like Philco tone"*—the finest ever achieved from recorded music.





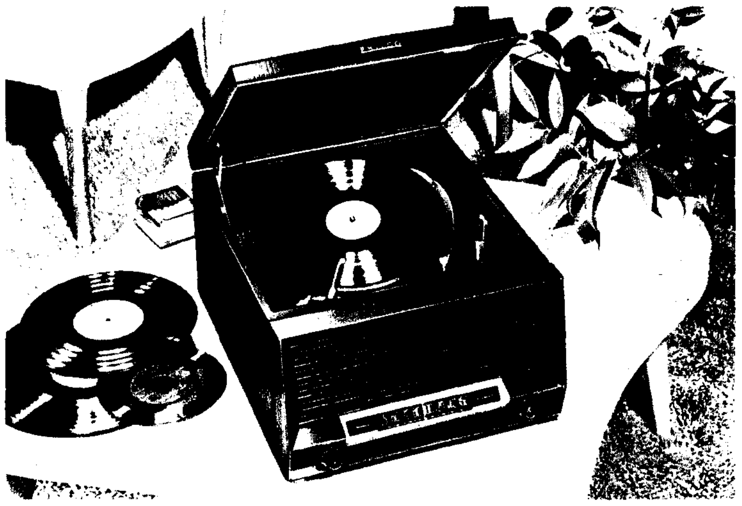
PLAYS ALL RECORDS AUTOMATICALLY. All the great new Philcos play all records, all sizes, all speeds . . . give you as much as 5 hours of continuous music from a single loading of LP records. And there's just *one* tone arm, one central control — the simplest 3-speed changer ever designed. Shown above is the beautiful Philco phonograph 1733-L with super-powered AM-FM radio in high style modern cabinet of exquisite blond veneers. **$289.95***

AT LEFT—model 1733-M—same as 1733-L in gorgeous Modern Hepplewhite Console of finest mahogany veneers. **$269.95***



THE TOP VALUE in 1951 CONSOLE PHONOGRAPHS Contemporary mahogany veneer cabinet, with *full-fidelity* phonograph, 3-speed automatic changer, record storage space, highly sensitive AM radio. Philco model 1730. **$169.95***

MATCHLESS PHILCO TRUE-FIDELITY TONE, 3 speed automatic changer in smart, compact table phonograph with highly sensitive Philco radio. Classic modern cabinet in rich mottled mahogany plastic. Philco model 1330. **$89.95***



******Slightly higher in South and West*
Prices subject to change

PHILCO

the **Full Fidelity** *phonograph*

THE FIFTY-MISSION CAP

BY WALT GROVE

This story is about the commander of a jet pilot squadron, a nice guy named Bart Rogers, who holds the power of life and death over his men—and over two women at the lonely base far above the Arctic Circle

I

THE day that it began was a special day for us—the day the mail came in. It came in about once a week, or sometimes sooner, and it was never longer than two weeks between deliveries. We had our own special mailman, a Military Air Transport Service civilian pilot who flew up from Goose in a C-46, and he was assisted in this sometimes delicate operation by a MATS copilot, also a civilian. They flew around the Canadian arctic islands and sometimes over Greenland with a bunch of limp mail bags, dropping them to weather stations where they could not land, and then landing and delivering them in person at places like our base where they could land.

The afternoon that I'm talking about now, the mail plane came in about three. I was at my desk in the Quonset hut that was headquarters. I heard the C-46 on its approach and then I heard it land. Visibility was pretty much restricted, fog was coming in. When I heard the C-46 land I knew what the pilot was going to do, and I listened for the sound of his engines to see if I was right. I was. He made a turn around and was on his way south again, back to home and Labrador, in less than 10 minutes. He always did that when the weather was a trifle rough.

He was a Southerner, his name was Ralston, and he had been flying the mail to us only about a month. I did not like him. On his second trip to our base the weather had been decent enough for him to stop and drink a cup of hot coffee. I happened to go into Operations at the time and he had started talking to me.

"It must've been hell to've been here all winter," he said. "Lord, I'm glad I wasn't here."

Several pilots from my squadron were standing there listening. I said, "You would've gotten used to it."

"Not me, Colonel Rogers. Not me," Ralston said. He wasn't under my command and he was a civilian working under contract, so of course he was more familiar with me than any of my pilots

A pilot was missing, and Bart was going to need all the luck his battle-weary old cap could bring him. As for Suzy, she was in love, with either the lost pilot or Bart—she wasn't sure which

would've been. "You know what I do? Every time I come up here?" he asked. It was only his second trip up.

"No," I said. "What do you do, Ralston?"

"I hit the southern coast of Baffin Island, see," he said. "Then I let down and fly contact the rest of the way up. You know why I do that?"

"No, Ralston," I said. "Why?"

The pilots standing around could see it coming, but no one smiled.

"I like to," Ralston said. "I like to look down and there's the damn' ice below and the sea's choked up and it's colder than hell. But what does that matter to me? I'm up there and I'm warm and you guys are the ones who are getting it put to you. Not me. I don't know, but flying like that somehow makes me glad to be alive."

I said, "Well, that's because you're yellow," because his self-satisfied attitude made me lose my temper. I turned around and said to my operations officer, Lieutenant Colonel Dennis, "Clear this heel and get him out of here. He makes me sick."

All the pilots were grinning as I went out.

WELL, Ralston was really not yellow, no more than you or I, and what follows might be called the story of how I found out that he was not—except there's a good deal more to it than that. In one way, Ralston is not important at all. But in another way, perhaps even a more important way, Ralston is kind of important. But mainly this is the story of a chicken colonel. Me. And like all such people I like to think that I was really not chicken, and that I felt as I did simply because I was at the end of my string.

You see, all that winter we had had to fly in a country where it was extremely difficult to live. A temperature of fifty degrees below zero had been average. Under such conditions you do not allow yourself to perspire—if you do, the moisture can freeze on your body. And you have to be careful about touching things such as tools because you can freeze and stick to them. Keeping the landing strips clear of snow was our biggest job. Not only did we have to remove the snow that fell, but we also had to remove the snow that the wind continuously blew back on the landing strip, and it was often impossible to tell whether it was actually snowing or if the wind was only blowing the loose snow. Not of course that it mattered. Snow, as I soon came to realize, was snow.

Constantly all winter we had struggled with the weather, trying to get the fighters off the ground and into the air and then back home again. And while the weather could do terrible things to your body, that winter it did something far worse to our minds.

The simple but exhausting struggle had so used up all our energy that we could no longer think. By the time that spring was not far off we were all like sleepwalkers: we did move about and perform our duties, but without thinking. Any new or unusual mental problem was too much for us. Each of us had become silent and withdrawn from the rest, and our individual thoughts about ourselves—and those were our only thoughts, too—were no longer thoughts, but strong feelings, and all these feelings were concerned with self-preservation. At first when we had been sent there to Baffin Island we had all thought about going home again. But after the winter passed we no longer thought about that; all we thought about was warmth and heat, sleeping as much as possible, and food.

So, part of my feeling about Ralston was due to the fact (the chicken says) that he was an outlander, that he did not belong to our select group of sufferers and I hated him because of that and because he seemed to be that type of guy who flew a plane for the Air Force only because of the big fat security.

Well, on the afternoon that everything began to go straight to hell, Ralston came in from Goose at three, as I said. He took off again at three ten. I timed him. Then the sergeant major, a fat lad of thirty-four named Brady, left the headquarters hut and waddled down to Operations where the mail was sorted and handed out. Brady came back to headquarters, puffing. I was sitting behind a partition, and that was only fitting because there are many things that go on in a headquarters that it is just as well a commanding officer never sees. I was sitting with my feet on the desk, my old fifty-mission cap covering the thinning spot on the back of my head, waiting.

Then Price came around the partition, walking silently as a good adjutant should, and said in his well-modulated voice, "Sir. Here's your mail."

It was one letter from a Mrs. Bartholomew Rogers of Phoenix, Arizona. The wife. I'm Bartholomew of course. I was trying to make up my mind whether to read it then or delay that pleasure until later when I realized that it was already three thirty.

"Brady!" I called. "Go outside and scrape the snow off my window."

"Yes, sir."

I put the letter in my hip pocket and walked over to the window. Old balloon face was outside scraping off the snow. Then he went away and I stood there and looked at the row of Quonset huts and the ice and snow and the fog coming in. I couldn't see the landing strips from my window—they were on the other side of the Quonset huts—but I could see the direction from which my boys would start coming in. They were due. As far as I could see there was nothing moving; it was foggy and still and not even the wind was blowing. . . .

I saw the first fighter when it was nothing but a black dot. It grew rapidly, became an F-86D with tip tanks, and stringing out behind it was a long line of other dots that kept growing and coming in and landing. I stood there and I counted. I counted thirty-four of them and then I waited for that thirty-fifth, because thirty-five had gone out, but no more came home. I stood there a moment repeating thirty-four, thirty-four like it was a magic phrase. The sky was empty. I waited about five or ten minutes longer, standing at the window, and then I sat down at my desk. I'd dreaded it happening all winter long.

There was a field telephone on my desk in a leather case, a direct line to Operations. In a moment it rang and I picked it up and pressed the button that switched it from receiving to sending and said, "Colonel Rogers."

"Colonel Dennis here, Colonel."

"Yes, Colonel?"

"Flight Three just came home, minus one. You'd better come—"

I said, "I'll be right there, I'm coming right down." I broke off the connection, left the phone lying on the desk. I put on my white leather parka, tied a wool scarf over my cap and under my chin and hurried out of the hut slamming the door. The fog had closed in and I couldn't see ten feet ahead of me. I bent my head and walked as fast as I could. My breath began to freeze. It was hard to walk. The snow had been banked up on either side of the path so high that it was hip-deep in some places. I didn't pass anyone on my way down to Operations and that was not unusual. I went into the Quonset hut. About five or six enlisted men were standing and sitting around, looking discontented and slightly soiled.

"Where's Colonel Dennis?"

"In Briefing, sir. He—"

I WENT out and over to the next hut, pushed the door open and went in. At the far end of the hut was a map rack, an overhead light, and a long table. Benches had been placed across the room. Dennis was sitting on the table, holding the edge of it with his hands and swinging his legs. He was a short hard-looking man about five years younger than I. He wasn't wearing the GI shoes nor the o.d.s like the rest of us, and his jacket, which must've cost a lot—it was such a beautiful fit—had all the ribbons on it in the usual place right over his heart.

Three pilots—Cole, Jacobs and Anderson—were standing in front of him, smoking cigarettes. They were still wearing their gear and they looked like football players at the half. They all suddenly laughed as I came in and closed the door.

Dennis turned, his face red, tears in his eyes—from amusement at something he had said, I had no doubt—and saw me and stood up and said, "Colonel."

The three pilots drew themselves into a semi-slouch, nodded, saying, "Sir."

I unfastened my parka and said hello. "Now what's the story?"

"It *is* something," Dennis said. "We'll have to get right on this."

"We will?" I said. His eagerness made me angry. "First you tell me what happened. Then I'll decide what's to be done."

"Yes, sir," he said, but he didn't say it the right way—he sounded pretty fed up. He had been in temporary command of the squadron before I had taken over and he hated me. I stood in his way, you see, and all winter I'd been having trouble with him, just small trouble, nothing big—but that had been because the opportunity had been lacking. He had just been waiting for something to happen so he could knife me in the back, and I could tell from the way he spoke that he thought the time had arrived.

"Come on, come on. Let's have it," I said.

HE STEPPED back to the map rack, switched on the overhead light, and picked up a long wooden pointer. One of the pilots cleared his throat, then all three became very attentive and stood with their hands clasped in front of them.

"At 1420 hours, Flight Three took off from here," Dennis began. "Lieutenant Schroeder was flight leader."

"Who?" I said.

"Schroeder. That big blond kid."

I could not remember him exactly. "Go on."

"They proceeded north on this longitude. At this point—which they reached at 1455—the flight leader saw a four-motored-type aircraft below at what he estimated to be 10,000 feet. He could not identify it and so he took the flight down for a better look. They closed in, unobserved, from behind. Lieutenant Schroeder got no response to his signal. The flight passed over the aircraft, slightly to the left. Lieutenant Schroeder got a good look and he decided that it was a transport, a Tupolev-70."

"You mean a Russian?" I said.

"Of course. A Tupolev-70 is a four-engined transport used almost exclusively on the longer routes in Siberia. It's a copy of our B-29," he said, looking at the ceiling.

I knew all that, naturally, and it made me a little bit angry for him to tell me. He was trying to make me sound like a fool in front of the pilots. I folded my brawny arms across my chest, glowered, and said. "All right. What did you tell him to do then?"

"I told him to return to the base," Dennis said.

"What happened?"

"Nothing. He didn't reply. We would never have known he had contacted a Russian if we hadn't been monitoring him at the time. He did not report to me, nor ask for instructions."

I could not understand that. "What happened after that?"

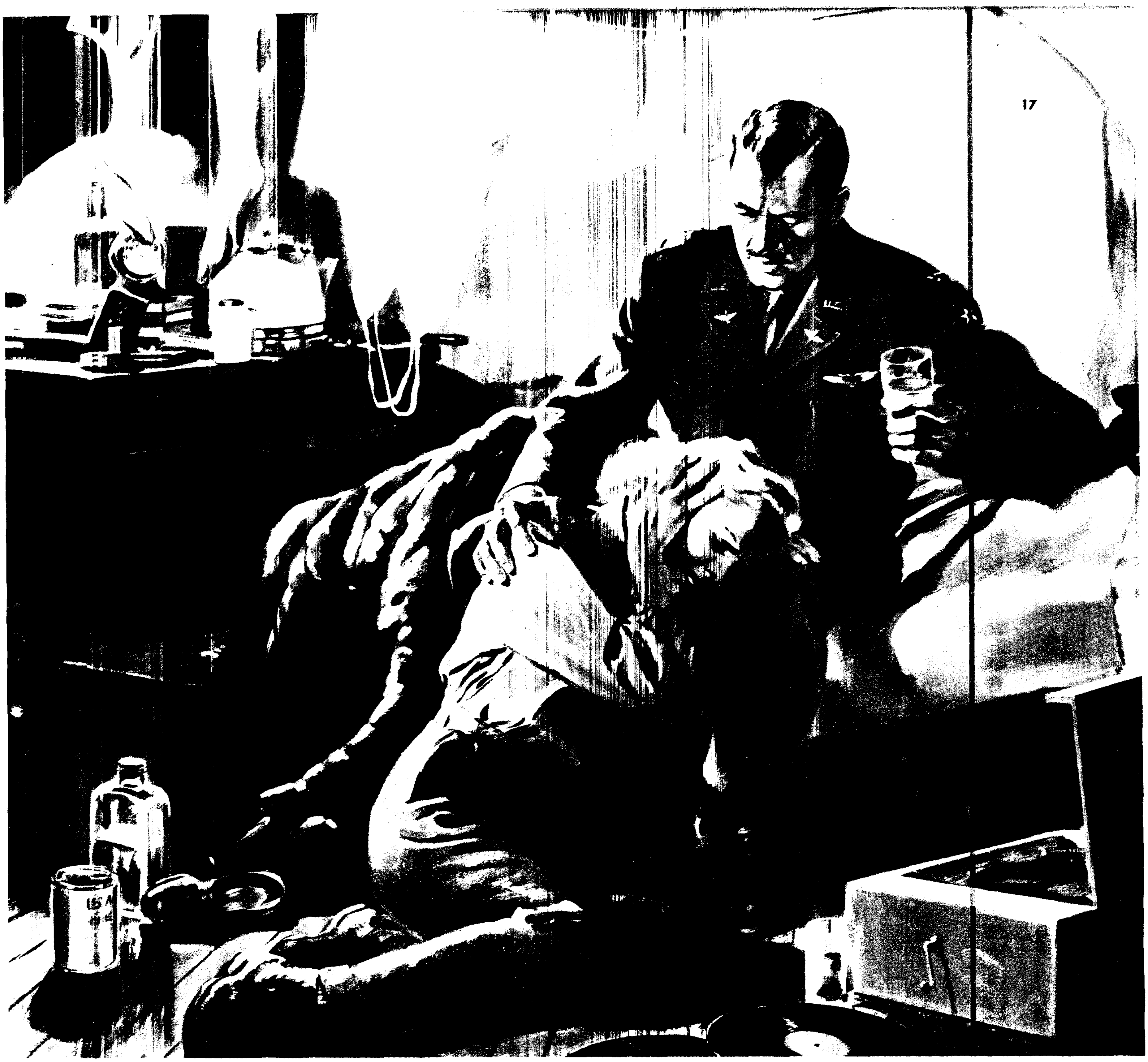
"Well, the flight made a pass and turned to come around again. The transport saw them and let down into cloud layer," Dennis said. "Schroeder turned the flight over to Cole and went down after the transport alone. He disappeared into the cloud layer about 1500. Cole reported to me immediately and I ordered him to turn and run for home. Well, we continued calling Schroeder. He didn't answer—either deliberately or perhaps because he couldn't. Then I tried to get a fix on him but I couldn't."

"He just disappeared?"

"Exactly," Dennis said. "You'll have to court-martial him. Everyone knew the order about avoiding the Russians. I've repeated it at every briefing all winter long."

The pilot named Cole took out a handkerchief and blew his nose and looked at it. "My damn' nose is bleeding again," he said. "I think it must

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE



"His name is Ben, too!" she said. Suzy began to cry. I got it then. I tried to comfort her. "You poor kid," I said. "You fell for one"

be this damn' climate. My nose never bled when we were in Florida."

I was looking at Cole. "Did he give you any reason for going after that transport?"

"No, sir. He just took off."

"What about this transport?" I said. "Was it really a Tupolev-70?"

Cole made a sour face. "Colonel, I don't know."

I looked at Jacobs and Anderson and they both shook their heads. That made me angry. "Now wait a minute," I said. "If it was a Tupolev-70, then it had the same profile as a B-29. Surely you gentlemen can recognize a B-29 when you see one. Did it have turrets?"

None of the pilots spoke.

I felt pretty disgusted. "As a matter of fact it probably was a B-29," I said. "I can understand Schroeder making a mistake like that since he was pretty stupid about the whole affair."

"There were no B-29s in that area at that time, Colonel," Dennis said. "I checked."

I did not like that. I said, "What was the transport's heading?"

"South. When we saw him," Cole said.

"Did he change that?"

"Well, he went down into the clouds," Cole said. "After that he could have changed."

"Dennis, radio Wing about the Russian. Ask what we're supposed to do." I said.

"I have," he said. "I'm waiting for a reply now."

"You what?"

"I said I radioed them already."

I was disgusted. "You know you shouldn't have done that."

"Didn't you just tell me to?" Dennis said.

"Didn't you ever hear about not anticipating an order?" I said. "It's possible that I have my orders concerning something like this of which you are completely unaware."

His face got red but he didn't say anything else.

I went to the map and stood looking at it. The four stalwarts grouped themselves behind me. "The pack ice is beginning to break up," I said. "There's open water there now. May be down in that."

"I estimate that he could be down anywhere in this area," Dennis said, indicating an area slightly smaller than New England. "He ran out of fuel forty-five minutes ago, if something didn't happen to him before then."

"You think he's dead?" I said.

"Well, who can say?" Dennis said. "It's forty below where he is now. If he's alive he can't last long."

"Well, we'll proceed on the assumption that he is," I said.

"Oh, of course," Dennis said.

"There isn't a man in the squadron who'd let him down, sir," Jacobs said.

They were a great bunch of boys. "We have orders to alert the 13th Rescue at Wing when something like this breaks," I said. "Alert them."

Dennis turned to the pilots and said, "I think that does it. Thanks much."

The three of them said,

(Continued on page 73)

Captain Thach's Phantom

By JOHN DENSON, *Collier's* WAR CORRESPONDENT

The Reds never knew where his Marine planes would strike next as he roamed

Tokyo

THERE were three of us. The U.S.S. Sicily, one of the Navy's CVEs (escort carrier) with a capacity of 24 fighter planes; the destroyer U.S.S. James E. Kyes, and the cocky little destroyer-minesweeper, the U.S.S. Doyle. That's all. The big brass, short of ships to hold the United Nations line on the vast Eastern seas, must have smiled grimly when they designated our threesome a task group. But there were no more warcraft available and the hour was critical on that fading afternoon when the Sicily sailed from Japan's rusty port of Kobe to join the destroyers and take on the Marine-piloted planes at sea.

The task group's mission seemed far too big for its size. Instructions were to harass the slippery enemy wherever and whenever he could be found; to provide close air support for ground forces; to give fighter cover to British warships bombarding seaports, and to raise general hell with the Communists who were still pressing down upon our positions in the southeast corner of crimson-stained Korea.

It was a ghostly kind of mission, too, but greatly to the liking of the group commander, Captain John Smith (Jimmy) Thach, the Navy's most celebrated fighter-plane tactician and a lean, savvy veteran of the Pacific war against the Japanese. To Jimmy Thach, the mission meant striking short jabs and body blows at the North Koreans, roaming and punching with his fighter planes—always, dawn to dark, roaming and punching.

The skipper's aim was never to let the enemy know where the air strikes came from, nor whether there were 20 planes or 200, nor whether there was one aircraft carrier or a dozen of them plying the heavily-mined waters off the southern and western coasts of Korea. What he did was to turn the Sicily into a phantom with a terrific wallop, searching out targets and hitting them low with Corsair planes

Aboard the U.S.S. Sicily, headed for another walloping mission, Thach (left) and John Denson of Collier's

MELVIN MC CLURE AND LOUIS GODIN

Carrier

he seas, pounding vital targets

carrying every ounce of destruction he could squeeze aboard.

First night out of Kobe was long, black and memorable, for this voyage was to be the Sicily's baptism of war. (The ship's keel was laid toward the end of World War II but she was not commissioned until it was over.) There was not much more than fitful sleeping among the Sicily's 950 sweating crewmen. Portholes closed tightly in a complete blackout and Diesels throbbing, the carrier set a lonely course straight for Tsushima Strait where the Russians and the Japanese fought a massive, historic naval battle just short of a half-century ago.

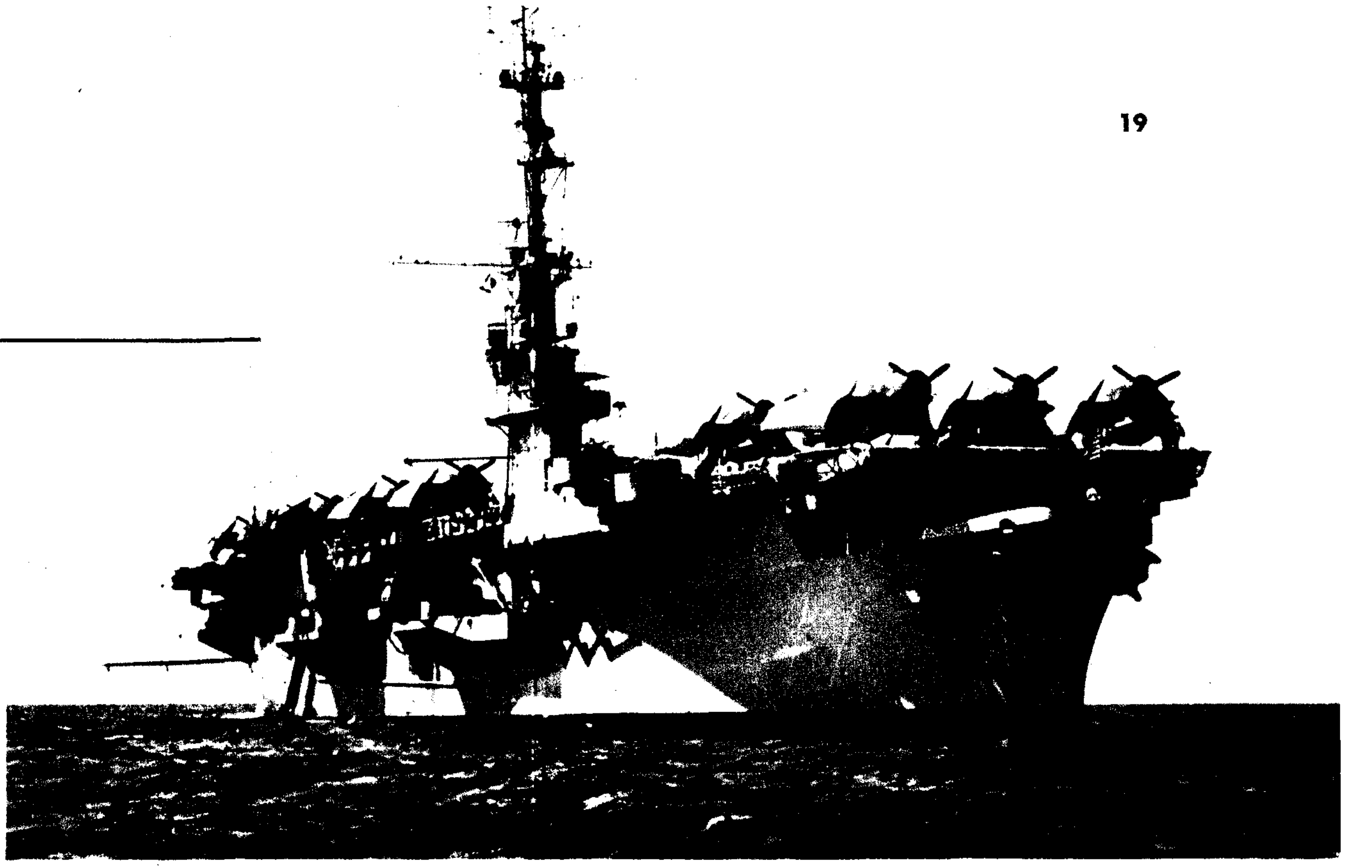
Captain Thach stuck out the night hours on the Sicily's bridge, ears strained for the ping-ping warning of sonar that submarines were nearby. There were numerous warnings. Fortunately, they faded and the Sicily sailed unmolested into a morning of sun and shower. By noon, the dim outline of the island of Iki, with a startling resemblance to Gibraltar, appeared far off. The rain came harder and a soupy mist rolled over the ship. It was the prearranged time for rendezvous with the destroyers. The Sicily circled and waited. Suddenly, as though they had come up out of the sea, the Kyes and the Doyle were at our side. They gave brisk reports by blinker light and took positions to screen the carrier from underwater attack.

The formation, ranging between 15 and 18 knots and constantly alert on the chance that the Russians might start open submarine warfare, moved toward another rendezvous, this time with the Marine fighter squadron—famous VMF-214.

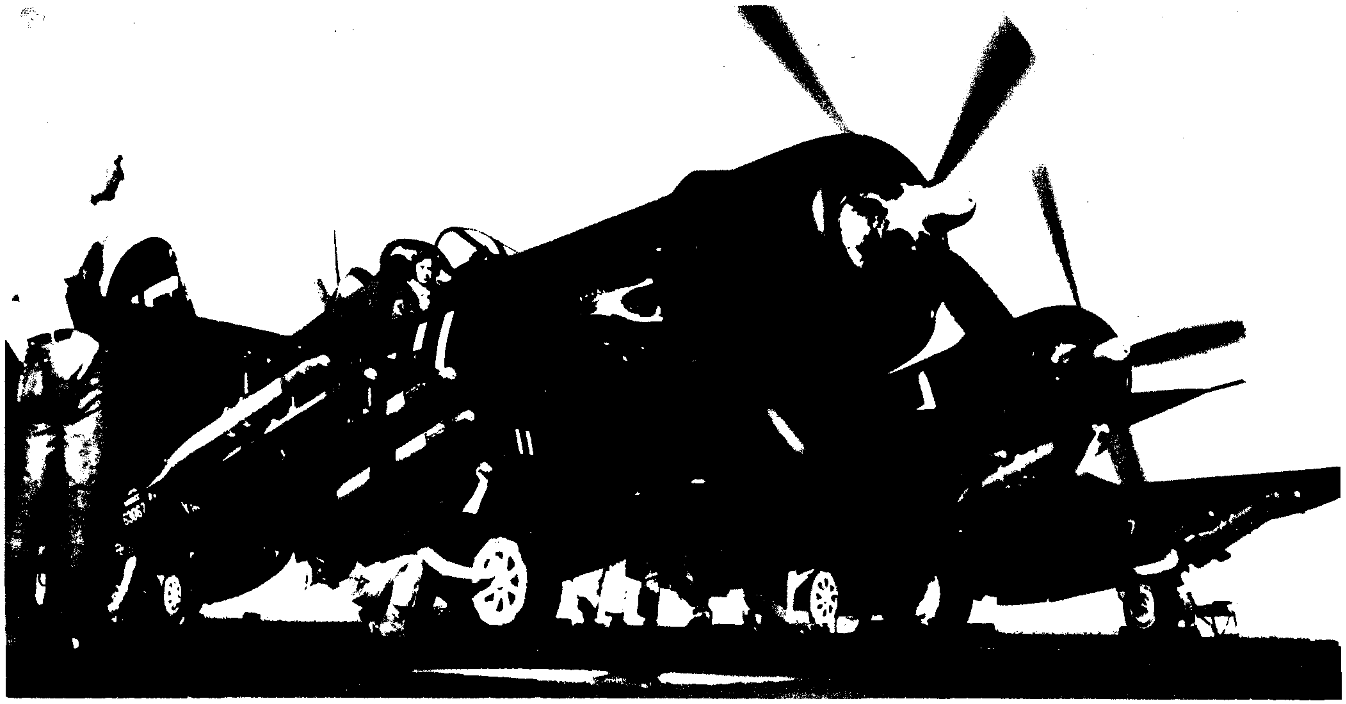
The weather cleared in the late afternoon and the waters of Tsushima became glassy smooth. There was to be another long, hot night with many warnings from sonar, before the task group was complete and ready to strike. At a dark hour, the warning of a tracking object got so persistent that the Kyes peeled off from the group to go hunting. The Kyes could find no surface trace of the object, yet the warnings continued. The Kyes skipper, Commander F. M. Christiansen of Coronado, California, dropped a couple of depth charges just to make sure that nothing got near the carrier. Identity of the object was never established, but there were no more ping-pings for a while.

Midafternoon of the

(Continued on page 52)

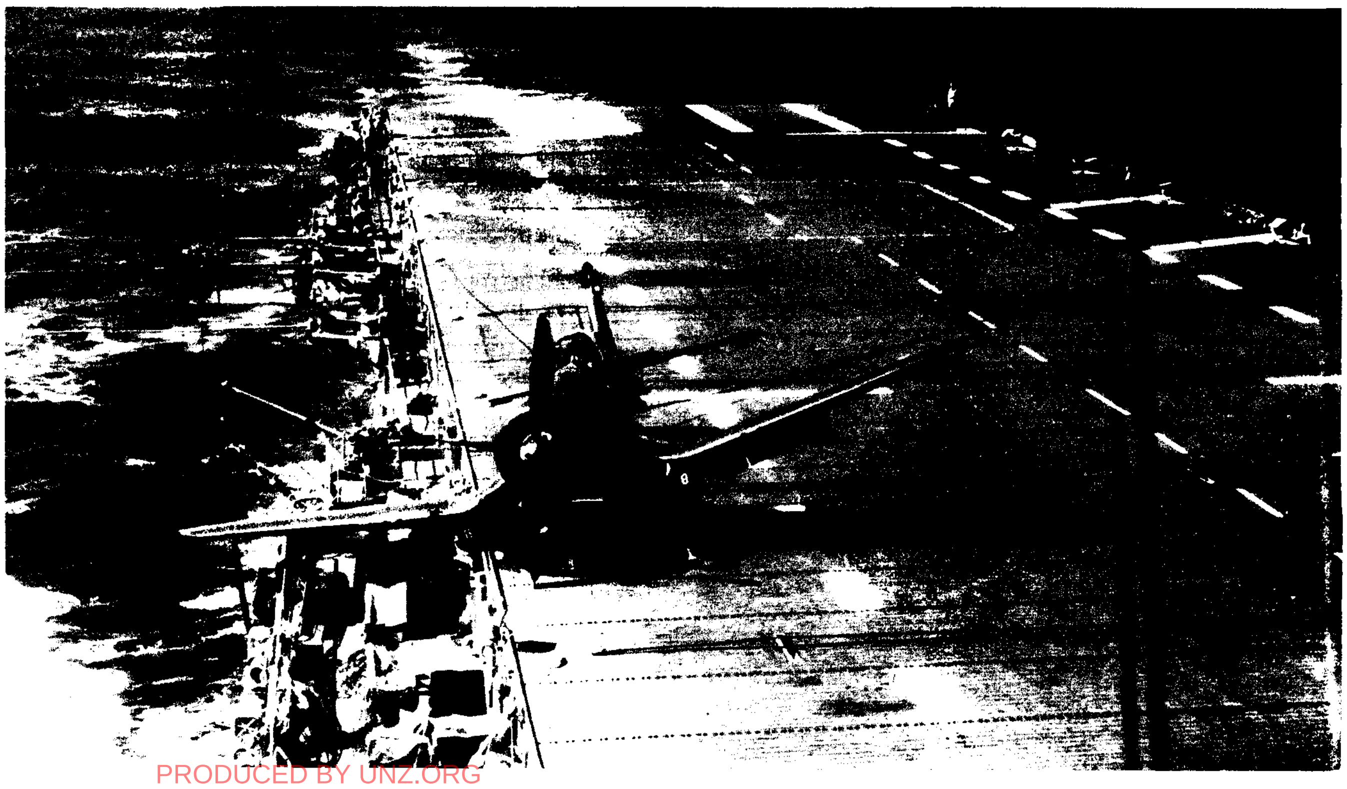


The Sicily carries 24 planes, 950 crewmen. This photo was made before Korean invasion



Corsairs ready to take off for strike at enemy with five-inch rockets, 500-pound bombs

Major Robert Keller smashed a wheel of his plane in a rough landing, but escaped unhurt



Major Kenneth L. Reusser tells Thach how he blew up 8,000-ton oil tanker

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

Son of the Coach

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

I knew I was sensational. And, frankly, I didn't mind telling Judy—but how could I prove it, when my father didn't even have the nerve to put me in a game?

I WAS dressed and combing my hair when I saw him coming into the locker room. Because of the way I felt—the way I'd been feeling more and more as each Saturday went by—I turned so that my back was to him, so that he'd think I hadn't seen him. But that didn't stop him. He came up behind me and stood there for a second.

"Allan," he said.

I had to see him then. "Yes?" I said. I was courteous, that's all.

He was frowning and his gray hair was mussed like he'd been running his fingers through it, and I knew he wasn't really thinking about me at all. Spud Malone was almost white-headed at forty-three; he was still big and lean like when he was a good college center, but he had deep creases around his eyes now, and permanent lines in his face. Spud Malone was the head coach, the man who decided who was first-string and who wasn't first-string. The grid mentor. The boss.

"Allan," he said, "tell your mother I'll be late for supper again."

"All right," I said.

He said, "Allan!"

I stopped and looked at him. "Yes?"

He looked at me for a second, looking through me, looking at his other problems, his *big* problems. He shook his head. "Nothing," he said. I was thinking that any time he wanted to make it so, I'd be glad to stop being one of his minor problems. That white jersey, I wasn't married to it. I'd be glad to swap it for a red jersey any time he wised up.

He rubbed the back of his neck, staring at the floor, and then he turned away from me, so I went on out of the building and into the crisp October air. It was one of those mellow days, and there was going to be a big, fat harvest moon that night—a perfect day to drive down to the river with a couple of steaks and the right girl, and sit in front of a small fire with her and listen to the portable radio.

I walked around the stadium and the right girl was there, waiting for me by the tennis courts. Judy Essex, the professor's beautiful daughter, looking slim and boyish and nice in her too-big pull-over sweater and faded old jeans. She was the right girl. She smiled when she saw me, but I didn't feel up to smiling in return, and her gray eyes went a little solemn and anxious, and maybe a little thoughtful or something, too. She didn't quite understand my dilemma, being a girl. Nobody understood, except me. She kept watching me gravely.

"You were good again today, Allie?" she said.

"I was very good," I said.

She didn't say anything. Lately she'd been getting a little—well, *untalkative,* sometimes. This looked like it might be one of the times. We walked along the edge of the courts to the slick, maroon sport convertible Spud had given me for my twentieth birthday last July. That was part of my dilemma—he'd give me a four-wheeled dream like that for being twenty but hold back the one thing I needed worse than I needed twenty convertibles. What kind of giving was that, I wondered. I helped Judy in and I got under the wheel and started the motor. A sweet motor, a sweet little car. And I knew what I'd swap it for. A break, I'd swap it for—a chance, a fair shake, a little justice.

Judy sighed. "Well, it *is* a rather unusual situation, I suppose."

"I doubt that," I said. "A lot of them have sons, probably. Some of them are even human, I hear. Some of them are people, just like us."

Her eyes were troubled—and something else. Withdrawn, maybe. She reminded me of Mom and the way she sometimes looked in the autumn when things weren't going well in the football line, like they hadn't been for three years. Sympathetic, worried, but at the same time a little fed up with it all, maybe. I eased my twentieth birthday present away from the curb and stopped looking at Judy.

"Allan," she said. When she called me Allan instead of Allie it usually meant she was going to be very serious about something. "Allan," she said hesitantly, "being a faculty daughter, I hear stuff. Professors are always talking shop at home. You know your father has a lot of worries on his mind this year. Dad says the board of regents . . ."

"Nuts!" I said. "Every year it's the same old junk—gotta have a winner or that ol' debbil board of regents will shut off the groceries. That's part of coaching, Judy—worrying whether you'll be back next year or not. Spud's still eating regular, isn't he?"

SHE was silent for a minute; then she said, "It isn't the same this year, Allan. Daddy's on the Athletic Council, and he says that the others have decided three losing seasons in a row is enough. They feel that Spud has had time to build up a better squad and ought to win most of the games this year." She looked at me intensely. "Or else."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I said. "So he's doing better. Three wins already. Last year we only won three games all season."

"I know, Allan," she said patiently. "But, well—take this week's game at Kansas Polytech. Daddy says some of the Athletic Council have hinted that Spud better win that one—I mean they've hinted to Spud."

"Blackmail," I said. "That ain't legal, baby."

"Please be serious, Allan," Judy said. "What I'm trying to say is, well, Spud's got it rough, and with you sort of fighting him all the time—I mean, he's your father, and you ought to sympathize with his position instead of sort of always thinking of yourself."

"All right," I said. "Now that we've exhausted that subject, what shall we discuss next? I was thinking in terms of a couple of nice juicy steaks grilled over an open fire down on the river. Let's . . ."

"No, Allan," she said. That's all, just: "No, Allan." Very quiet.

(Continued on page 58)

Then I saw Judy and I knew I had the toughest assignment of all. I had to swallow what was left of my pride—do some humble apologizing

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

Collier's Reports from Yugoslavia, Turkey and Iran

Next Targets for

BLACK STAR

Marshal Tito knew the risks when he broke with Moscow. Now he's ready for anything

By ***Collier's***

EUROPEAN TEAM

This is another in a series of articles written on assignment for Collier's by David Perlman, Seymour Freidin and William Attwood. All three have had wide experience writing about European affairs—Freidin and Attwood as foreign correspondents for the New York Herald Tribune, and Perlman as a reporter for several American newspapers. The information in this article was obtained at first-hand, from interviews with leading statesmen in the target countries, and with American diplomats and other experts on the scene

I

SOMEWHERE in the Kremlin this week the men whose job it is to plan the conquest of the free world are studying maps—maps of the regions which border the spreading Soviet empire. They are looking for targets, calculating the risks and advantages of this or that front in preparation for a war which seems to loom closer almost daily. High on the list of targets is a front 2,700 miles long stretching from Trieste to Afghanistan, a front which promises rich prizes to Soviet imperialism.

At the western edge of that front is the Yugoslavia of Marshal Tito, whose Communist heresy must be stamped out, in the Kremlin view, before it infects other members of the Stalinist fold.

In the center is Turkey, whose tough, stubborn, American-trained army stands astride the vital Dardanelles—Russia's only maritime outlet to the Mediterranean.

In the east lies primitive Iran, the only apparent obstacle to a Soviet sweep into the vast, vulnerable, oil-rich lands of the Arab world.

TURKISH INFORMATION OFFICE

Under President Celal Bayar, the Turks are tougher than ever—mainly through U.S. aid

WIDE WORLD

Internal unrest and corruption pose the big security problems for Iran's prime minister, Ali Razmara. He is certain he can solve them

YUGOSLAV INFORMATION CENTER

Yugoslav tank crews take time out from maneuvers to get the latest news from the official paper Borba. Tito's crack army, largely equipped with Soviet weapons, is a powerful deterrent to Russian aggression. Its big headache is obtaining new arms

STALIN?

Standing athwart a vital route to the oil-rich Middle East, these three nations are the free world's main bastion against a Soviet drive to the south. If the attack comes, can they hold the line?

Week after week, all summer long, evidence of Russian threats to this corner of the world have multiplied. Red broadcasts have redoubled their attacks on Tito, and skirmishing goes on night and day along his eastern frontier. Iran, percolating with rumors of an internal Communist uprising, has closed its Soviet border regions to most foreign observers. So has Turkey, where American residents were issued evacuation instructions last July, just to be on the safe side. To assess the meaning of these storm signals and to find out whether aggression can be checked here, if it comes, Collier's assigned us to cover this vital front of the not-so-cold war. Seymour Freidin went to Yugoslavia, William Attwood to Turkey, David Perlman to Iran.

We talked with government leaders, with Western diplomats and military experts. We combed available intelligence reports and trudged along the bristling edges of the Iron Curtain with Yugoslav and Turkish border patrols. We spoke with the men who may have to do the shooting—and the dying. We particularly sought answers to three key questions: Will the people fight? What have they got to fight with? What can we do to help them, now and later?

We returned with one general conclusion: Any Soviet thrust in this area is almost certain to touch off World War III, for there are no Koreas here—no opportunities for Communist aggression to clothe itself in native costume. The only reason we say "almost" is that there's a chance—or so the Russians hope—that American public opinion will balk at aiding Communist Yugoslavia if Stalin decides to move there first.

What follows, then, is a report on a potential theater of operations and on how our potential allies there will hold the line if they are attacked.

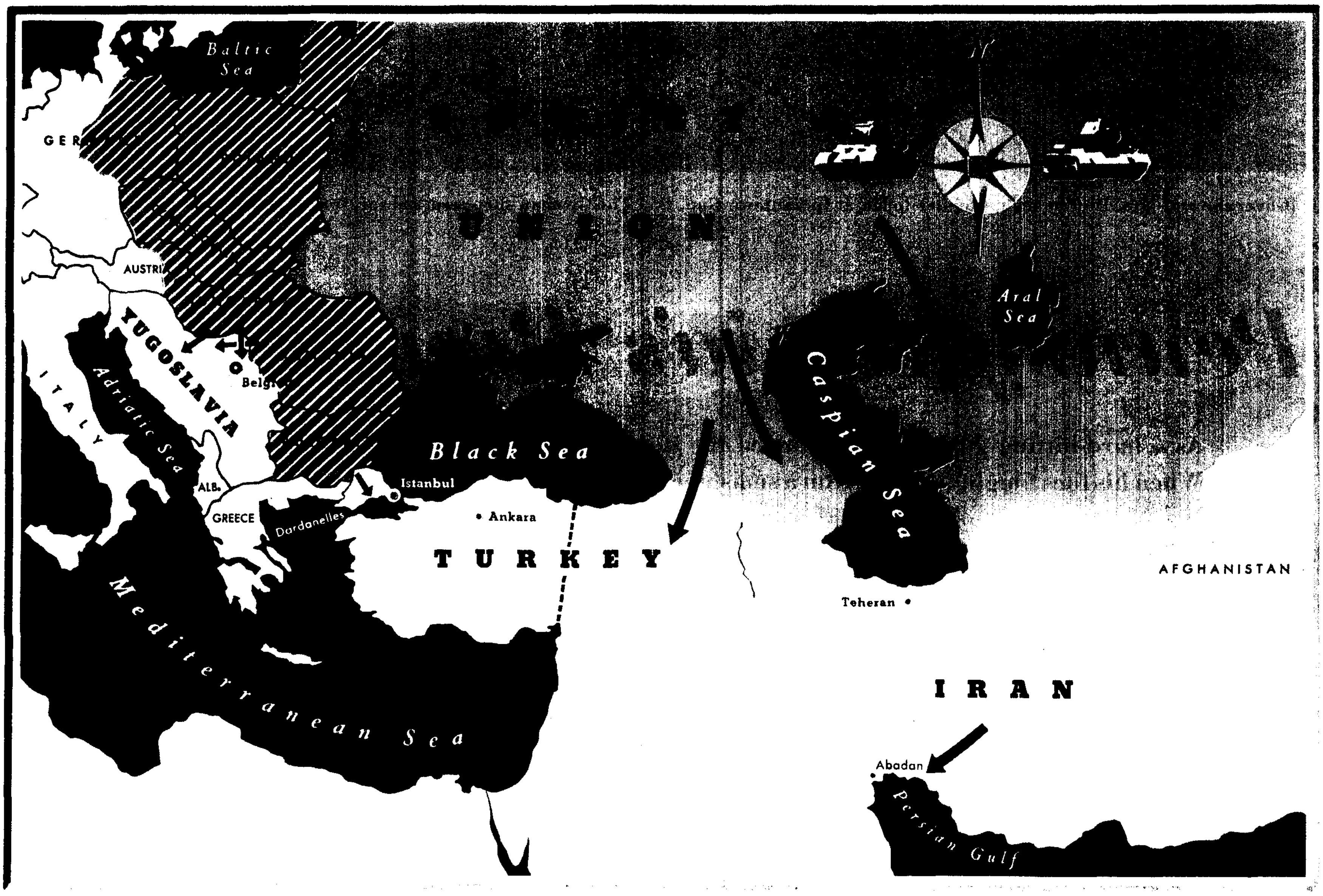
This report is not an attempt to anticipate Russian intentions. But it is frankly based on the assumption that the Kremlin strategists are studying the maps of this area. After what happened at the 38th parallel on June 25th, we believe this is a valid assumption to make about any part of the periphery of the Soviet world.

BELGRADE

By Seymour Freidin

Of all the Soviet targets to the south, Yugoslavia is both the most vulnerable and the best prepared to resist aggression. Hemmed in on almost every frontier by the menace of either Russian armed might, Soviet satellite forces or a combination of both, the Yugoslavs are less alarmed over the imminence of war than any Western nation. There is a reason for these twin paradoxes: A little more than two years ago the Communist state of Marshal Tito broke with Stalin and defied him to do anything about it; since then Yugoslavia has been in a state of full military preparedness. Once Moscow's aptest pupils, Tito and the coldly purposeful men around him well know that the Kremlin respects nothing but strength.

Their ideological break with Moscow gave 17,000,000 Yugoslavs the country's biggest lift since the Germans were driven out in 1945. More support has rallied to Tito since his defiance of Stalin than he could ever have *(Continued on page 78)*



The main threat to Yugoslavia comes from satellite-based tanks which might try to split the nation and take Belgrade. The Turks are prepared to fight for the Dardanelles in the west; if the attack comes from the east they will retire to positions shown by dotted line. In Iran, the oil fields at Abadan would be the principal targets for Soviet pincers from the Caspian

Governor and Mrs. Duff at their summer lodge at Indiantown Gap, Pa. The German shepherd, Leasor, formerly belonged to state troopers

Pennsylvania's Rough, Tough

As a hard-hitting governor, he startled the state by defying the powerful Grundy machine. When his foes fought back, he won a smashing primary victory—and now seems Senate bound

ONE of the few currents of fresh air to enter the musty halls of the Republican party since Wendell Willkie—10 long years—blows in from Pennsylvania, of all places. His name is James Henderson Duff, a tough Scotch Presbyterian with the uncompromising personal morals of a Puritan and the political cunning of a ward boss. He is Pennsylvania's governor, a fact that wrings cries of anguish from a Republican state machine which for most of the past 90 years has filled that chair with a parade of docile stuffed shirts.

In November, many astute political observers say, Pennsylvania will elect *him* to the United States Senate to replace the Democrat Francis J. Myers. Singlehanded, he has bazookaed Pennsylvania's fearsome Republican juggernaut, driven for the past 20 years by Joseph R. Grundy, old-time right-wing conservative, leaving nuts and bolts scattered far and wide from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. And before November a lot of these nuts and bolts may be cracked up, particularly in Pittsburgh where the Democratic mule skinners seem determined to show the Philadelphia Republicans that the latter are only amateurs.

Within what's left of the Grundy machine, the survivors are grabbing at one another's throats and snarling, "Who let this guy get by in the first place?" With what strength they had left they are cursing the Grundymen who fled before the wrath of Duff when, following hoary routine, they presented the freshly elected governor with a state budget written in the Grundy offices for the benefit of the Grundy machine. Jim Duff promptly threw the machine-made budget out the window. Then he announced that he was willing and able to do likewise with the document's deliverers. They fled like the temple-invading money-changers.

Since that day, early in 1947, big, burly red-headed Jim Duff has been boss in Pennsylvania, and Pennsylvania is loving it. Republicans, sick of Grundyism, teamed up with Democrats in May's primaries to nominate progressive Republican Duff for the United States Senate by a record-breaking majority of 524,000 over Grundy-backed Congressman John C. Kunkel.

Duff's campaign for the Senate nomination was a blitz. But little of his Jovian wrath was in his own behalf. Repeatedly he told his large audiences that it really meant little to Pennsylvania whether he went to Congress, but that it meant everything to their welfare that the governorship should not fall back into the control of the Grundy machine. In Pennsylvania, a governor may not succeed himself, a constitutional rule strongly supported by Grundy and his predecessors, Boise Penrose and Matt Quay—the latter pair two of the most ruthless political night riders ever to lynch a state. Thus if any governor, conscience-stricken, should try to think for himself, he would not get another chance. Until Duff arrived, the machine never had much trouble that way.

Therefore Duff's campaign was chiefly exhortation on behalf of former Superior Court Judge John S. Fine, his personal selection for governor. Against Fine the Grundyites posted stiffer opposition—Jay Cooke, a Philadelphia banker of excellent repute with a good record for public service.

But badgered, bullied, bludgeoned and ever out-

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

WIDE WORLD

Duff picked Judge John S. Fine to succeed him as governor, is vigorously campaigning for him

By WALTER DAVENPORT

maneuvered by the old Pennsylvania-born Scotch Covenanter, Cooke and his Grundyite pluggers never had much chance. The judge won the nomination by more than 200,000. Thus in November, Duff will have Senator Myers as his opponent and Judge Fine will face a Philadelphia Democrat, Richardson Dilworth. And if you think that that isn't going to be a rhubarb, you were never wronger. However, five will get you ten in Pennsylvania that Duff will put the judge into the governor's chair that he'll be vacating.

In years Jim Duff is no longer young—sixty-seven. He has been actively in politics only since 1943 when he was appointed attorney general. In Pennsylvania an attorney general is usually so stymied by law and party expediency that he seldom gets much beyond having his portrait painted by a deserving artist who needs the thousand bucks. Duff had ample time to study the machine politics. Practical politics never knew a more absorbent pupil.

In 1946, Pennsylvania was about to elect a governor. Grundy and his then political partner, Joseph N. Pew, each had his own candidate. Each announced publicly that the other's man was unacceptable. When in his opinion the two bosses had got as far apart as possible, the guileful Duff presented himself with becoming modesty. Grundy was suspicious, but said Duff was preferable to Pew's candidate. And Pew said that almost anybody would be better than Grundy's man. Duff shrugged off these questionable compliments and became the compromise candidate. He was elected without difficulty, succeeding Senator-elect Edward Martin, under whom he had served as attorney general, and Pennsylvania settled down to do the best she could under four more years of Grundyism. The shock came almost immediately.

The ready-written-budget uproar came soon after Duff took office in January, 1947. In shocked amazement Grundy sent several expert persuaders to Duff with demands that he listen to reason or at least try to remember who had elected him. None got beyond the desk of the new governor's secretary. One of them, the story goes, reported back as follows: "Mr. Grundy, this guy in Harrisburg says that he's governor of Pennsylvania, and from all I can hear the guy believes it."

So Duff wrote his own budget. It included such items as ridding the state's rivers and creeks of industrial pollution, modernizing old schools and building new ones, and cleaning up one of Pennsylvania's long-time horrors—her mental institutions. Too, he announced his intention of improving old roads and building new ones. This was going to cost money but, as Governor Duff announced, Pennsylvania was the country's third richest state and had a relatively low per capita tax rate and could afford it. Moreover these forward steps had been promised the people by successive administrations and then ignored. This, said Duff, looked like a splendid time to begin keeping campaign promises.

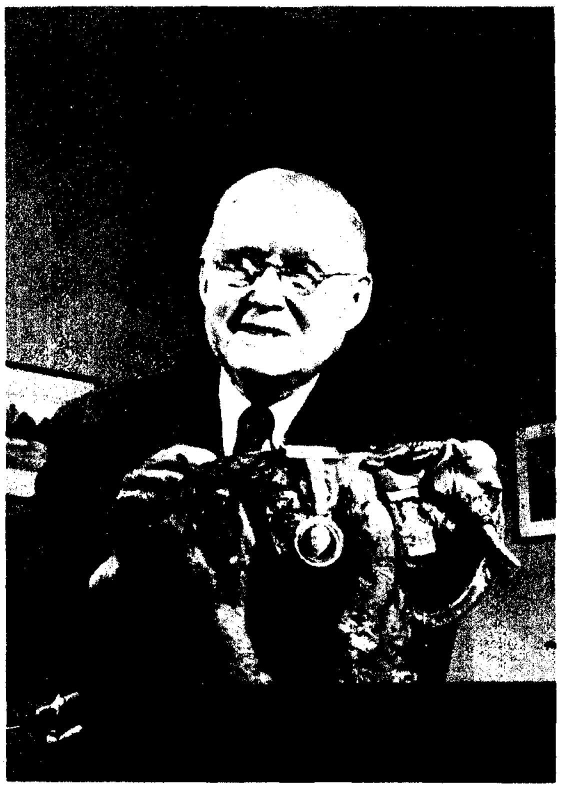
Duff and the Grundy machine no longer are on speaking terms. He does not waste his time in becoming merely irritated; he is either as serene as an Allegheny Mountain lake in early June or in a titanic rage. He's a barrel-chested 200-pounder, about six feet tall and would be an ideal model for Longfellow's Village Blacksmith.

He has small, cold blue eyes and his retinue tells you that when they begin to squint in your direction it isn't a bad idea to step back a few paces. When displeased, his cropped red hair, merely touched with gray, becomes more porcupined than usual. Strangers guess his age at fifty-five and usually add that he's well preserved for such years. He proudly tells you that his blood pressure is "the same as Joe Louis' " and his big, healthy secretary, Norman L. (Skip) Wymard, who used to coach football at Fordham, wastes a lot of time conjuring up excuses when the governor suggests a Sunday stroll in the mountains—usually an amble of 10 miles or so.

Duff is a blunt-spoken, unashamed egotist, scornful of official details and political tradition. In Theodore Roosevelt's day he was a Bull Mooser but a hard, practical one who never became ecstatic about the Bull Moose shibboleth, "We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord"—not because he wasn't a sturdy Bible man but because he preferred a running fight. Also he has a fear of being called a "reformer." He thinks professional political reformers a watery lot, skilled chiefly in ineptitude. His idealism in the science of government he absorbed at Princeton from another Scotch Presbyterian, Woodrow Wilson.

Duff's first battle with Grundy was fought at the 1948 Republican National Convention in Philadelphia. Duff lost that one, but has won all of them since.

The Pennsylvania bloc of 73 delegates went into that convention in two factions—Boss Grundy's and Governor Duff's. The larger, Grundy's, was all out for Governor Thomas E. Dewey. Duff and his followers wanted Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg or, as a second choice, Senator Robert A. Taft. It wasn't that Duff did not respect Dewey as a state administrator; he opposed him because, he said, Dewey was willing to make deals with Pennsylvania's Old Guard, who, *(Continued on page 65)*



Regime of Joseph R. Grundy, G.O.P. machine boss for 20 years, will end, for Fine or a Democrat will be chosen governor in November

Collier's has published two of the three stories that won prizes in the Army short story contest. This is the last to appear

The Five Alls

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[illegible] with [illegible]

By MAJOR FRANKLIN M. DAVIS, Jr.

AS HE sat on the cool damp stones of the wide retaining wall that kept the lawn of the pub from settling into the high road, Alistair pressed his back against the soft earth behind him and looked up at the sign just over his head. His stomach was a twisted lump inside him, and as he cupped his square little chin in his hands, the invitation he'd been holding felt hot against his skin. Sitting there, gazing at the sign as it swung gently on the wrought-iron crane suspended over an upper window of the pub, Alistair looked like an undersized elf.

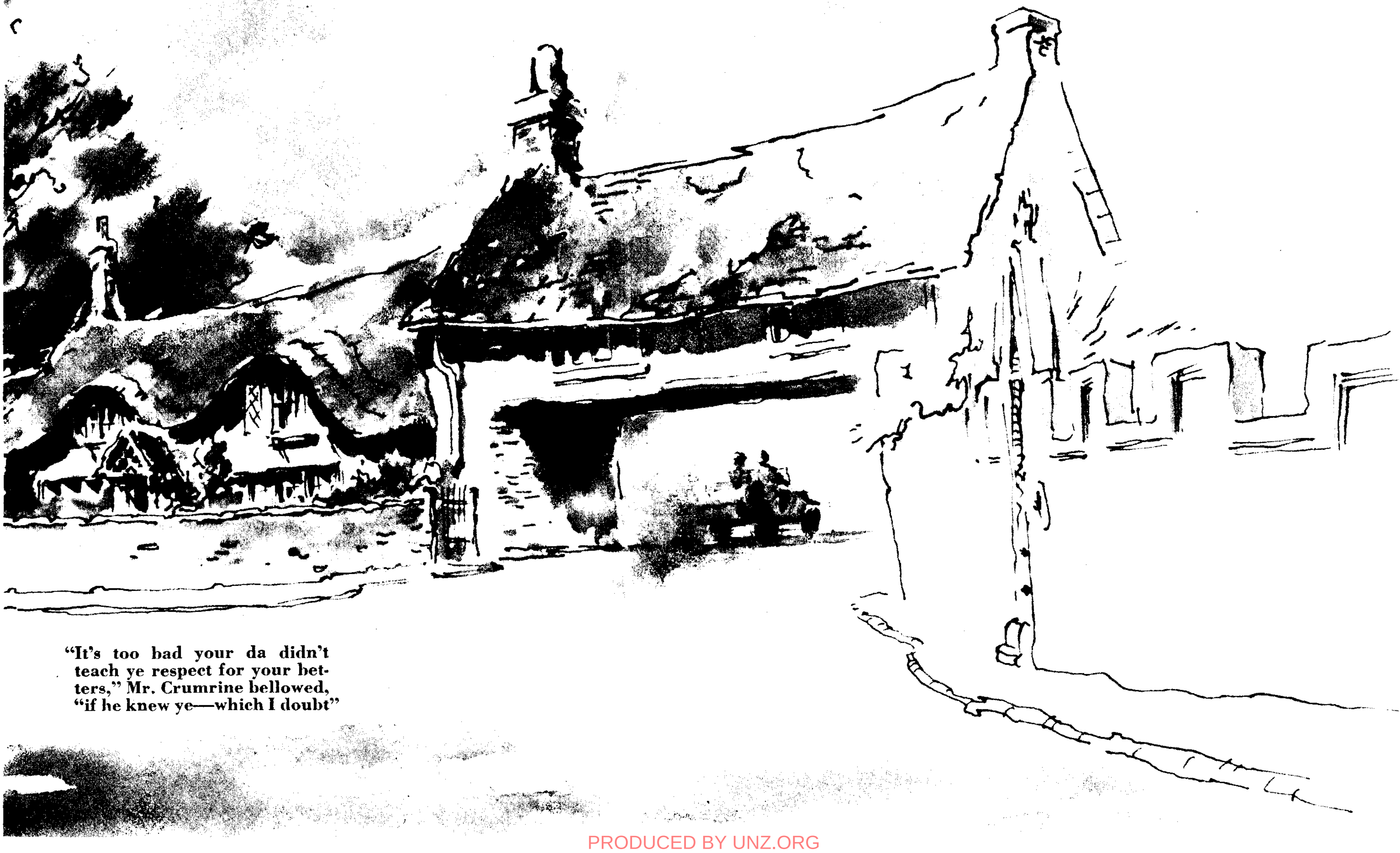
He was small for his age, which was seven, and his face looked long because his cheekbones stretched his rather transparent skin into faint hollows. His gray eyes, set wide under his high forehead, had an awareness, a worldliness that gave him an appearance of age out of keeping with his small body. Stringy legs hardly bulged the black cotton stockings haphazardly secured beneath his bare knees. His wistful, troubled pose indicated he was wrestling with a problem beyond the experience of his short life.

Looking carefully at the sign, Alistair found no help today in tracing the faded crossbelts of the Guardsman or in trying to count the coins in front of the Banker or in wondering how such a crown as the King wore might look on his own small head. Until today he had looked upon the sign as a friend. True, its many colors weren't so bright as they once must have been—the paint was worn and flaking, the big shield-shaped board was splitting—but it was still a marvelous sign. The Five Alls, it said in tarnished gilt across the top. Alistair couldn't read the words himself, of course; at least, not exactly. The letters were different from the ones in his second-form reader, but his mother, who was the waitress in The Five Alls, had read them to him and now he knew all the words on the sign.

Below the golden flourish of The Five Alls there were five wonderful pictures. First was a soldier, a Guardsman to be exact, impressive in red coat and green trousers, with a splendid mustache all but quivering, and a huge black busby, and a musket at the order. His legend, smaller but no less sweeping, said, "I Fight For All." Below the Guardsman, but not quite at the bottom of the sign, was the Advocate, a stern-looking man in white wig and black robe. "I Plead For All." At the bottom, there was a jolly man, red of face, wearing a rich-looking, wine-colored cloak as he ran his hands through a huge pile of gold coins. He was the Banker. His letters said, "I Pay All." Above the Banker, on the other side of the shield, was the fourth All, the Churchman. Slim, austere, but nonetheless benevolent, he raised a hand in blessing to state, "I Pray for All." Above the Churchman was the King. Next to the Guardsman, Alistair thought the King was best. This one didn't look much like the present King, of course, but Alistair knew The Five Alls to be one of the oldest pubs in Stowe Parva, even in the whole shire, and naturally one wouldn't expect the present King to be on the sign. This King was a young King, though. His beard was very sparse, and since one of the bolts in the sign went through one of his eyes, this eye appeared much larger than the other, and Alistair thought this made the King look as though he were winking at him. Most of the time this gave Alistair a certain comfort, much as though the King were saying, "Look, nipper, it isn't so bad as all that. Cheerio, now; there's a laddie." But today the King was no help at all. Alistair was sure he was glaring over his legend, "I Rule All."

Thrusting the invitation into his pocket, Alistair looked at the leaded windows of the pub and sighed. He knew he was supposed to go in directly school was out, because in Stowe Parva his school had to go afternoons on account of overcrowding, and soon it would be dark. His mother didn't particularly like to have him *(Continued on page 43)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED BANBERY



"It's too bad your da didn't teach ye respect for your betters," Mr. Crumrine bellowed, "if he knew ye—which I doubt"

CHEESE CO.
ST.
YORK
EDAM

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL

CHEESE, *Please!*

By ROBERT FROMAN

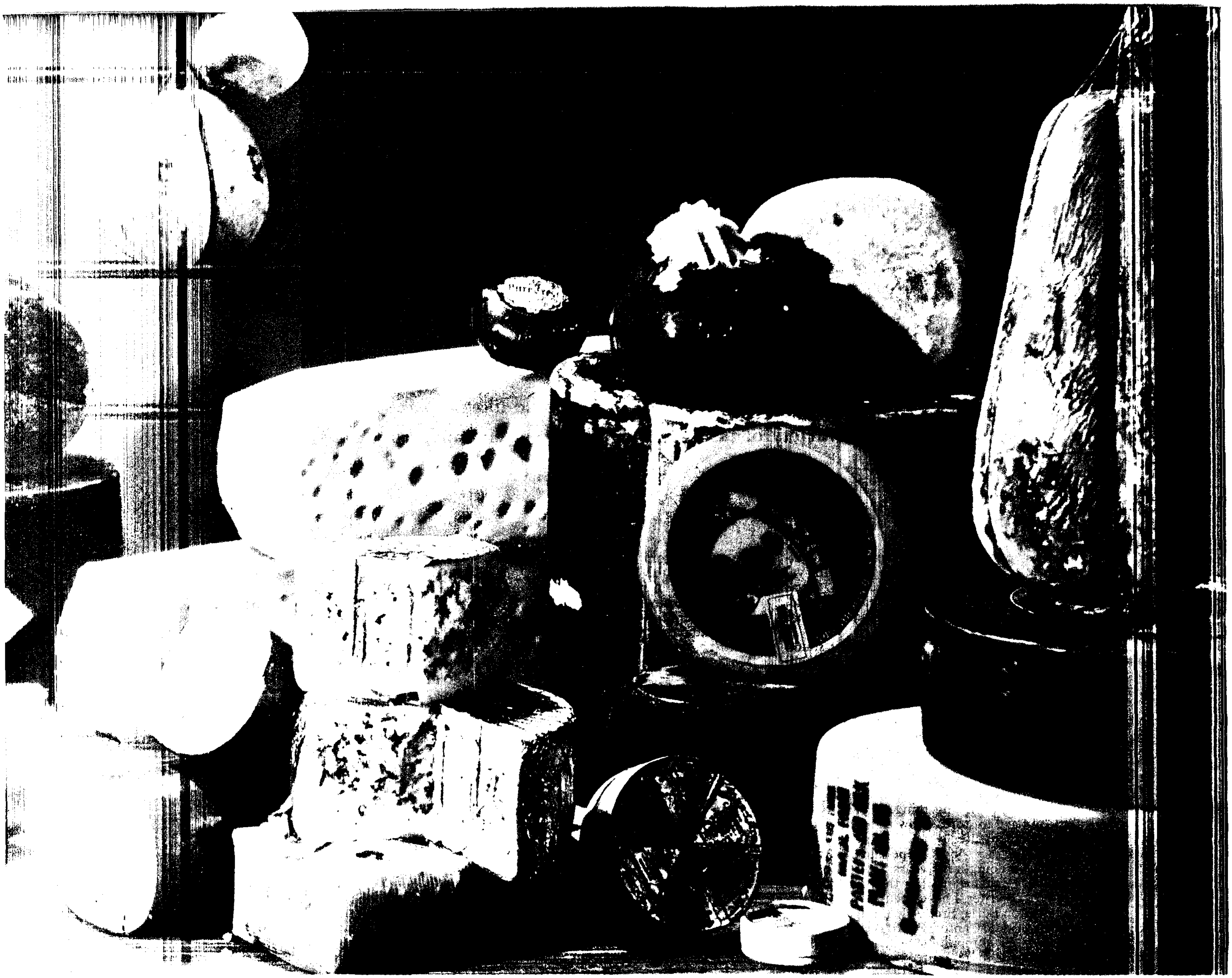
ONE morning last May a man stepped into a hall of the Capitol in Washington, took a deep breath and blew on a 15-foot alpine horn a blast which some members of Congress believe still is echoing in the corridors. At the time there were those whose thoughts turned to Gabriel. Others suspected a Communist plot. But it turned out that the trumpeter's sole purpose was to call attention to two huge 175-pound wheels of Swiss cheese awaiting the knife in the private dining room of the Speaker of the House, and he succeeded so triumphantly that for two hours the dining room was mobbed by assorted senators, congressmen and reporters all busily gnawing away at the cheeses.

"Mice or men?" one peevish wag was heard to inquire sourly. "There's going to be a stink raised if the Limburger people try a stunt like this."

In spite of such carping the affair was a success. Theoretically, its purpose was a contest between the two hunks of cheese, one made in Ohio and the other in Wisconsin, but this was settled diplomatically by general agreement that both were wonderful. Actually, it was an occasion for the U.S. cheese industry to let off a little exuberant steam, for cheese at last is coming into its own in this country. Thirty years ago we produced only some 500,000,000 pounds a year, mostly of the rattrap variety, and ate only a little more than four pounds apiece annually. Last year, after a long, steady and still continuing rise, we made 1,250,000,000 pounds of all the chief kinds of cheese and ate an average of over seven pounds apiece.

We were late in climbing on the band wagon. Cheese is perhaps the world's most popular food, being produced and eaten by every civilized nation and even most primitive tribes. Many peoples, particularly the French, Danes, Swiss and Dutch, eat much more per person than we do.

In all likelihood it also is the world's oldest manufactured food, antedating even bread. Its discovery is lost in the great void of prehistoric time, but cheese men have reconstructed the story neatly. As they see it, the inventor must have been a Near Eastern herdsman of a period several thousand years before Christ. One evening he decided to use the stomach of a recently slaughtered young lamb instead of, as usual, the larger stomach of an older sheep for storage of his next day's supply of sheep or goat's milk. Then, before he could get around to drinking the milk for lunch the next day, his



CHEESES BY COURTESY OF PHIL ALPERT, "CHEESES OF ALL NATIONS"

Americans now make and process varieties rivaling the best from Europe, and each of us eats seven pounds a year—including deodorized Limburger

herd may have been attacked by a lion or wolf pack. Anyway, some emergency forced him to leave the milk where the sun could get at it through most of the day.

When he finally got a chance to drink it, he probably swore the prehistoric equivalent of a blue streak. For all that issued forth when he lifted the rudimentary canteen to his lips was a trickle of thin, watery fluid. Whereupon he fell into a pet, cut the skin open and found a mass of funny-looking, damp, white stuff. Hungry enough for anything by then, he tasted it, liked it, gobbled it up and, doubtless, soon acquired a reputation among his neighbors as "that guy who's always leaving his milk sitting around in lamb stomachs."

Cheese makers still use the same two basic elements this sheepherder unwittingly put to use—rennin, an enzyme found in quantity in the stomachs of lambs and calves, plus heat. With the help of heat the rennin curdles the milk, causing the watery whey to separate from the solid curds. But from that point on, things begin to get complicated, and the inventor would have a hard time even recognizing most modern cheeses.

After several millenniums of variations on the original theme there are today hundreds of different kinds of cheese. Most of the variations are a result of the curing process which may take only a few hours or stretch out over a period of years. Paradoxically, the "cure" usually is accomplished by first inoculating the cheese with concoctions of bacteria or molds and then giving them all the time they need to do their worst.

Among humanity's unsung heroes are those who first summoned up the nerve to take a bite of a new cheese. There was, for instance, the peasant boy who, about the year 1070 A.D., left a hunk of cheese in a mountain cave in southern France. Passing that way again a few weeks later he found the cheese marbled with bluish veins, nibbled at it experimentally, liked the taste and carried it off to the cheese-making monks at a nearby monastery. They were enthralled by it, found a way to duplicate it and gave Roquefort to the world.

It was many centuries, however, before any very large part of the world was able to accept this or other gifts from the cheese makers. Until the last hundred years most cheese was either homemade or produced largely for local consumption and cured to suit local tastes, which explains the huge variety. Just 100 years ago a Rome, *(Continued on page 81)*

For cheese chart, see page 82

MY LIFE among the COMEDIANS

A gag writer need please only himself—unless he likes to eat. In that case, he must cater to a wide variety of tastes. Unluckily, he often winds up pleasing only himself

By HAL BLOCK

SEVERAL years ago, someone asked me to explain the system I use in writing jokes for various comedians in radio and television. I was ready for the question. "It's very easy," I said. "First, I laugh. Then I think back and find out what caused it."

I wish now I hadn't said that. I made it sound too easy. As a matter of fact, writing jokes, or telling them, can be a very painful way of making a living. It is even possible to sprain an ankle on a joke. During the war, Bob Hope was playing a soldier show in North Africa when an air-raid warning sounded. Hope and the rest ran for cover. When I saw him in Bizerte a week or so later, he was limping.

"What happened?" I asked.

He told me the story.

"It must be a frightening thing," I said sympathetically, "to have to stop a show right in the middle and run for your life."

"Think nothing of it, boy," Hope said philosophically. "I've been doing it for years."

I know what Hope meant. For the past 15 years, as a so-called gag writer, I have been running alongside Hope, Milton Berle, Fred Allen, Edgar Bergen, George Burns, Eddie Cantor, Phil Baker, Ken Murray and others of comparable wit, and somehow the situation seems to get more complicated all the time. Where we are all headed I don't know. But it is undoubtedly high time that someone explained what we are up to and what we are going through to get there.

First of all, I submit that being a gag writer or comedian imposes a severe strain on all but the most durable dispositions. For some reason which I do not profess to understand, it is universally demanded that whenever one of us opens his mouth, even to release a simple yawn, something uproariously funny must pop out. Apropos of this, Morey Amsterdam, the comedian, was walking up Sixth Avenue in New York not long ago, when he met an old friend.

"Where have you been?" the man asked Morey.

"Sick," Amsterdam said. "I've been in bed with a cold."

His friend looked at him curiously. "What's so funny about that?" he demanded.

That is the sort of thing we are up against, and it doesn't end there. We not only have to make our friends laugh constantly, but we have to make our audiences laugh or we pay with our options. We have to make the sponsor laugh. And besides pleasing the sponsor, we have to please the sponsor's wife, the producer, the men from the advertising agency, the radio and television critics, and the Federal Communications Commission. It's some pie we're baking.

When I was writing for Phil Baker a few years ago, the sponsor was a man who became annoyed by my Roosevelt jokes. He kept intimating he didn't like them, but they were timely and I kept putting them in. Finally, he issued a flat edict: No more F.D.R. jokes. I wrote back and told him I would comply with the order, but I added that I didn't think we were going to be successful in keeping people from realizing that Roosevelt was the President of the United States. I forget what the sponsor said in reply, but a short time later I was on another show.

Producers can also be tricky. Several years ago I had a radio producer in Hollywood who was an ex-dentist with such a bushy head of hair that Groucho Marx once challenged him to a shampoo. Getting him to laugh was like pulling teeth. After I had stayed up all night writing the script, I would stagger, disheveled and bleary-eyed, over to his house to get it approved. The producer, sipping his morning orange juice in ill-concealed luxury beside his swimming pool, would call the maid and read the jokes to her. For some reason, he figured the maid was "the people." Needless to say, she had a sense of humor like the back end of a handball court and it took years off my life waiting for her to laugh so we could get the show on the air that evening.

Producers are also concerned with timing a show correctly so that everything comes out even on the stop watch, and you never know who is going to suffer from the amputations which have to be performed on a lengthy script. About 10 years ago I was writing an all-star show with the late Charlie Butterworth, Lanny Ross, Raymond Paige and his orchestra, and a relatively little-known singer named Betty Jane Rhodes. Our first guest star was Fred Allen, and at the first rehearsal it was apparent that the show was six minutes too long.

Raymond Paige's overture ran some five minutes and was called Salute to the Navy. The bags under Fred Allen's eyes lighted up and he said, "Why don't we bring it in at low tide and save two minutes there?" This suggestion was considered briefly and rejected. Finally there was a conference. At the end of two hours we had cut the show to a point where it was only one minute over. Suddenly the producer spotted Miss Rhodes' only song, which ran a scant two minutes, and without further ado, he chopped it in half. Allen surveyed the damage done to the young singer's budding career. "It only goes to show you," he said sadly. "The meek shall inherit the commercials."

Description of an Agency Man's Day

It was the same Fred Allen who gave the world a classic description of an advertising agency man. "An agency man," Allen said, "is a Dartmouth graduate with a crew haircut who comes to his office every morning at nine. When he walks in he finds a little molehill on his desk, and he has until five o'clock that afternoon to make a mountain out of it."

Actually, of course, agency men are indispensable, especially in their role as policy sleuths. One of Milton Berle's scripts a few years ago illustrates what "policy" is.

According to the script, Berle was to say, "I'm going to write a book. Three million people will have their noses buried in it."

Straight Man: "What makes you think that?"

Berle: "It's going to be printed on Kleenex."

The agency handling the Berle show protested immediately; a rival agency handled the Kleenex account. Consequently, the joke never went on the air.

This sort of ban, of course, is both common and understandable. Probably no other business is as feverishly competitive as the advertising business, and despite the suffering it frequently causes writers, comedians and others who are ill-adjusted to the world of commerce, it is only natural for one sponsor to resist giving a competitor a free plug.

Studebaker, for example, once had to fire Joey Nash, the singer, because his name was that of another automobile. The word "swift" is naturally *verboten* on an Armour show, and the word "armor" is similarly forbidden on a Swift show. No matter what it does to your joke, you cannot have a man wearing a Chesterfield on a Camel program nor a man wearing a camel's-hair coat on a Chesterfield program. The words are too suggestive.

Comedian Perturbs His Sponsor

Some years ago, however, irrepressible W. C. Fields, then on the air for Lucky Strike cigarettes, introduced a fictitious relative named Chester on the show, and it was several weeks before the agency handling the Lucky Strike account realized that Fields, the consummate imp, had slipped in a "Chester Fields." Chester was instantly sent scurrying, of course, while Fields cried that he had been betrayed.

In my life among the comedians, I have naturally found that the biggest problem facing the writer is that of pleasing the comedian for whom he works. George Burns used to attend writing sessions with a beret on his head and a cane in his hand. Whenever a writer made a dull suggestion, Burns whacked him across the knees with his cane. That's the sort of thing that keeps you on your toes. It can also keep you on your knees.

I remember with particular humiliation my going out to the California desert during the war to get Abbott and Costello to do a spot on the Treasury Hour. They were on location for a picture and were sitting in their trailer when I arrived. I explained that I wanted them to do some jokes for the War Bond drive and Costello immediately started to dictate. The first joke came out like this:

Costello: "If I buy a bond, Abbott, what does the government buy with the money?"

Abbott: "Tanks."

Costello: "What?"

Abbott: "Tanks, tanks."

Costello: "You're welcome."

I was horrified. "Wait a minute," I protested. "What kind of joke is that?"

Costello looked at me pityingly. "I'll tell you what kind of joke it is," he said. "Last year, doing that kind of joke, we were number two program in radio, number one box office in pictures, and we made $650,000."

"I see," I mused. Then I added briskly, "Now, gentlemen, before anyone talks you out of it, I think we ought to get that joke into the script."

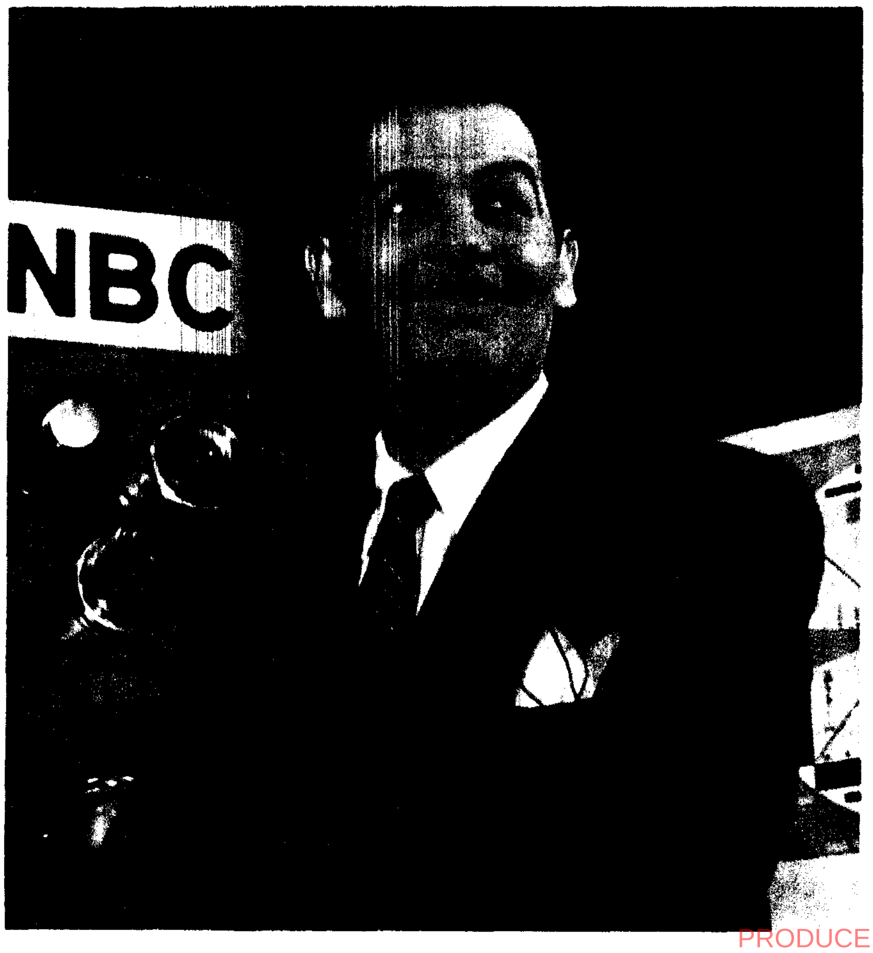
One of the devices in (*Continued on page* 83)

JOHN FLOREA

How to keep a gag writer in his proper place: Six of the country's best-known radio and screen jokesters demonstrate the technique. Standing (l. to r.) are Edgar Bergen, Harpo Marx, Ken Murray, Jack Benny, Groucho Marx and George Burns. The unhappy gent underfoot is the author

Writers are a gag man's best friend, but they're no help when a guest star suddenly stops talking—as one did on a program of Milton Berle's

ZINN ARTHUR

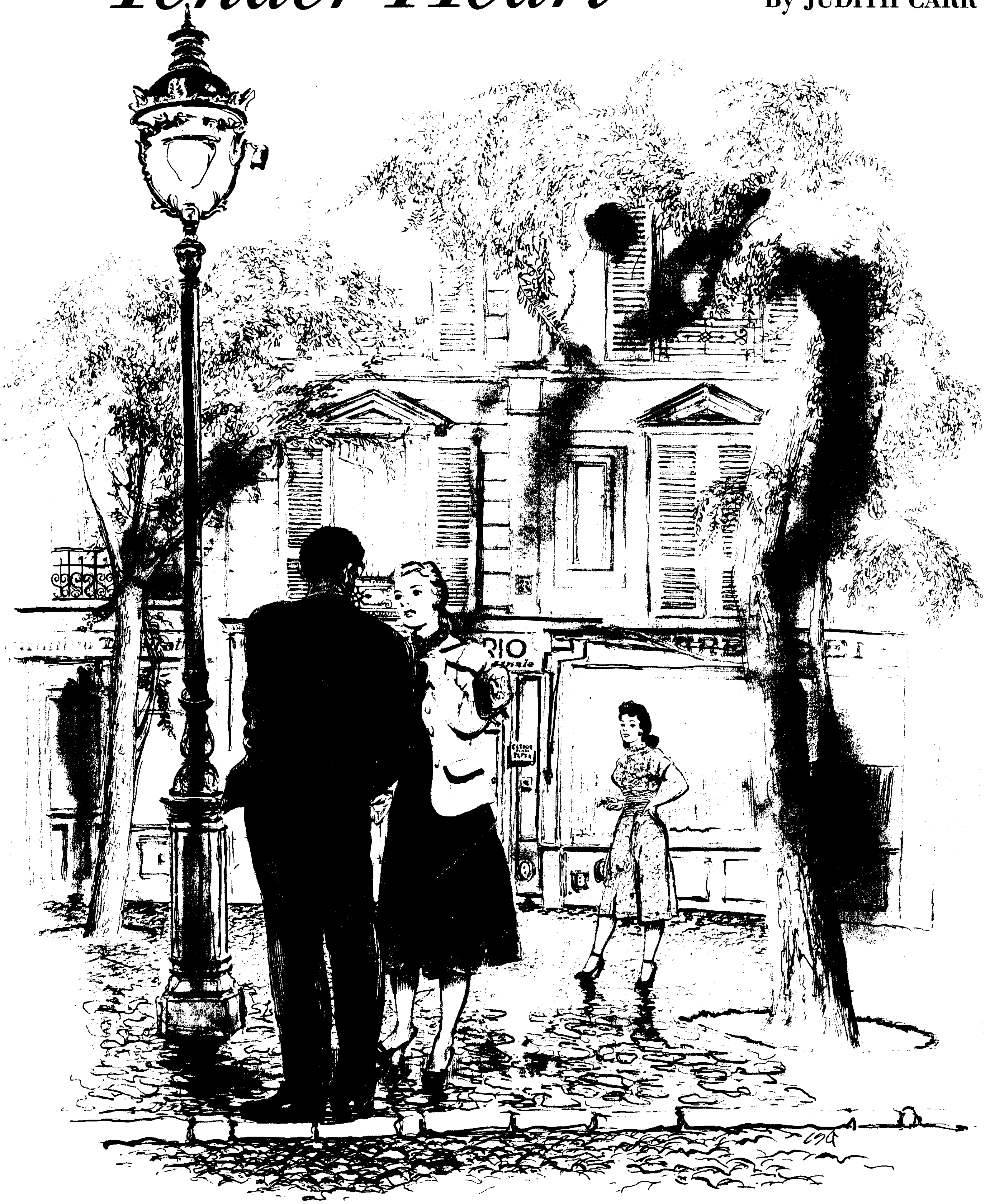


Minor differences occasionally crop up between writers and comedians. Here, Fred Allen gives his considered opinion of a Hal Block creation

JACOB LOFMAN

Tender Heart

By JUDITH CARR



His disinterested face looked down at me inquiringly. Stifling embarrassment, I said, "We've seen you in the café every night"

Aldo was just like her dear husband, the old lady said. It would be tragic if she discovered he was a gigolo . . .

I'M AN unsentimental woman. Confidences appall me, and I receive them with an indifference that might be expected to discourage them. But it seems that just as virgin snow calls for footprints so this very indifference invites secrets. Certainly they are often thrust upon me.

And I knew, as soon as I saw the fragile old lady, that she was mine, my cross for the holiday. Those white hairs, I guessed, told of a hard life, a life of tragedy that would be unfolded to me in installment after painful installment. That pathetic air of self-reliance was merely a foil to the helplessness of age and loneliness.

I got up to leave the café, making a halfhearted effort to avert the inevitable. But as I passed her table she clutched my sleeve.

"Excuse me," she said timidly. "But are you American?"

"Yes," I answered ungraciously. "I am."

"I thought so. Would you be very kind? You see I have forgotten my glasses and I can't read my check."

I took the little white slip. "A hundred and fifty lire," I told her.

"Oh, thank you so much. And the tip?"

"Service is really included, but perhaps ten lire—"

"Yes," she said, nodding, "I like to give something extra." She fumbled in her purse.

We left the café together and I walked back with her to her hotel. "I shall go to that café every evening, I think," she confided. "I shall feel—well—less alone somehow."

This, I thought, is it.

"Perhaps," she added wistfully, "I may run across you again."

Reluctantly I shouldered my cross. "Tomorrow night," I said. "I will look for you."

She flushed. "Oh, no, my dear, you don't want to be saddled with an old lady like me. You go off with some gay young things and don't bother about me. But if I do happen to meet you again it will be very nice."

I am neither young nor gay, and her loneliness hurt me, and so I went to the café the following night and found her.

We met every evening after that. Her name was Mrs. Sinclair. As I expected, she had not had an easy life. Her son had been killed in his teens and her husband had died several years ago. "We came here for our honeymoon," she said and she actually blushed. "How gay we were! Carlo—that's my husband you know—was half Italian. His mother was a countess. She had big estates in Tuscany. However, all that's gone now." She sighed, stroking her cheek with a skeleton hand. "How happy we were!" she said. "Just like them—look—" and she nodded toward the next table.

Certainly they seemed happy. They talked in an undertone, their voices rising occasionally to a crescendo of laughter, and their glasses stood side by side like a statement of love.

"He's like my Carlo, very like him," said Mrs. Sinclair.

Then the camera lies, I thought, remembering the faded photograph of the skinny, bright-eyed little man she had shown me. For this young man opposite was broad-shouldered and long-legged. I saw the muscles move under the polished skin of his bare arm as he flickered his cigarette lighter. As it flared up it lighted the girl's eager face under the ash-blond fluff of her hair. "Mary," he said softly, *"sei bella, cara."*

"Aldo—" she whispered his name. Unscrupulously, I strained my ears, but could hear no more.

". . . not at all unlike me at the same age," Mrs. Sinclair was saying. "You may find it hard to believe I was pretty, but I was—yes, I was a pretty girl in my time." This I could believe. Even now she had a certain gentle beauty. ". . . and you can see he loves her. Look at his eyes. Yes, he has a tender heart, that man."

I looked. He was tough. Tough as they come and playing a well-learned part. Liking the girl perhaps, desiring her certainly, amused and flattered by her admiration. But tender—no. And she? Perhaps she really cared. I don't know. Perhaps she, too, was merely enjoying the moment, the lights, the liqueurs, the illusion of loving and being loved; the best that most of us get.

Mrs. Sinclair's story seemed to have reached its climax. I struggled to pick up the thread. ". . . and so Carlo was killed before I could ask him if it were true. But I knew it was a lie, and I was glad afterward that I hadn't mentioned it. It would have grieved him that I should even doubt him. No, there was never anyone else in Carlo's life, whatever they say . . ." Her voice rambled on, picking over the faded skeins of memory. At last she was silent.

"I suppose you spent many happy days here?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, so many." She sighed and closed her eyes for a moment. "That is why, when I knew that I had to have this operation, I decided to come here for a few weeks. The memories will help me gather strength, I thought, and they have." Her eyes lingered happily on the lovers. "Just like Carlo," she repeated. "Remarkably like him."

We saw them in the café almost every evening. Mrs. Sinclair watched them avidly, reliving through them those happy weeks she had spent here nearly fifty years ago. To her, Aldo seemed ardent and gay, but I could see that even his smile was calculated, the quirk of his eyebrow, his indulgent laughter, the way he stretched out a hand to smooth her hair, all were the weapons of a practiced campaigner.

Most nights, after I had seen Mrs. Sinclair back to her hotel, I walked along the coast road and up toward the mountains, until I had shaken off the web of sentiment she wove. I enjoyed padding softly along the dark empty road in my rope-soled sandals, in a darkness and a silence broken only by the flash and roar of an occasional passing car.

And one evening I saw Aldo. He was with a girl I had noticed around the town. She was languorous and beautiful in a heavy way. They were standing in the shadows of a group of palm trees, but for a moment they were held in a white blaze of headlights. His hands, tangled in the long, dark strands of her hair, were straining her head back and he was kissing the olive curve of her throat. I walked quietly on after the vanishing taillight of the car, and they did not hear me, or if they heard me they did not care. I wondered who would have been the more shocked to see them there, Mary or Mrs. Sinclair.

A WEEK later, two days before Mrs. Sinclair was to leave, Aldo and Mary arrived later than usual at the café. Mrs. Sinclair guessed at once. "It is their last evening. See, she's been crying."

"Perhaps just a lovers' quarrel," I suggested.

"No," said Mrs. Sinclair firmly. "See how she looks at him."

She was right. The girl's eyes were fixed with pathetic, loving attention on his face, as if she were caressing and memorizing every feature.

"How sad he will be," said Mrs. Sinclair.

I wondered, remembering the girl under the palm trees.

"She need not cry," said Mrs. Sinclair, half crying herself. "Because he loves her. Next year she will come back, or he will go to her, and they will marry, as Carlo and I did, and be happy."

Cruelly, I contradicted: "Long before next year he will have forgotten her."

"No," she said with complete conviction. "He won't. He loves her as my Carlo loved me. He won't forget." And she sat twisting the worn gold ring on her finger.

I realized then how completely she identified herself with Mary, and how much this most trivial love affair meant to her. And I was glad that she was going away soon, before the illusion was destroyed.

All the following day the rain poured down, clouds rolled in over the horizon and thunder rumbled in the mountains. I thought perhaps I would not see Mrs. Sinclair again, for she was leaving the next morning, but after dinner the rain stopped and I dutifully set out for the café.

As I crossed the brightly lighted square I suddenly saw, walking slowly in front of me, arm in arm, Aldo and a girl, the dark-haired girl of the shadows. Her head rested against his shoulder and he was laughing down into her face. Still there was the quirk to his eyebrow, again there was the tender twist to his mouth. I guessed at once that they were going to the café.

Compassion struggled with common sense for a moment—and won. I hurried after them, splashing through the puddles, and touched his arm. "Excuse me," I said, "may I speak to you a moment?"

Surprised, he stopped, releasing the girl's arm. "But certainly, *signora,*" he said.

I stepped away a few paces and he followed. The girl stood waiting, half curious, half bored.

HIS disinterested face looked down at me inquiringly. Stifling embarrassment, I said, "It's a little difficult to explain. I—we've seen you in the café every night."

"Yes. I have noticed you, of course." His intimate smile flashed with automatic gallantry, but I knew he had never even seen me.

"My friend, an old lady, is very ill, very lonely. She has been watching you with—with your other friend. She spent her honeymoon here and somehow you remind her of her dead husband and it has been important to her, to think that you were in love."

He was silent, puzzled. I wished I hadn't begun.

"You see," I went on, "tomorrow she goes away, happy because she thinks that she had seen two people really in love. If she saw you tonight—" I glanced toward the dark girl who was sulkily twisting her handkerchief round her finger and shifting impatiently from foot to foot.

The empty charm, the assumed interest fell from his face. Sincerity was left, and pity. "I do understand. It is strange." He brooded.

"So if perhaps—another café?" I mumbled.

"Of course. And thank you for telling me. You are kind, I think."

He walked back to the girl and spoke rapidly to her in Italian. Relieved, I saw them turn away, retracing their steps.

I went on to the café, silently cursing Mrs. Sinclair and her foolish illusions, self-consciousness still burning in my cheeks. But my annoyance vanished at the sight of her thin face. She was paler than ever and her hands were trembling.

"I shall be so glad when it's all over, dear," she said, "whatever happens."

I realized then that she was going to die, and that she knew it, and my small sacrifice of time and my petty embarrassment seemed insignificant.

But she was looking for Aldo. "Where is he?" she asked. "It's very late."

"I don't suppose he will come tonight," I said. "I expect he will be too sad to come alone."

"Oh, no—he will come. To sit here and remember her. He cared so much. He will surely come."

I could not answer. I knew so well that he was walking up toward the mountains, with the dark head on his shoulder.

Suddenly Mrs. Sinclair touched my hand. "Look," she whispered, "there he is."

He came in slowly, his eyes on the ground. He did not even glance at us. He sat down, put an elbow on the table and leaned his head on his hand. He stared unseeingly across us and through the open doorway to the dark gulf of the sea, as intense in his despair as he had been ardent in his lovemaking. He was a good actor.

Mrs. Sinclair stifled a sob. "Look," she said in a triumphant quaver, "look how much he cares. Just like my Carlo."

You see, Mrs. Sinclair was right. He had a tender heart.

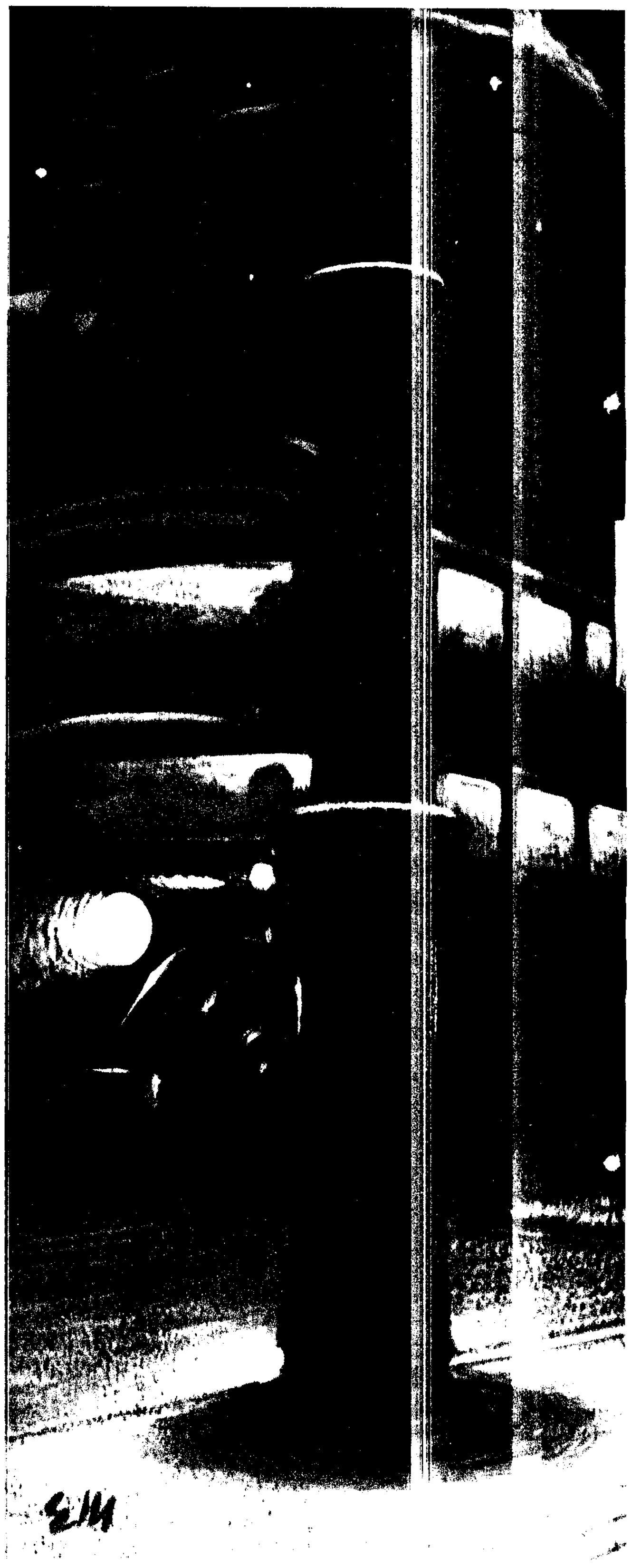
THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

To Live Again

By A. J. CRONIN

Was there any place for Leon Engel, broken and embittered, in the world that had condemned him? Was there, for Enoch Oswald, any justice, any penalty, any mercy? Was there, for Paul, any recompense for the painful struggle he had endured?



The Story: PAUL ENGEL was stunned to learn from a family friend, PASTOR EMMANUEL FLEMING, whose daughter ELLA wanted to marry Paul, that his father was LEON ENGEL, serving a life sentence for the murder of MONA SPURLING in Winton, Scotland, fifteen years earlier. Determined to learn the whole truth, he looked up ALBERT PRUSTY, the only favorable witness, who told him that another man was present at the scene of the crime, but that the positive identification of Engel by JANET CROMBIE, a maid, and LOUISA BURT, a passer-by, had clinched the case built up by CHIEF CONSTABLE ADAM URIE and prosecuted by SIR MATTHEW SPROTT.

Paul sought out Louisa Burt; but Paul was prevented from learning anything from her by the police, who arrested him and brought him before Urie. Urie warned him not to dig up the past; but Paul persuaded GEORGE BIRLEY, Member of Parliament, to ask for an official reopening of the case.

All his hopes were blasted when the plea was refused, he lost his job, and he was told that LENA ANDERSEN, with whom he had fallen in love, had an illegitimate child.

Exhausted and starving, Paul got food at a canteen run by ENOCH OSWALD, a Winton philanthropist who was also Louisa Burt's employer. When Louisa informed Paul that she, like Janet Crombie, who had also worked for Oswald, was marrying and being sent to Australia, a suspicion grew in him, and was confirmed when Prusty told him that Oswald was also the landlord of the murder house. Lacking official recourse, Paul made a personal appeal on the streets to attract attention to his father's case. He was arrested, and the alarmed Sprott planned to get Paul out of the way by sending him to an asylum.

Lena's benefactor, L. A. DUNN, a newspaperman who had helped her care for her nephew, commonly thought to be her son, put up bail for Paul, thwarting Sprott's action. Dunn then wrote a series of articles for his paper, published by J. P. MCGOWAN, and, as a result, Leon Engel was released from prison to stand trial again.

Paul's reunion with his father almost broke his heart. Engel, old and embittered, rejected his wife, as well as the friendly advances of the Flemings, who had come from Belfast to celebrate his release.

When the new trial began, Sprott and his colleagues were successful in preventing NIGEL GRAHAME, Engel's lawyer, from introducing evidence that would establish his client's innocence. Paul was uneasy, and, after court had been adjourned for the day, went to the house in which the murder had been committed. There he was surprised by Enoch Oswald, who entered the room, looking haggard and disheveled, and said wearily to Paul: "It is you. I have thought that we might meet."

CONCLUSION

ENOCH OSWALD lowered himself into a chair at the table and, with a measured gesture, indicated the place beside him. "I regret that I cannot offer you refreshment. I moved in here only yesterday, on an impulse. So far I have not troubled about food." While he spoke, Oswald's eyes moved, as if unseeingly, about the room, then rested upon Paul. "Tell me—why have you come?"

Paul felt his mouth go dry. How could he explain what was in his mind? Compressing his lips, he tried to find his voice, strove to keep it steady.

"I guessed you'd be here. I've come—to tell you to clear out—to get away at once."

There was a strange pause. Through the leaden heaviness which enclosed him, Oswald flashed a sudden, luminous glance at Paul.

"You surprise me, young man. You surprise me greatly. I am not unaware of your activities during these last months. I fancied you were not particularly—well-disposed—toward me."

"I feel different now," Paul answered in a low voice. "What I've been through, what I saw in court today, what I've learned of the machinery of the law—has changed my ideas. There's been enough suffering and wretchedness over this case. They gave my father fifteen years of misery. What good will it do if they start all over again on you? So go away, while you can. At the very earliest, they won't issue a warrant until tomorrow night. You have twenty-four hours to leave the country. At least it gives you a chance."

Oswald gazed at Paul with a kind of rapture, his long upper lip quivering, his face suffused with color, his great eyes bright beneath their silver brows.

"Young man," he cried suddenly, in a loud, fervent voice, "if you can say such a thing, there is still hope for humanity!"

Unable to restrain himself, he got to his feet and began rapidly to pace the room, cracking the joints of his fingers, lifting up his head from time to time, as though in thanksgiving. At last, with an effort to master his emotion, he resumed his seat and gripped Paul tightly by the arm.

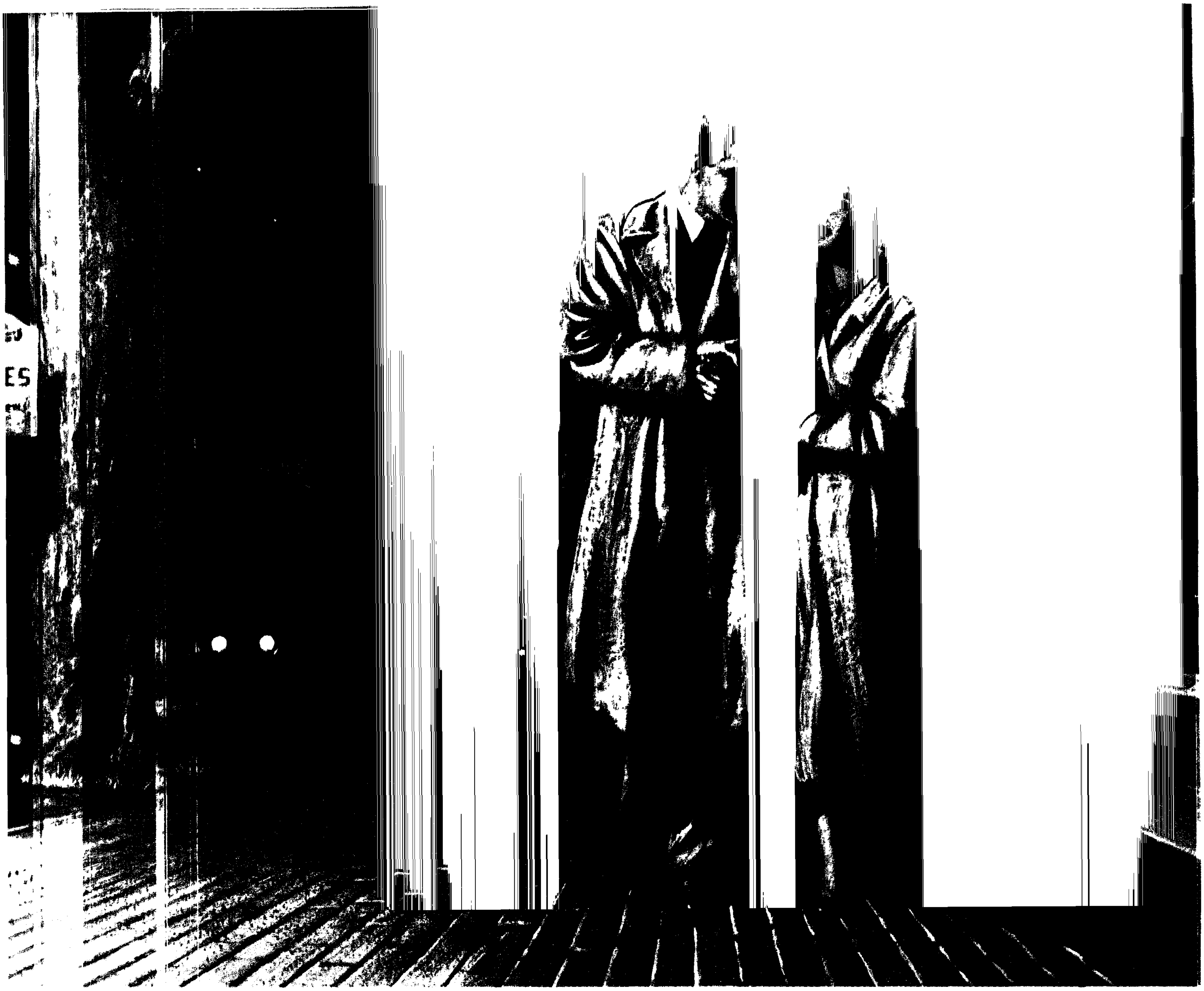
"My dear young man, besides my gratitude, I owe you an explanation." He stared at Paul for a moment. "From my earliest childhood I have been an epileptic," he said. He paused to draw a shivering sigh, then went on, "My parents were elderly—I was their only son. I was educated by a tutor, indulged in every way.

"I was late to develop, but by the time I was twenty-five, my nervous attacks diminished and almost disappeared, and I was able to take over the duties of my father's business and to manage my responsibilities well enough. I even became engaged. My fiancée's family consented to our marriage after a probationary period—until it was clear that I was quite cured."

Oswald paused, and sighed.

"Unhappily, during this period, I got to know Mona Spurling, and our liaison developed in an insidious way. I accept full blame for my weakness and sinfulness. But that woman did everything she could to bring about my downfall. My young friend, never allow yourself to become ensnared by a vain, demanding woman. Mona exacted everything from me—clothes, jewelry, money, an apartment—and when, at the end, I offered to make full provision for her and the child she was expecting, she refused. Marriage alone would satisfy her.

"Just then my father died. Between grief and worry, I suffered a sharp recurrence of my epileptic seizures. After one particularly violent fit I went by arrangement to Mona's apartment. Ah, my dear young man, you cannot realize how painful and dangerous the postepileptic state is. After one rises from the ground, the mind remains in a deep narcosis, a sort of oblivion, but the passions are still in a violent convulsion. It was in this condition that, goaded beyond endurance, I lost myself utterly, and murdered her."



Later, Lena walked back with Paul to the Windsor, slowly, arm in arm, under a crescent moon

A long pause followed, and the wild disorder of Oswald's features altered to a strange and pallid smile—a look so secret, so expressive of a twisted mind, that Paul gripped the sides of his chair with dread.

"My immediate impulse was to give myself up. But I thought better of it. It was not that I feared the consequences of my crime, but simply that I suddenly realized all I might do, in reparation and atonement, if I were free." Oswald's manner suddenly grew lofty. "Then I vowed to dedicate my life to the service of mankind. And I would be blessed, for recompense would be made me at the resurrection of the just!"

"But what," Paul interposed in a low voice, "what about my father?"

"Ah!" breathed Oswald in a tone of profound regret. "That was a pity. But it was so ordained. I will not deny that, several times, I was tempted to surrender myself. But a voice spoke to me, reminding me that all my goods would then be forfeit to the state. Ah, yes, my dear young man, I was deeply contrite. Yet the end justifies the means." Again that bleak and twisted smile spread, almost slyly, over Oswald's face. "Ah, don't imagine that my life was one of ease. On the contrary, I subjected myself, continually, to the most rigorous austerities. I suffered from prostrating seizures twice and even three times a week. And, above all, the most oppressive and difficult of all my undertakings was the constant guard I was obliged to keep upon myself, so that all those outside prying eyes might not read my secret, nor guess how I had been consecrated to the elect."

Oswald got up and again began, restively, to tread the floor, reasoning with himself in a loud and agitated tone.

"Now that the span of my usefulness is over, the list of my good works shall speak with tongues. Weighed in the balance against the worthless woman, it shall be as honey to the carcass of the jackal."

A shiver went through Paul as he watched Oswald's growing agitation—his dark and tortured misery. The wreckage of this human soul was horrible to witness, yet its desolation awoke in Paul a greater pity. He saw plainly that the man was mad.

Suddenly, through the mist, there came the faint note of a ship's foghorn from the river. This unearthly sound seemed to pierce Oswald to the heart. A groan broke from his lips; he drew up stiffly, and with staring eyes and head stretched back, exclaimed, "The hour approaches! Sanctify thy servant!"

On the final words, Oswald's voice broke, and gradually, after a few minutes, he relaxed, looked about him, came back slowly. He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead. Then, wanly, he smiled at Paul.

"My dear young man, again I thank you for your kind attentions. I shall be all right now, if you wish to leave me."

"You will promise to go away?"

"I shall go away." Oswald smiled again and nodded, placing his arm upon Paul's shoulder. "This has not been unforeseen. I have resources at my command. Good-by, and God bless you."

He opened the door for Paul to depart.

NEXT morning, when the court opened, the atmosphere was electric. The crowd, overfilling the already sultry courtroom, spoke only in tense undertones.

When Their Lordships had seated themselves upon the bench, Nigel Grahame stood up, debonair as ever, yet with a new coldness in his manner.

"My lords," he announced. "With your permission I wish to resume my examination of the witness Louisa Burt."

A brief pause ensued while the requisite formalities were completed. Then Louisa took her place upon the stand.

"I trust," Grahame began, courteously but with a frigid note, "that you

(Continued on page 68)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

Gridiron GALAHAD

By FRANCIS WALLACE

Bud Wilkinson, reigning Coach of the Year, has led Oklahoma to two straight Sugar Bowl victories. But with only one of last year's first-stringers back, can he do it again?

IN 1937 Charles (Bud) Wilkinson won the Big Ten medal given annually by the University of Minnesota to the senior most outstanding in scholarship and athletics—an award which implies future promise as a citizen. Bud has come through. Today, at thirty-four, he must be included in any list of outstandingly useful and versatile young Americans. He is athletic director and head coach at the University of Oklahoma—reigning Coach of the Year by vote of his colleagues. His salary is $15,000 plus what he earns from the usual lucrative side lines, and he could write his own ticket at any number of major colleges. Handsome and intelligent, an excellent speaker, with an impressive war record, he is beginning to be seriously considered as major political timber in his adopted state. Yet, he isn't quite sure he made the right decision when he passed up the comfortable career he could have made in his father's mortgage banking business in Minneapolis.

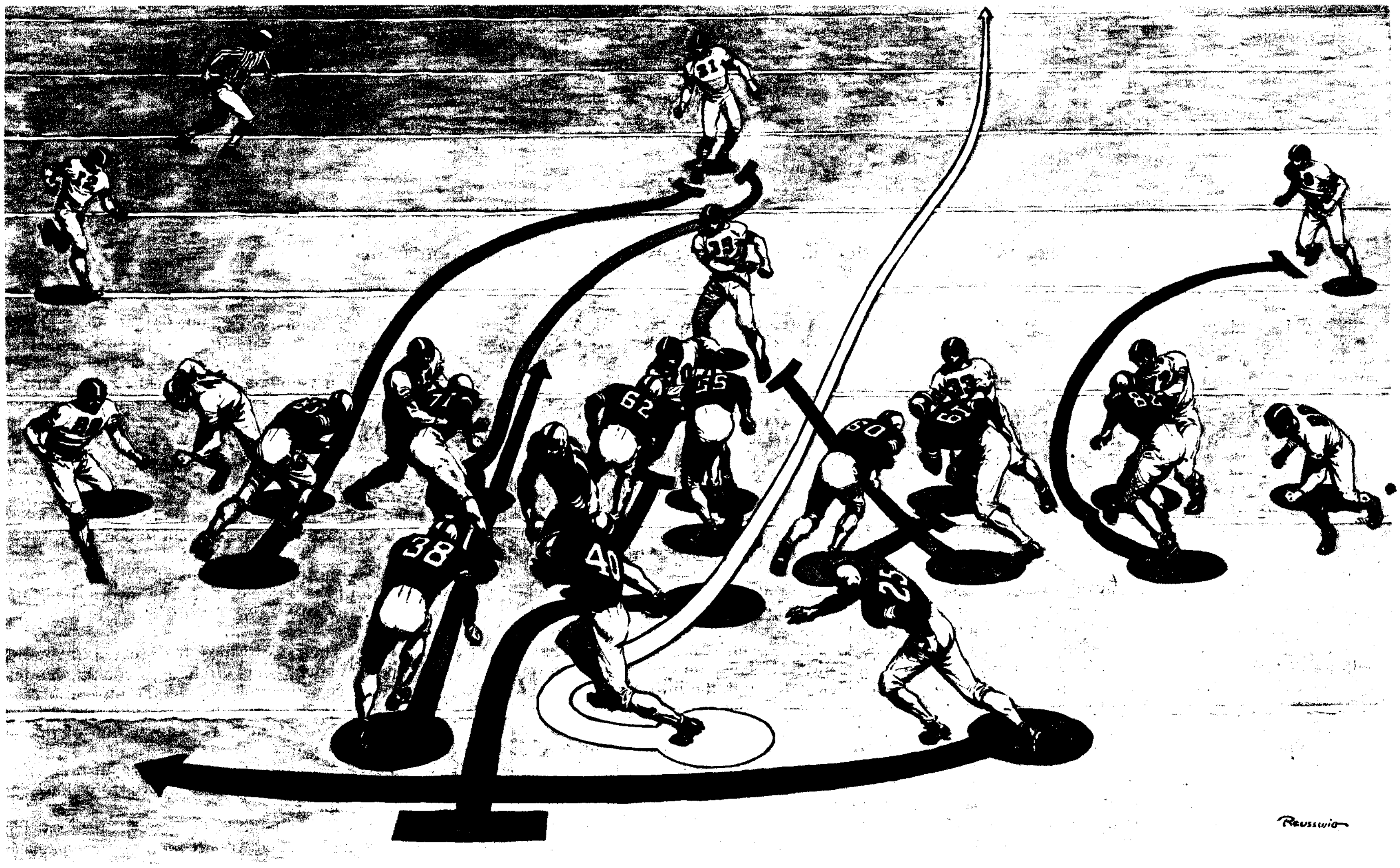
"I've never got up in the morning when I felt I was going to work," he said, "and that's a grand way to feel about making a living. But the trouble with coaching is, there's no future to it. About the age a man is reaching the top in the average profession, he's usually on the verge of being washed up as a coach." That's the occupational complaint of football coaches; but most people would be happy to settle for Bud Wilkinson's life which, so far, has been consistently exciting, glamorous and almost monotonously successful.

Bud married his college sweetheart, Mary Shifflet, of Grinnell, Iowa, who, after 12 years and two hearty sons—Pat, ten, and Jay, eight—is still a startling brunet beauty. At Syracuse University, where he began his coaching career as assistant to Ossie Solem, he added an M.A. to his Minnesota B.A. and had his own radio sports show. He is in demand at coaching schools, football dinners, civic luncheons and high-school commencements.

He has a wide range of interests outside athletics, is seriously concerned with national affairs, has a positive and outspoken social philosophy. He likes music (piano playing is his only confessed failure), has a library of phonograph records, mostly semiclassical. Brought up with Patty Berg, the title-winning woman golfer, he lettered on the Minnesota links team, still shoots in the low eighties when he can find time for it. Otherwise, he relaxes by playing a sharp game of bridge.

Unlike so many celebrities, there are few of the usual anecdotes about Wilkinson; he's all business at his job and never seems to stray from the personal beam of poise and taste. But if all this begins to suggest the stuffed shirt whose pluperfect virtues are resented by the average plodding male, you can throw that away. Bud also happens to be the guy every harried father is always hoping his madcap daughter will eventually drag home. Larry (Moon) Mullins, the old Notre Damer who served

Oklahoma's fullback counter play off the split-T was used against Santa Clara's Orange Bowl champions last November. Fullback Leon Heath ran 81 yards for a touchdown. The play started deceptively to the left with three backs, including quarterback Darrell Royal (11) faking in that direction. Royal took two steps to the left, then swung back, handed off to Heath (40) and, retreating, faked to throw a forward pass. Key blocks on this play were the cross blocks thrown by right tackle Dean Smith (61) on the line-backer, right guard Clair Mayes (60) on one guard, and a double block by guard Dee Andros (62) and center Harry Moore (55) on the other guard. Heath's run is in yellow



DRAWING BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

with Wilkinson at Iowa Preflight, explains why: "He's sincere and carries a friendship. Last winter, just after he had won Coach of the Year, he went out of his way to speak to my kids at St. Ambrose College.

"Before that, I was his guest at the 1949 All-Star game in Chicago, where he was head coach; but after he lost—probably the biggest disappointment he's had yet—he never blamed anybody else. He's so wholeheartedly a good Joe that he can't offend. Smart, too."

Wilkinson also has a tremendous appeal for women, for obvious reasons. He has warm personal charm, is six feet one inch, still retains his playing weight of 190 pounds. He has a long, strong masculine face, a crinkly-eyed smile, a pleasant voice, blond hair and he likes to laugh. His personality is easy and nonassertive. And all this is native. There is nothing phony about him.

People like Bud Wilkinson, like to be around him. His nickname is the tip-off; he's been "Bud" to everybody as long as anybody can remember, even to his players who treat him as a fraternity brother and social equal—an invaluable asset to a coach.

The capsule explanation of his coaching success is that his squads reflect his personality. His lads play hard and rough but keep it clean—unless perhaps the other fellows have to be taught to behave like gentlemen. They work tirelessly for perfection, mix intelligence, imaginative daring, hard-hitting fundamentals and jetlike speed prompted by Bud's coaching cry: "Run! Run! Run!"

Although Bud had attained almost his full height and weight in his senior year at Shattuck Military Academy in Faribault, Minnesota, there was no collegiate rush for his services. He entered Minnesota as a paying student; and though he played guard and blocking quarterback on Bernie Bierman's championship squads of '34, '35 and '36, he never received financial help from the university. He climaxed his collegiate career by quarterbacking the College All-Stars to their first victory over the professional champions, the Green Bay Packers, in 1937.

After a first brief postgraduate fling at his father's business, he gave the next seven years to his family and a pleasant coaching apprenticeship at Syracuse, Minnesota and then Iowa Preflight. He was out of football for two years ('44-'45) as hangar deck officer on the carrier Enterprise, shared the charmed life of the "Big E" at Iwo Jima, Tokyo, Kiushui and Okinawa.

Football's Siren Call Again

Like most other young men in service, Bud fell in love with home and came back to Minneapolis and another try at the banking business with every intention of "simplifying my life and enjoying my family." But the football siren sang again. Jim Tatum, with whom Bud had served as an assistant coach under Don Faurot at Iowa Preflight, was going to Oklahoma and wanted Wilkinson as part-time assistant.

"I thought it would be fun," Bud said, "a tapering-off process, while continuing to learn Father's business throughout the rest of the year; but after a month at Oklahoma I stopped kidding myself and signed a full-time contract."

The Sooner squad of that season, 1946, was so successful—winning eight and losing three—that Tatum was hired away to put on a gridiron renaissance at Maryland, and Wilkinson was offered the twin jobs of athletic director and head coach at Oklahoma.

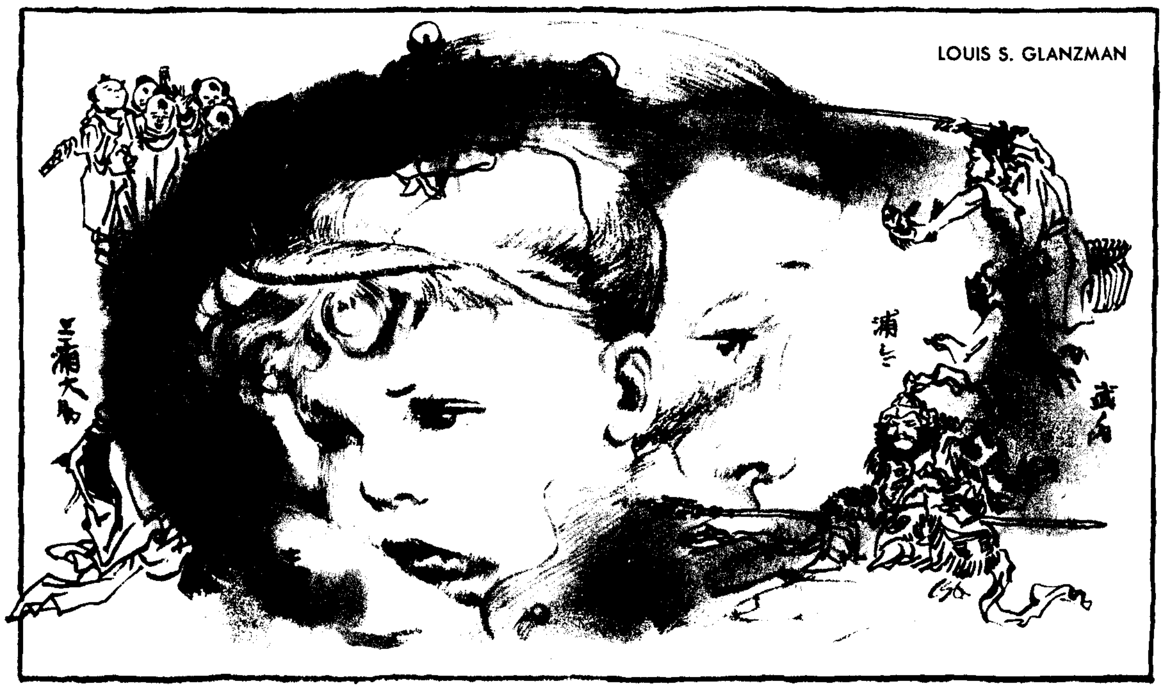
The Sooners had lost most of their stars by graduation and to professional raiders. In addition, Bud faced a problem of finding replacements, since the freshman rule was coming back into operation. After losing two and tying one of the first five games in 1947, the faint baying of the alumni wolves began to be heard. Bud met his first coaching crisis by shaking up the team, benching the lackadaisical ex-GI regulars and starting younger men who had the "desire" to play.

Since that time and to the start of this season his teams won 26 of 27 games—the last 21 straight, including two Sugar Bowl engagements. Oklahoma, founded in 1892, last year had its first perfect season since 1915, was ranked second only to Notre Dame in the mythical national rankings. Bud will try to do something about *(Continued on page 40)*

The Bud Wilkinsons at home with their two sons and potential Oklahoma backs, Pat (left) who is ten and Jay, nine. Mrs. Wilkinson is the former Mary Shifflet, of Grinnell, Iowa. She was Bud's college sweetheart

Men moving to first team give Wilkinson a potentially strong backfield and line again this year. Here he is with (l. to r., front) quarterback Claude Arnold, fullback Ed Lisak, right guard Clair Mayes, fullback Leon Heath, a 1949 first-stringer, tackle Dean Smith. Standing: guard Norman McNabb, center Harry Moore

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES BRAGG


LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

Ninomiya was Andrew's only sure connection with the life he had always known

The Expatriate

By LAURENCE CRITCHELL

AFTER three years in Japan, Colonel Hughes and his family were going home. The house was in an uproar of packing and the children—all except Andrew—were beside themselves. They tormented the houseboy, Miyaki; they made fun of Shoko, the cook; and they talked incessantly of what they were going to do when they got home to California. "We'll have pancakes and waffles every day, Shoko," said David, who was seven, "and we'll never see rice again."

"And no more nasty old smells," said Helen, aged nine.

Shoko spoke little English and all she gathered from this was that David didn't like rice. "Rice good for little boys," she observed darkly.

"Not in America, it isn't!" shrieked David, dancing about the kitchen. "Not even for Andrew."

Andrew, who was three and a half, stared glumly at the floor, "I don't want to go."

David gave a whoop. "Andrew don't want to go!" he shouted. "Andrew's going to stay in Japan."

"What's all the ruckus about?" asked Mrs. Hughes, coming into the kitchen.

"Andrew's going to stay in Japan," David said.

Mrs. Hughes took Andrew up into her arms. "I wish you two would leave him alone," she said to the older children. "You pick on him all the time."

Andrew was the family problem. He didn't want to go home. Three of his three and a half years had been lived in Japan. He did not remember any country except Japan, nor any home except this great house on the outskirts of Tokyo. He couldn't understand what everybody was so excited about. Why was America better than Japan?

Mrs. Hughes had told him it was like the P.X., only bigger, and that there were a great many places like the Ernie Pyle Theater, only more exciting. But he wanted to know if there would be a Sumida River Festival, with all its fireworks, and people like Shoko and Miyaki and Ninomiya. And he couldn't seem to picture a land without white-gloved policemen who let General MacArthur go through the traffic lights without stopping; and a land without shrines, and paper fish on Boy's Day.

The night they started to pack, she and Colonel Hughes found him crying on his bed.

"Oh, George," said Mrs. Hughes. "Do something! Nothing I say seems to make any difference."

Colonel Hughes pulled Andrew over beside him. "Now listen here, son—"

"Don't scold him," said his wife.

"I'm not scolding him." Colonel Hughes was fond of children, but he wasn't comfortable with them. "Andrew," he said solemnly, "America's your home. It's where you live."

"It isn't where he's *been* living," said Mrs. Hughes. "That's the whole point."

"Well, it's where you're going to live," said the man. "It's a fine big land with lots of good things for little boys."

"I've told him all that," said Mrs. Hughes. "Think of something else."

"What else is there?"

"Tell him about the bad plumbing at Fort Knox, and the high rent in Washington."

"Oh, Lord," said the man, putting Andrew beside her and rising.

In the days that followed, the misery in Andrew's face increased as their belongings were packed and his old treasures were put out of sight. But there seemed to be nothing anyone could do.

Whenever there was a farewell party, Andrew was called in and everyone tried his hand. The only person to come near succeeding was the wife of the First Secretary to the French Mission.

"*Mon petit,*" she said, giving Andrew a *canapé*. "Wouldn't you rather live where you belong?"

"Do I belong in America?" Andrew asked.

"Of course you do, *cheri,*" she said, giving a look of triumph at the others.

"Why?" said Andrew.

"Because—because that's where you come from. That's your home."

But at the mention of home, Andrew's eyes grew lusterless, and Ninomiya, who was Andrew's amah, took him away.

"Why don't you let Ninomiya try?" suggested someone.

"That's half my battle," said Mrs. Hughes wearily. "Ninomiya wants him to stay."

AT THE front of the house, where the car was being loaded, there was an electric excitement, and then Mrs. Hughes said briskly, "Everybody all set?"

"I want Ninomiya," said Andrew stubbornly.

"She's coming to the boat, silly," said Helen.

As they drove away, taking the back road to Yokohama, Andrew clung to Ninomiya's hand. She was a short, stubby, good-natured woman, and he was devoted to her. Now, she was his only sure connection with the life he had always known. She was a symbol to him of the beach at Hiratsuka; of the snow coming down like polka dots around the temples; and of the great green silent Buddha at Kamakura. She was home.

When they drove out onto the wharf, Andrew was terrified. The glaring sunlight, the great ship looming above them, the crowds of people waving and laughing—what did it all mean?

He clung to Ninomiya's hand.

"Say goodby to her now," said Colonel Hughes. "She can't come on the ship."

"I won't go!" Andrew screamed. "I won't go!"

As Mrs. Hughes picked the boy up, a general of their acquaintance named Mosley came over and joined them. General Mosley was a gray-faced, square-headed man, pickled in the brine of a quarter of a century of military discipline.

"What's the trouble with the boy?" he said.

"He doesn't want to go home," said Mrs. Hughes.

"Humph," said the general, looking at Andrew as if he were a recruit. "Come here, little boy."

Mrs. Hughes set Andrew down. He stood perfectly still.

"Go to the general," said Colonel Hughes furiously. When Andrew remained where he was, the colonel carried him over to General Mosley.

"My boy," said General Mosley, "America is where you come from. America is where your fine father comes from. America is your home."

The general was finished. "Thank you," said Mrs. Hughes expressionlessly.

"I won't go!" screamed Andrew. *"I won't! I won't! I won't!"*

General Mosley turned crimson. So did Colonel Hughes.

Ninomiya touched Mrs. Hughes' arm. "I speak to him a minute. Yes?"

Mrs. Hughes had nearly lost her patience, but she gave the struggling child to the woman. Ninomiya walked off for a little distance and as the rest of them watched, she whispered something in his ear. They saw his eyes grow wide. Then she set him down. As Andrew hesitated, she stooped beside him, her eyes filling with tears. "Good-by, Andrew-san," she said.

He threw his arms around her.

For just an instant they clung together. Then he trotted obediently to the gangplank.

WHEN they were all on the deck, Mrs. Hughes picked up Andrew and held him so that he could see Ninomiya. "What did she tell you, Andrew?" But Andrew only hid his face.

"Mom," said David, plucking her dress. "Can me and Helen go get a Coke?"

"All right," she said. "And take Andrew."

"Come on, Peanut," said David. "You want a Coke?"

Andrew nodded. When he was set down on the deck, David took his hand. "You'll like America," he said as they went off. "Honest you will."

As soon as they were out of sight of their parents, the two older children turned on the younger one, forcing him back against the rail. "All right," said David sternly. "What'd Ninomiya tell you?"

Andrew hung his head.

"Tell us," said Helen, "or you won't get a Coke."

Andrew drew a shuddering breath. He didn't lift his head. When he spoke his voice was almost inaudible. "She said I was an American."

David and Helen looked at each other incredulously.

"Criminy," said David. "Didn't anybody ever tell you that?"

Andrew shook his head.

"I guess he thought he wasn't anything at all," said Helen.

David looked at his younger brother. "Let's get this straight," he said. "You're an American. Just like Helen and me. Understand?"

Andrew nodded slowly. His eyes were very wide. "Like General MacArthur?" he said.

"Of course, silly," said Helen.

"Okay," said David. "Let's go get a Coke."

Outside on the dock the band began to play—

"California
Here I come
Right back where
I started from . . ."*

THE END

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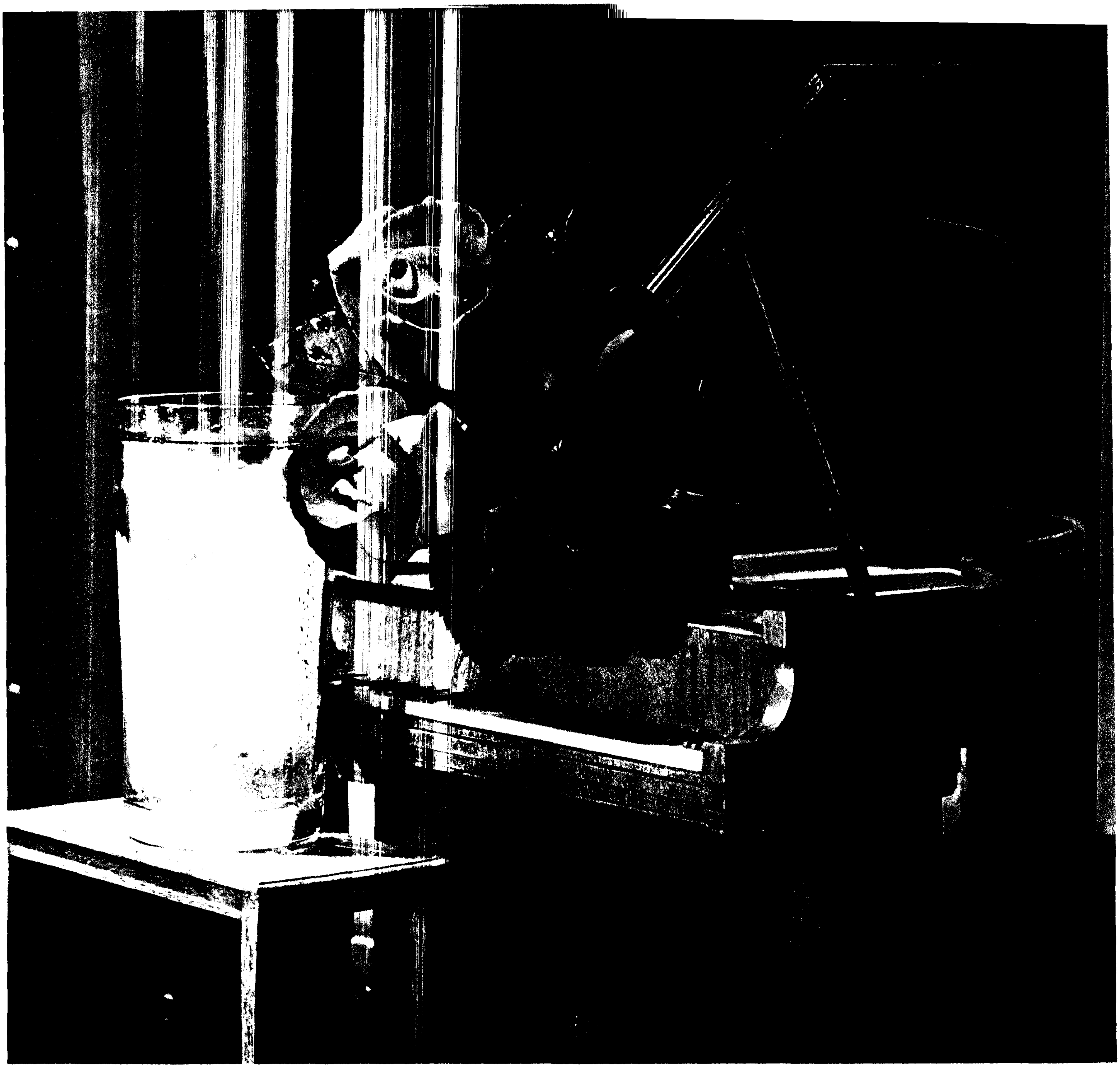
Collier's SHORT SHORT



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FOUR ROSES

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. Blended whiskey. 90.5 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

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Gridiron Galahad

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

that in '52 and '53, with a very good chance of success, too; for, while Notre Dame shows signs of weariness from the championship strain, Oklahoma is still football-hungry, reaching for the top aggressively and intelligently.

Oklahoma's fans and 10,400 students respect their president, Dr. George L. Cross, for the high caliber of his academic administration, and are fond of him because he has been the real impulse behind the swift Oklahoma gridiron ascendancy of postwar years. He hired Tatum, then Wilkinson; increased the stadium capacity to its present 56,000 and the annual Sooner drawing power to more than a half-million customers. He okayed games with the fearsome Blanchard-Davis Army champions of a few years back; and permitted Wilkinson to schedule Notre Dame when other major schools were fleeing from the specter of the Leahy-coached Irish. All of which helped catapult the school into the ranks of great grid powers within a relatively short time. Wilkinson did the rest.

Bud has four assistants, a small staff for a big-time operation. Gomer Jones coaches the line; Frank (Pop) Ivy, the ends; George Lynn, the backfield; and Bill Jennings, the freshmen. All of them beat the bushes by plane and car, for the all-important talent; are on call for any sort of speaking chore, for which they charge only token expense. Most of their bag comes from Oklahoma itself—27 of the first 33 last year were native Sooners. And the coaches know what to do with talent, as the 1949 seasonal statistics prove.

Bad News for the Opposition

Oklahoma not only had the best rushing record in college football last year but the best defense against opponents' rushing—averaged 320.3 net yards per game and 5.6 net yards per carry, against a miserly 55.6 and 1.6 for their opposition. Because their running game was so good, the Sooners averaged only 11.2 passes to 56.4 rushes per game; but hit on 55 of 112 passes for 890 yards, 11 touchdowns and 49.1 per cent of completions, a better-than-average figure. Because their defense was so good against rushing, they were also the most passed-against team, yielding 129 completions in 290 throws for 1,471 yards and a 44.5 average.

That's good football reflecting good coaching; and good coaching is mostly organization and teaching, because every coach has access to the basic points—which Wilkinson classifies as "faking, passing and hitting directly with power." The various "systems" are nothing more than different methods of putting the ball in play.

Football strategy, like military, is a constant battle between offense and defense. The main job of the offensive lineman in any system, is to block out the man assigned to him. This used to be a fairly simple procedure because the defensive linemen assumed static stations and manfully defended them; but in recent years they haven't been so obliging.

"There are 16 to 18 possible defensive variations today," Wilkinson says, "and how are you going to block a tackle if you can't find him?"

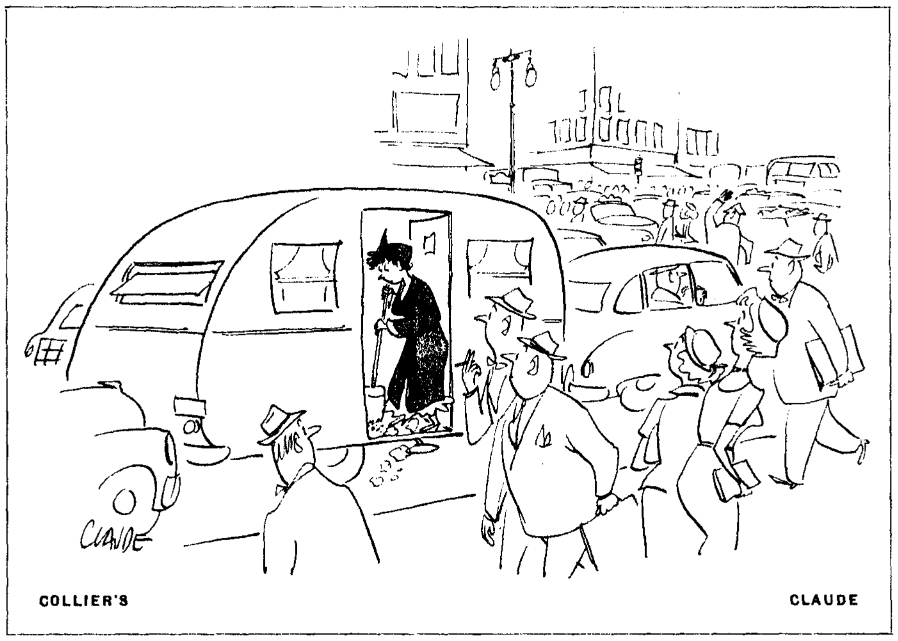
This explains why you sometimes see a big bruiser, with his heart full of obliteration, running around in the open looking for the guy he's supposed to obliterate. It's amusing to the crowd, more frequently to the television viewer, but very disconcerting to the bruiser.

And the offensive coaches are constantly devising means to confuse these defensive confusers. Back in 1941, Don Faurot was experimenting along these lines with his T-formation at Missouri. His idea was to space—or split—the offensive linemen, so that they wouldn't be where the defense expected them to be; thereby reversing the process then in vogue. (Hence the name split-T.) Faurot also changed the duties of the T-quarterback—added running to his ball handling, faking, hand-offs, laterals and passing. The two distinguishing features of the split-T, now the most popular formation, are the splits in the line and the running quarterback.

Wilkinson was in on the ground floor of Faurot's continued experiments at Iowa Preflight. Then, when he first went to Oklahoma, he benefited from wrinkles added by Tatum. And as head coach himself, Bud has added important refinements of his own.

In general, however, this is the Oklahoma story, told in boxing lingo. In the ordinary formation, including the usual split-T, the offense makes its move and the defense counterpunches. In the Wilkinson adaptation, the offense goes one step further—it *counterpunches the counterpuncher* by changing the direction of its blocks.

Here's how a typical play operates: The Sooners huddle; the quarterback gives the play; they line up and the linemen make their splits. The defense moves to meet these splits. The quarterback, observing, may—while he calls his signals—order a change in direction of key blocks; or the key blockers may themselves decide to change the direction of their blocks (they have individual options depending on the movements of the defense); or, if, as a result of this finessing, any one man sees that his block is not necessary, he can go out for the line-backer.


COLLIER'S CLAUDE

Keynote of System Is Speed

All this obviously places more emphasis on the smart quarterback, on intelligent linemen. It is a partial return to the *live* quarterbacking of pre-huddle football. It also explains the emphasis on jet speed in the Wilkinson system; and this speed is deliberately and patiently developed in practice sessions by daily, interminable 10-yard sprints by backs and linemen. All this reveals why Oklahoma's line was the fastest charging in football last year; and why Leon Heath is the top Oklahoma All-America candidate of this season. Heath averaged 11.3 yards per carry in the last Sugar Bowl game and made an 86-yard run, the longest from scrimmage in the history of the New Orleans classic.

In its fundamentals, Wilkinson football much resembles Leahy football. They are good friends, use the same basic system (Leahy at Notre Dame uses the ball-carrying quarterback idea and has begun to space his linemen) and they spend much time together on the long-distance phone, comparing clinical notes. How will this affect their coming series?

"We do not divulge any deep, dark secrets," Bud smiles. "After all, any coach can get most of the other fellow's maneuvers by looking at his pictures."

Oklahoma has six weeks of spring practice during which time about 100 boys are out, working mostly on offense. Every week during the summer they receive a mimeographed sheet of detail which they are to study and file in a notebook. In the fall the squad is cut down to the best five full teams. Before school starts they have two workouts each day and, because of the dry Oklahoma heat, the first of these is from six thirty to eight thirty in the morning. They go through that on orange juice; but after the workout they have a big breakfast, followed by a midday meeting.

"By four-thirty in the afternoon," Bud says, "they are physically fresh again for the late-afternoon workout. It works out much better than two midday sessions in the heat, interspersed by a light lunch."

When fall classes begin they go back to one afternoon practice each day, from four to six. A training table is legalized by the conference. After the season begins, player meetings are held mostly in small groups, because the boys live all over the sprawling Norman campus and cannot be gathered together so easily.

The squad flies to out-of-town games when the weather is good. The evening before home games they are shepherded to a hotel in Oklahoma City 18 miles away and are in bed by ten. Contrary to the universal custom elsewhere they don't usually have a workout that day.

"Once the season begins," Bud explains, "we don't think we can learn much about actual football; we are more concerned with the squad's mental attitude than with any other factor. But you have to be careful about employing psychology on the average boy today. The kids are too smart, too sophisticated; the high-school coaching is too good. You have to be honest with the boys.

"If we have any applied psychology it is this: We try to create in the mind of each player a challenge to find out just how good he is. And we try to convince him that, if we are going to win, we must make a more intense effort than the opposition.

"You've got to indoctrinate your kids to the point where they *know* their football is better; that unless they are physically outclassed or allow themselves to bog down mentally or lose *desire*, they are *bound* to win.

"And we put strong emphasis on the individual. The more responsibility you put on the individual, the more you get out of him."

This emphasis on the individual in Wilkinson's football is a reflection of his basic personal philosophy.

Bud looks upon coaching primarily as *teaching;* feels that the coach should feel the responsibility of a teacher; but he also has some strong ideas on an improved attitude toward coaches by the colleges.

"Too much emphasis is placed on a coach's *winning,*" he says. "The professor who flunks half his students in an academic class is judged not only tough but good. But if a coach flunks half his players by losing half his games, he is apt to be fired. A coach is always trying to make an A player out of a C. The professor just flunks the C if he doesn't come through."

Coach Should Rank as Teacher

Wilkinson insists that the position of the coach and the quality of his coaching will improve when he is hired and accepted as a teacher rather than as general manager of the football business; when it is assumed that he knows his subject and is capable of getting the best out of the material he has to work with; when he will not be judged merely by the number of games his players win—just as the good professor is not judged by the number of students who pass his course.

Some schools do have such attitudes toward their football professors—notably Columbia with Lou Little and Duke with Wallace Wade; but most coaches still have nothing more to look forward to than middle-age nightmare.

Bud is particularly annoyed and embarrassed by printed suggestions and spoken rumors that he will succeed, perhaps in another year, his own college coach and idol, Bernie Bierman, at Minnesota.

"Bernie's the greatest football coach I've ever known; a molder of character and a great man in every respect. His football has kept pace. Anybody who questions his coaching ability should look at his record—nobody has ever had a better one in his class of competition. His schedules are always tough. Last year he narrowly missed the Big Ten title and the Rose Bowl. What's wrong with that?"

Bud himself figures to do all right for a long time to come. Take a look at his current squad. He has only one man back from last year's first-string Sugar Bowl champions—a squad including 18 seniors—but the relic is quite a specimen. That would be Ole Mule Train Heath, of course, smashing blocker, ace line-backer, first man down under punts and leading rusher of the '49 season with a 9.12-yard average. The men who moved up to fill the gaps—and they were second-string last season—include such current stick-outs as guards Clair Mayes and Norman McNabb, quarterback Claude Arnold, end Frankie Anderson and tackle Jim Weatherall.

And a look at some of this year's sophomore crew is a good indication of Oklahoma's replacement program. Bill (Curley) Vessels is already good enough to start at the right half. Quarterback Ed Crowder still has a few things to learn about the intricate business of ball handling in the split-T. But his promise is obvious and he's already pushing Arnold for the No. 1 spot. (Competition like that never hurt a club.) Fullback Buck McPhail, six one and 200 pounds, would be a starter now if anybody but Heath were ahead of him.

And how's the club's mental attitude—the question with which Wilkinson admittedly is always most concerned?

Recently, one of the sophs was asked if he hoped to fill a vacancy on the first eleven. And he answered: "I'm creating my own vacancy." That, Wilkinson admits with a smile, is the type of character a coach can do something with. THE END

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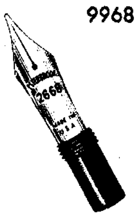

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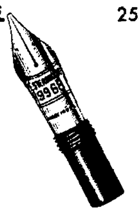

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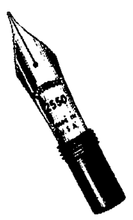

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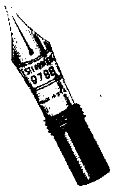

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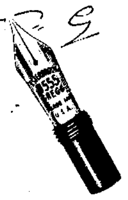

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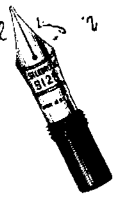

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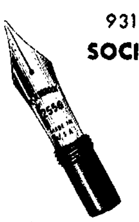

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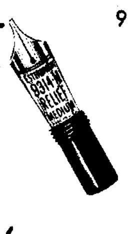

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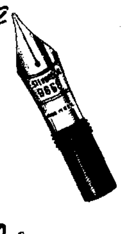

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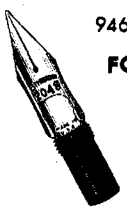

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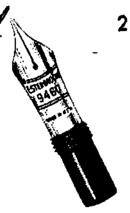

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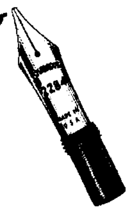

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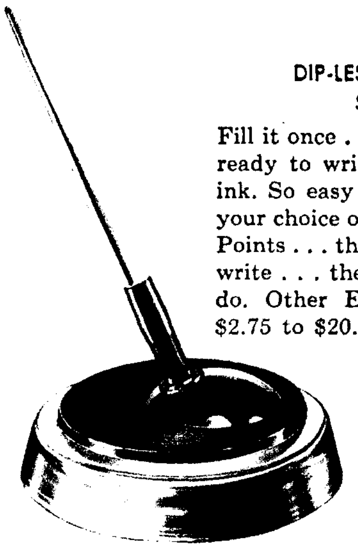

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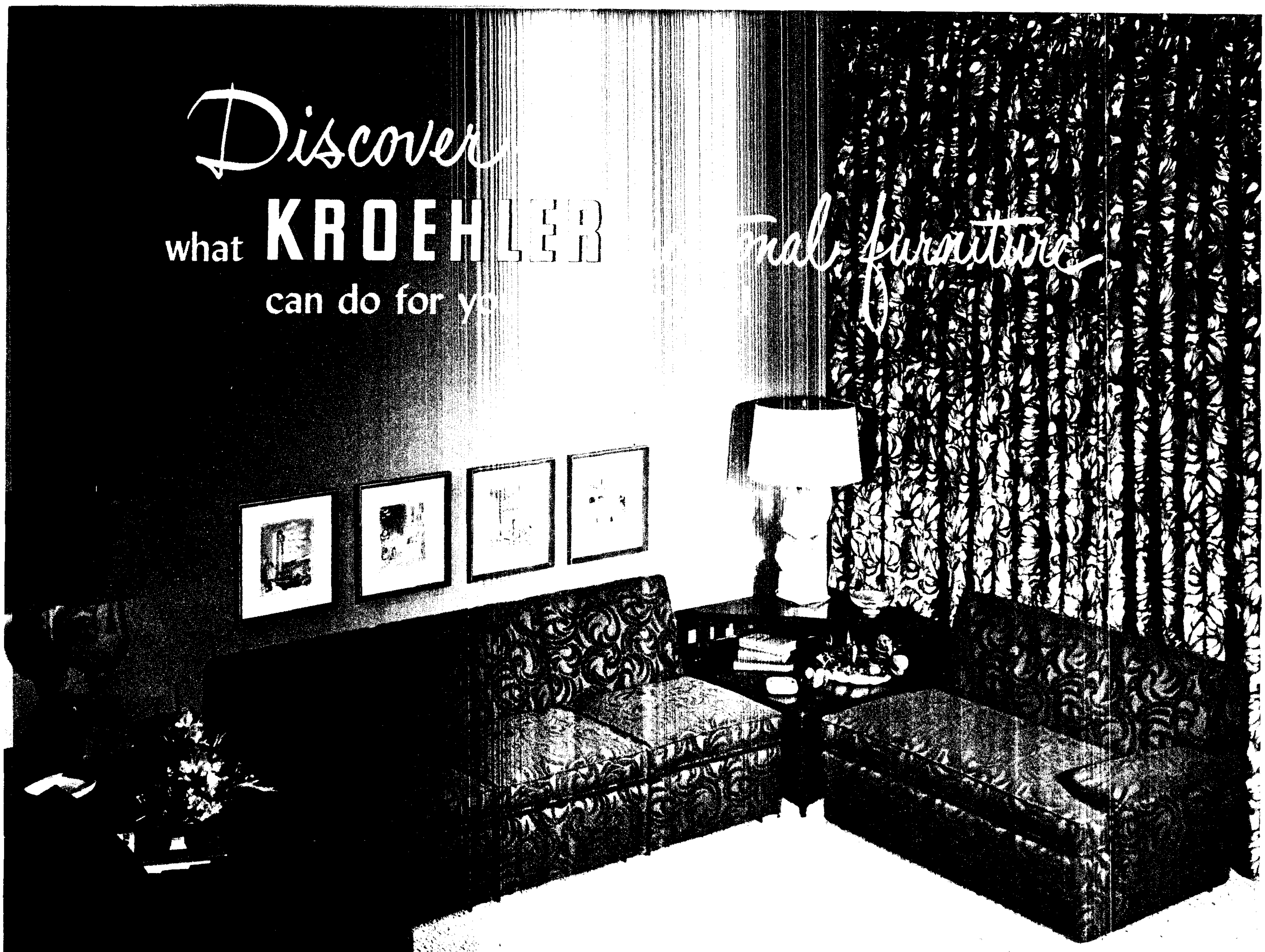

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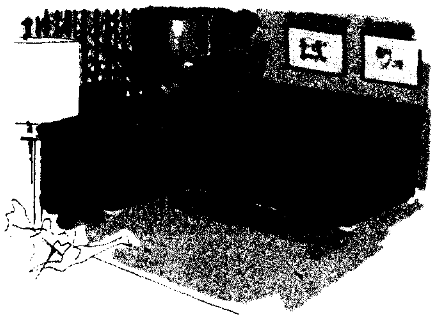

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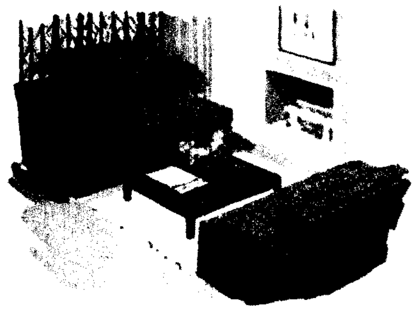
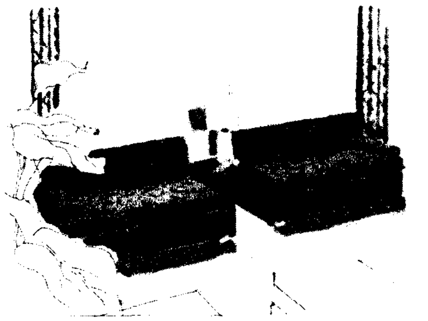
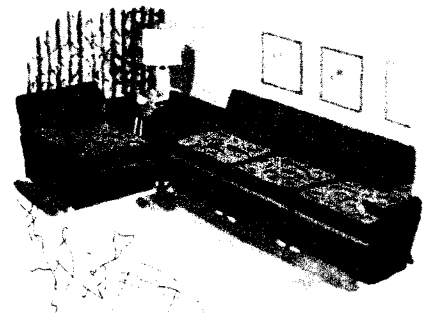


WINDOW GROUPING



LONG WALL ARRANGEMENT



The Five Alls

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

out after dark, and, too, he was supposed to have his supper. He would have liked to have his supper, but he knew that once he was inside the pub he'd either be fed and banished to his room, or, worse, be made to go sit with Mrs. Berrywein, the proprietress, in her glass-enclosed cashier's booth, and certainly there would be no solution to his difficulties there. Besides, it was nearly time for the jeep to go by.

ALISTAIR was too young to remember much of the war—he'd been born in 1942—though he did remember the day all the church bells rang and his mother had told him the bells meant the war in Europe was over. He had always felt cheated that he had never seen any of the soldiers or tanks or aircraft, but lately American aircraft had come again, and the huge air base above Stowe Parva had been opened to a great number of planes and American soldiers.

Alistair would have preferred Guardsmen in red coats and green trousers, though he recognized this as being somewhat disloyal, but he did think red coats and green trousers were prettier than the dark uniforms of the Americans. Still, they were soldiers. Alistair wriggled against the wall, then looked carefully down the road toward the town. Sure enough, the road, a narrow white thread weaving through the tightly clustered houses of Stowe Parva, was unraveling now in a twist of dust as a jeep roared up from within the village. It was a courier jeep from the American base, and in an instant now the little car and the two American soldiers in it would flash by the pub. These soldiers wouldn't stop, of course, because they were on duty. Later on, the taproom of the pub would have a few Americans in it, but that was later and the jeep was almost here now. Alistair jumped up and got ready to wave.

Then a movement directly across the road caught his eye. Old Mr. Crumrine was getting ready to walk over to The Five Alls for his pint. Just as Mr. Crumrine stepped into the road, *zzzzzzzt!* the jeep shot by, a pillar of dust pluming behind. Mr. Crumrine leaped for safety, then turned and bellowed after the jeep, his seamed face a deep red, his fist a blackthorn root jabbing the air.

"Ruddy blarsted Americans! Cahn't a man cross his own high road? Nine kinds of hell, why don't the bloody types stay in their own bleedin' country?"

Muttering, Mr. Crumrine dusted his stained leather jacket, then stepped toward the door of The Five Alls, his lips pursed, his woolly brows wriggling. Suddenly he stopped, spraddle-legged, and thrust his shaggy head at Alistair. "Are ye chuckling at me, lad? Are ye?"

Alistair, who wasn't conscious that he'd been doing anything except trying to wave to the speeding jeep, froze. His tongue clung to the roof of his mouth.

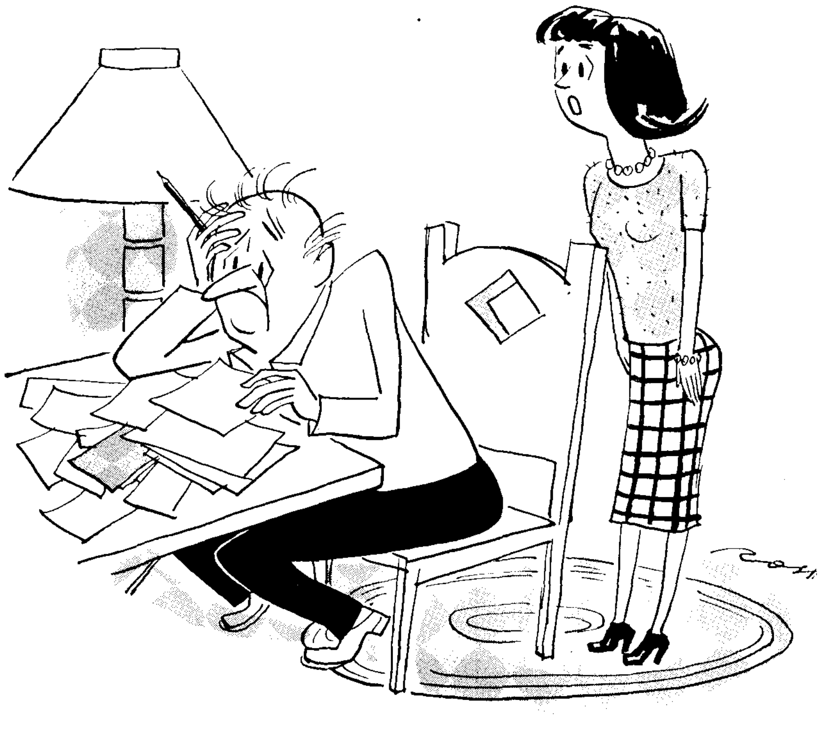
"Mighty prahd of your countrymen, aren't you, you little snit? Mighty prahd they're over here again, takin' food out of your mouth and mine, them and their bloody aircrahft wot's forever blarsting the thatch off m' roof! 'Stoo bad your da didn't teach ye respect for your betters—if he ever knew ye, which I doubt. Ye larf at me again and I'll flay ye, s' help me! American whelp! American barstard, that's wot y'are, a dirty little American barstard!" Whereupon Mr. Crumrine ran a hand over his lips, spat, then stumped into the pub.

Trembling, sick with a chill that seized him from within, Alistair sat down, his head on his knees, and tried to shrink into the wall. First it had been the children at school, then Mr. Crumrine. He looked at the sign again, but where before it had been noncommittal, now it looked positively threatening. The Guardsman, the Churchman, the Banker, the Advocate—none of them paid any attention to Alistair but the King, and the King looked straight at him with an evil stare, just like Mr. Crumrine.

A tear streaked down Alistair's face and he wiped it away. What was the use? Who could help him? Here he had thought the sign would at least be some comfort in his situation. Instead, it had brought him to distress before Mr. Crumrine and served only to remind him that he was a—a what the children and Mr. Crumrine said.

It had happened before, of course; he was well aware of his origin by now. When he and his mother had been at Blackpool, where Mother had a fine job as the lady at the custard stand next to Prothro's Fish and Chips booth, he had said to her one evening, "Mother, Charley Prothro said I was a bastard. What's a bastard, Mother? Is it because we're from London?"

His mother switched the custard machine off, right while a man was tapping his shilling on the counter, and darted out back. Pressing him to her, the overhead lights making colored jewels of the tears he saw in her eyes, she whispered with her lips brushing his ear, "Oh, Alistair love, whatever did you want to ask me that for? That Charley's a nasty little piece, every bit of him. It's nothing, dear. Never you mind what Charley says. If he dares say it again—" she held him away from her and looked at him with her deep blue eyes flashing—"if he dares say it again you tell him at least your father loved me and what's more I loved him. And that's more than any of those Prothros can say!" The words chased the worry that had been in him, and his mother gave him a sixpenny custard. He ate it carefully, twisting his tongue around it to catch every drop, while Charley Prothro watched from a distance in obvious envy.



"I don't know why you worry about bills, dear—the people we owe always get it out of us someway"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

Later, after they'd moved to Bristol and Alistair had started to school, he'd asked his mother once, very shyly, "Mother, what was my father like?"

His mother turned from the mirror where she was adjusting her waitress' cap on her dark curls. She stepped lightly to the bed, pushed aside the Mirror supplement he'd been looking at, and took his hands in hers. There was a softness in her face and her mouth trembled. "Laddie," she said, "he was like you. Yes, he was like you. Tall, with such a little twinkle in his eye there"—she touched him—"and a dimple by his mouth there"—she kissed him—"and always ready for a romp. He was a flier, you see, and flew the big aircraft over to drop bombs on Hitler and each time he came back he'd ring me up and say, 'Eigh, lass, wouldst tha treat wi' me?' He was stationed in Yorkshire, you see, and that was his joke, to make sport of the Yorkshiremen.

"'Eigh, lad,' I'd say, 'I'll treat wi' thee, but tha must fetch the bross.'

"Then that night he'd come by for me in his jeep and off we'd go, to the Officers' Club at the base for dancing, or just to a pub to sit by the fire and talk and talk and talk. Oh, but he could talk the ears off a statue, that one, all about California and the fruit orchard he was going to have after the war. He told me all about smudge pots—isn't that a wizard word, smudge pot? Sometimes he'd call me his little smudge pot. 'What do you say, smudge pot—coming over to San Berdoo and help me raise oranges and kids?'

"'Okay, hot pilot,' I'd say, 'save your jive for the local yokels. Don't try to twist this little old gal into any deal you can't pony up for.' That's the way the Americans talk, do you see, and I'd be teasing him the way I was sure he was teasing me.

"But one night when he took me home in the jeep and we were sitting where the drive turned past the bottom of the garden, he took my hand and said, 'Lee, I want to ask you something.'

"His voice was so low it hardly sounded like him and when I looked up at his dear face and saw his eyes, I knew what he was going to say next.

"'Lee, let's get married. It's all rigged for us to marry English girls now. Be kind of a long wait while all the papers go through, but I mean it, I really do.'

"I knew he wasn't teasing me so I put my arms around his neck and said, 'Lieutenant Alistair MacAdam, I will I will I will!'

"The rest is hard for Mother to explain to you, dear, but after he'd put the papers in and I'd been interviewed by everybody on the base from the chaplain to the general's aide and I knew it wouldn't be long until we were married, I began to worry every time he flew a mission. Oh, I'd worried before, to be sure, but now he was all the more precious, he was going to be mine—mine forever. I'd go out toward the base at dusk, counting the planes in as they hummed out of the gathering night, frightened as I watched the flares pop out of the sky to call the ambulances, terrified as I saw some limp in with crippled engines, sick as I saw some were missing. And every night meant that there was another day coming, then the waiting again.

"One awful night I was standing by the club, where I could see over across the strip and count them in. There were four missing. Two pilots I didn't even know were going into the club and I heard one say, '. . . and Lee For Me is out. Over the Channel, somebody said. . . .'

"Lee For Me was his plane. It was named after me, you see. Something died inside me and I fainted. But he came in. Came in with one engine, three of the crew dead, and part of the tail shot away, but he brought Lee For Me home.

"I was sitting on the club steps when he came up, his jacket torn, blood on his scarf, his dear battered hat over one eye. 'Why, Lee, baby,' he said, 'don't you know nothing can stop the Army Air Corps?' That night I didn't think I could ever let him leave me again. But he went, on the very next mission, and that was the last I ever saw of him, gunning his engines in three great blasts as he flew out over the town.

"So, what was your father like, laddie? He was a flier and a soldier, Alistair, and never you think we aren't proud of him, no matter what these awful Grundys are forever saying. He was killed over Cologne, fighting a war for England and America and little boys and girls all over the world, and I'm a better woman for having known him. Else I wouldn't have you now, would I, laddie?"

She gave her waitress' cap a pat and kissed Alistair. Then she said, "Wars are funny, dear, and they make everyone grab like crazy. Some people grab for power, some people grab for money, some grab for land. Me, I grabbed for a brass ring on a wonderful merry-go-round, and blessed if I didn't get a prize. You!" Then she was off to do her stint behind the bar.

SITTING on the wall under the sign, thinking this over, Alistair felt some comfort. It didn't take the hurt out of the children's shouting after him at school, though. For one thing, of course, he was fairly new at school, this being his first year at Stowe Parva, since they'd only come over from Bristol a few months before.

It had begun when Miss Silverthorn, the teacher had made the announcement that very day to all the second form. "Children, as you know, this is the first year that Stowe Parva Second has had the afternoon session. So, since we are still in class when the workday ends, we shall have, on Thursday week, a Fathers' Day at the school. You are to invite your fathers—and mothers too, of course, but especially your fathers—to come for afternoon tea and we shall have a little program. Now today we shall make some little invitations."

As an excited buzzing broke out among the pupils, Miss Silverthorn patted her palms together and lifted her nose. "Class, attention!" Ordinarily, Alistair was impressed by Miss Silverthorn's nose; he never could understand how such heavy-looking pince-nez could balance so well on such a narrow, pointed nose. Usually he watched her nose very carefully when she lifted it in disapproval, but at this particular moment he barely noticed. The heart had gone out of him.

Fathers' Day! Tea and a program. Alistair knew he could recite *Rule Britannia* better than anyone in the class; surely he would be in the program. But who would there be to come?

Carefully he made his invitation, tracing a red crayon border around the white sheet

Nash Presents the Wo

★ The Brilliant New

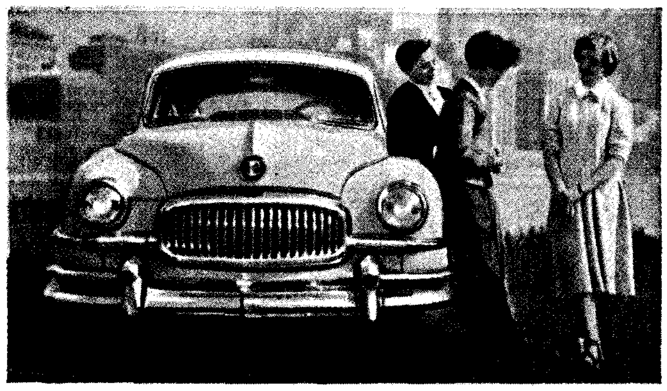
Today you will see a great step forward in the development of the automobile.

You will see the world's only cars built on modern aviation principles—new in safety, in riding comfort, in aerodynamic beauty and efficiency. Cars uniquely built to stay new years longer, and to deliver more enjoyment at less cost to the mile.

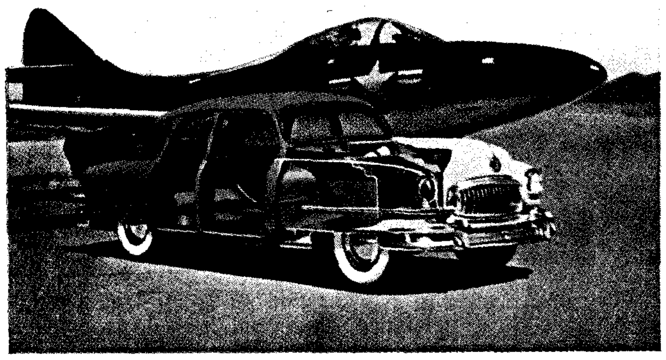
Here you will see feature after feature simply not available in any other car. And price tags that now bring 1951 Nash Airflytes within reach of everyone!

Don't just "look." Have the fun of driving an Airflyte. Discover the priceless advantages of Airflyte Construction . . . the extra values that have given Nash a postwar sales gain *five times* as great as the average of the industry.

Before you decide, take an Airflyte ride—in the world's most modern car!



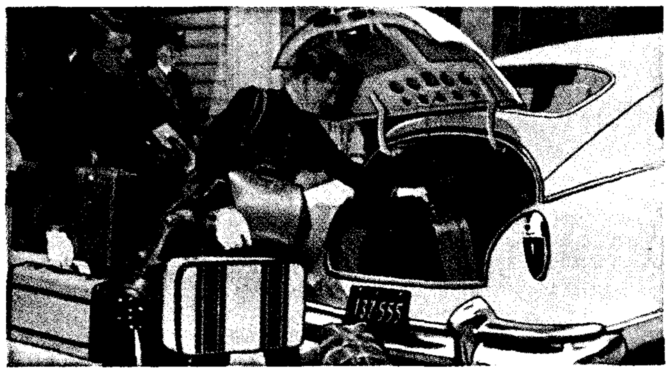
You cut the air as a jet plane does in the world's most beautifully streamlined car. And this sky-born beauty makes down-to-earth sense—hushes wind-roar—boosts economy—means more than 25 miles a gallon at average highway speed in the Statesman!



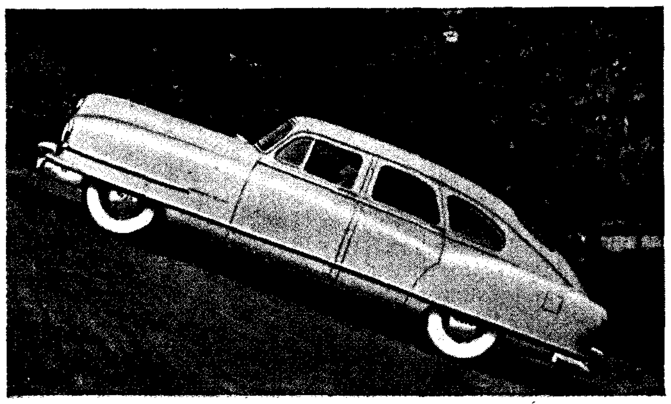
Built the way of the Streamliner and the Skyliner, in Airflyte Construction, body-and-frame are a single, welded unit that's *double*-rigid . . . stays tight as new *years longer*, free from rattles and squeaks. The smoothest, quietest ride you ever enjoyed!

You'll even enjoy zero days with Weather Eye Conditioned Air keeping the temperature automatically as you like it. The air is *filtered*—kept ever fresh on pressurized airliner principles. Smoke, and the smoke disappears. No drafts or fogging.

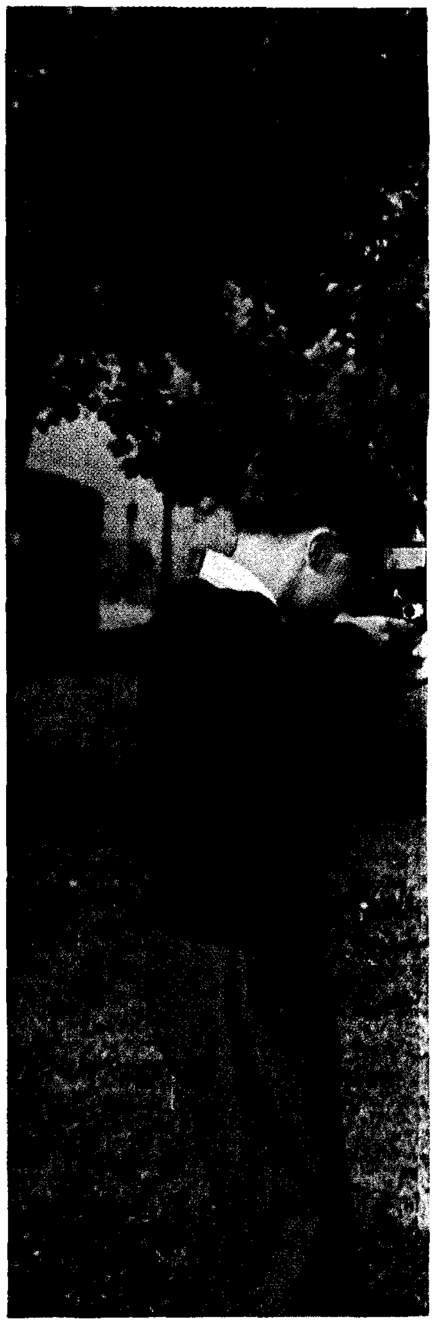
Your favorite easy chair goes with you. Let someone else drive while you try the Airliner Reclining Seat. Touch a lever, it leans back as far as you wish. Relax, doze away a dozen miles—or a hundred. (At night both seats can quickly become Twin Beds.)



You never saw such room—for luggage and passengers. You sit in a front seat so wide there's room for 3 more beside you. There's room for all your baggage in this 28½ cubic foot luggage compartment. It's another bonus of Airflyte Construction.



You thrill to power that has set records for hill-climbing, for speed, for stamina, for economy. Recently a Nash Ambassador officially covered 712 miles at 95.3 m.p.h. average!—a stock-car record believed never to have been equalled before!



★

There's Much of Tomorrow in All Nash Does Today!

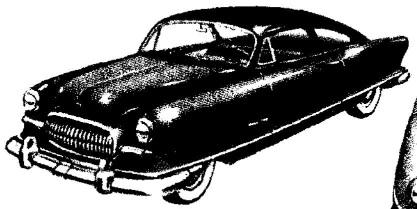
★

Great Cars Since 1902

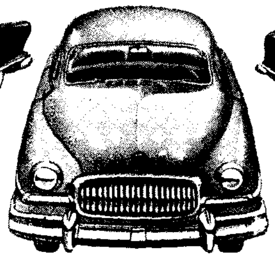
d's Most Modern Cars
Airflytes for 1951 ★

Photography by Sarra

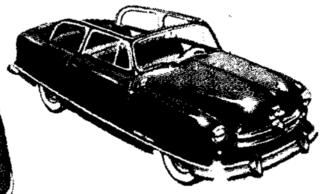
The 1951 Nash Airflytes with choice of Hydra-Matic Drive, Overdrive or standard Synchro-Mesh Transmission in Ambassador and Statesman series. Above, the Ambassador, most luxurious of America's fine cars. Note the new modern front with oval air intake . . . the massive new Guard-Rail bumpers. It's one sweet sweep of line, to the Sky-Flow rear fenders and racing teardrop tail. Sixteen new Airflyte models for 1951 in three great series. From the dashing new Ramblers and the popular Statesmen to the ultra-smart new Ambassadors, they are America's *new* automobile values.



The Statesman



The Ambassador



The Rambler

Nash Airflyte

The World's Most Modern Cars

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan of paper, copying with agonizing care from the blackboard the words: *Dear Father: Please come to a program and tea on Thursday at school.* Tongue in his teeth, Alistair made the letters just as though he had someone to receive the invitation and say, "Um now, what might this be? An invitation, is it? To school? Why, most certainly I'll be there."

Leaving school that afternoon, Arthur Upchurch had started it. "Alistair's a bastard an' 'e's got no da! Wot's 'e need an invitation for? Let's do 'im up!" And he had darted at Alistair, trying to snatch his invitation.

Whipping the paper behind his back, Alistair shoved Arthur. Arthur promptly bellowed, "Bar-stud! Bar-stud!" running in circles around Alistair, just out of reach. The other children flocked around and took up the cry. "Yah! Yah! Yah! Bar-stud! Bar-stud!"

Head high, Alistair marched out of the yard and started down the road toward The Five Alls. The children pelted after him, shrieking and pointing, but he marched steadfastly on, looking neither to the right nor to the left. He was a flier now, flying out away from the enemy. He was a Guardsman marching, white crossbelts freshly clayed, busby carefully brushed, musket ready. Ah, if he only had a musket! He could show that Arthur Upchurch.

CONSCIOUS that the cries and shouts had fallen behind him, Alistair stole a look around. The children had abandoned him in favor of a more interesting object. A flight of the huge American bombers was beating its way up into the sky, engines drumming a thrilling beat as the aircraft, looking somehow like the great birds of prey in the nature-study book, sailed up, up, up, the children turning their heads to catch the last shafts of afternoon sun glinting from the wings.

Oh, Alistair thought, *why couldn't my father be here now?* What a wonderful thing that would be, now wouldn't it, if he could suddenly produce his father—he'd be wearing his uniform and all his orders, of course—for the program. That would settle Arthur Upchurch, indeed it would.

These thoughts had occupied Alistair until he reached The Five Alls. He had elected to talk things over with the sign with a view to reaching some kind of solution for Fathers' Day, but now he felt betrayed. The sign had been no help at all, and what with Mr. Crumrine, instead of feeling better, he just felt worse.

For a moment he thought of crumpling the invitation into a ball and tossing it into the road. Then he decided to keep it. The program was still a week away; maybe something would turn up.

Slowly he got up from the wall and walked toward the back of the pub, stopping on the flagged walk to probe a cracked stone with his toe. He opened the kitchen door, and the smell of boiled food and stale beer hit him almost like a blow. Inside, he looked around for his mother. She was with the cook, dishing up two plates of food from the array of simmering pots on the huge stove. As his mother dodged under the pots and pans hung from overhead racks to go on into the commons room, Alistair went up to her. Maybe she'd have some ideas. He tried to explain.

His mother, holding the plates at arm's length, paused as she started to open the swinging commons door with her foot. "Not now, laddie. I'm frightfully rushed. You go sit with Mrs. Berrywein and then you may eat in a bit." She gave the door a flip with her foot and went out.

Alistair had never mentioned it to his mother, since he didn't want to trouble her, but he didn't like Mrs. Berrywein. Alistair thought she looked exactly like the lizard in the picture book, except she was a very sad lizard. Her face drooped from her sloping forehead to the innumerable chins that sagged almost to her bosom. Her eyelids were so thick they half covered her black eyes, and her mouth, almost lost beneath her lumpy nose, was perpetually turned down at the corners. She wore a great key on a long chain around her neck, and Alistair knew that if he so much as moved on the ottoman in her cage, *whack!* the key would come down on his knuckles.

Mrs. Berrywein brightened only when she was collecting money from her customers. "What's this, Mr. Grenfendey?" she'd say. "Another pound note for me to change? La, you must be turning them out in your garret!" Her great shoulders would shake as she cocked her head and her fingers squirmed through the cash drawer looking like the white slugs Alistair found under the rocks of the retaining wall.

Carefully Alistair slipped into the booth and crouched in the corner, wishing it was not quite so dark. Mrs. Berrywein blocked the light coming into the booth from the small bulb in the hall. As he sat there, Alistair could hear the hum of voices in the taproom and could see the billows of smoke moving gently under the bulb. The voice of Mr. Crumrine cut the murmur. "Argh, I tell ye, lads, it's a ruddy angle, that's wot it is! Of course, they're over here to get their hooks in when Mr. Bloody Austerity Cripps and his gang croaks! Lend us money? Aye, they lend us money. But mark my words, they'll be around for the roof over your blinkin' head when we cahn't pay it back. Money? The Americans'll do bloody anything for money! You saw that during the war."

Alistair scowled. He wished the jeep might have hit Mr. Crumrine after all.

COLLIER'S "Now let's see where I want you to put that" MISCHA RICHTER

THE telephone in the hall rang and he heard his mother answer it. "Mrs. Berrywein," she called. "For you."

Rattling and snuffling, Mrs. Berrywein moved off to the phone, mumbling, "One of these King's Birthdays, I expect. I'll have my telephone on my desk." Then she mimicked, "When we go off Austerity."

As Mrs. Berrywein squeezed out of the booth, Alistair noticed some bills peeping from the cash drawer. A thought struck him; a chilling thought, but the very boldness of it gave it logic. *The Americans'll do anything for money!* Why not snatch one of Mrs. Berrywein's notes, go out to the base, and *pay* a flier to come to the program? "How do you do, Miss Silverthorn? This is my father, a pilot at the air base. See all his orders? He's a flier and a soldier; he fights for little boys and girls.

"Jiggers to you, Arthur Upchurch! My father's pilot of an aircraft. Your father? Of course. I'd heard you mention he was town clerk. Of course, Upchurch, not quite the same as being a flier, what? Oh, no indeed."

Snick! The bill was in his pocket. The paper felt thick and rather greasy. He pushed it to the very bottom of his pocket, next to the invitation. His heart was pounding now, and the instant the money was in his pocket he felt his chest tighten up and he knew he had done something wrong, something for which he could be severely punished, even *sent to jail.* But then there rose the picture of a flier, his hat cocked over one eye, his blouse aglow with ribbons, tall, straight, every bit the airman.

Taking a deep breath, Alistair slipped off the ottoman and flitted down the hall behind the vast bulk of Mrs. Berrywein as she chattered into the telephone. He darted through the kitchen and, seeing that cook was busy at the stove, he grabbed a penny bun from the bread tray and was out into the dusk.

Outside, he was possessed with an urgent desire to get as far away from The Five Alls as possible. He shrank from looking up at the sign—he was sure they all would be staring at him accusingly—and he trotted on up the road. Somehow, though, he was drawn to look back over his shoulder. He saw the pub as a menacing shape, sitting now squat and ugly beside the road. The lights through the many-paned windows looked evil, and the sign was an eerie splash of color in the reflected glow.

Alistair fished the bill from his pocket and held it aloft. It felt almost alive in his fingers, much as if it would leap from his hand and dart back into the pub. He stiffened his grip. The bill, as nearly as he could tell in the poor light, was somewhat brown in color, and he thought it must be a pound, or anyway ten shillings. He wished he could read a little better; the letters and markings on the note didn't look like the words in his reader. He squeezed the bill in his hand, feeling the paper squash in his grip, then he jammed his hand down into his pocket. He kept his fingers tight around the note and took a deep breath, wondering if the funny feeling in his chest mightn't go away. But his chest refused to let him breathe very well and he started walking up the road.

As his feet made little plopping noises in the soft dust he started to eat his bun with his other hand, the sugary-tasting flakes of the crust caressing his cheeks, the dough a pleasant yielding beneath his teeth. After he finished the bun he licked his fingers, then hunched inside his jacket as the cool air of the fall evening began to reach for him.

Though Alistair had never visited the base before, he knew it lay some distance beyond Stowe Parva in the midst of the meadows that stretched toward Stowecroft. He shuffled along the road. Darkness was closing fast now, and in the trees and shrubs that lined the road he could hear the noises of the night—the mournful sounds of peepers and crickets. A sudden crashing in the brush brought him stiffly to a halt, heart beating wildly, but it was only a dog who regarded him curiously for a moment, then disappeared.

Above him, the night turned black with little stars that blinked and shimmered. In the lower distance, apparently dancing and darting in and out of the trees along the road, were the lights of Stowecroft.

EVEN though he was sure he'd been walking for hours, he didn't seem to be moving any closer to these lights. Now the night was casting up shapes. Above him, a great troll leered down, thick arms reaching out to encircle him and to steal his money. Cowering in the road but refusing to slow his steps, Alistair looked fearfully about him. Off to one side a huge hound was baying up the skies, forepaws extended toward the troll, hindquarters and tail lost in the dim reaches below the horizon. The cool wind tugged at Alistair's hair, and as he stepped under the shadow of a tremendous oak piercing the night like a splendid arrow, the troll changed into a witch and the hound, marvelously, became an Indian treading stealthily through the dark, very likely looking for the arrow of oak that was now a blur behind.

Gripping the note ever so tightly in his pocket, Alistair remembered something his mother often told him. "You've no need to fear the dark, laddie. God takes care of little boys at night." This thought, he discovered, made the pain in his chest heavier, and he wondered if God knew that he had taken the money. But then he thought of what the money was going to do, and he dwelt with some relish on the way he was going to put it all over Arthur Upchurch, come the program.

Alistair realized, though, that he hadn't the faintest idea of how to go about his errand. He decided to go to the base club and ask the first man he saw to take the job. Still, maybe it shouldn't be the first man; better to be certain he was getting the right one. Well, he'd cast about a bit; he'd get someone.

As the road took a lazy turn to the right, Alistair saw a little booth with an open door close by the road. The white road went on, but in the light that came through the open door of the booth he saw a wider, better road cutting close in front of the booth to pass on into the darkness. This, he decided, must be the entrance to the base. He looked about to see if he could see any of the aircraft, but there was nothing to see except the night.

There were several signs in front of the booth, and close to it, running between two small pillars, a chain stretched across the wider road. Alistair ducked under the chain.

"Hey, bud! Not so fast!"

Alistair turned. In the open doorway was a soldier, a big man, and around his waist a pistol sagged from a wide web belt. There was an arm band on his sleeve with the big letters MP on it. On his head he wore a white cap with a shining visor and gleaming brass ornament. Alistair recognized him for a military policeman, just like the ones that sometimes came to The Five Alls.

"Come here, kid. What are you doing out here? Kind of far from home, ain't you?"

Alistair approached the door. He hadn't expected this. He hardly knew what to say. There was something forbidding about the big MP, and Alistair felt this was hardly the time to mention his errand. "Please, sir, I'm here to look for my father." He hadn't meant to say that at all, but there it was.

"Your father? Does your father work on the base?"

The MP stepped inside the booth and Alistair followed him, staying on the threshold. Inside there was a small table, holding a peculiar-looking telephone housed in a leather case, and on a cot against the wall

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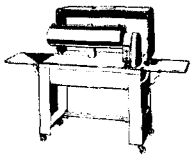

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another soldier lounged. Putting down the comic book he was reading, the soldier on the cot swung his legs to the floor, his combat boots thumping as he sat upright.

Both the soldier on the cot and the MP were looking at Alistair. "All civilians leave the base at five, sport," the MP said. "You must have missed your father."

Alistair swallowed. "No, sir. My father doesn't work here. He's a flier." Alistair knew this for a monstrous lie, but somehow the conversation had got away from him.

The MP laughed and turned to the other man. "Hear that, Cotton? His old man doesn't *work* here, he's a flier. That's a laugh, all right. What do you mean, he's a flier? What's his name?"

Alistair looked at the MP and said nothing.

Cotton spoke up. "Aw, the kid's goofy. Even these guys can't work that fast. Somebody's running a gag. Chase 'im out."

"Hell I'll chase 'im out. I ain't gonna get chewed out for being nasty to some officer's kid. Maybe his old man is a pilot. C'mon, kid, what's your name? What's your father's name?"

Alistair took a deep breath. "Please, sir, my name is Alistair MacAdam Nettleton and my father's name is Lieutenant Alistair MacAdam but he's not exactly here."

"What do you mean, he's not exactly here? And if your name is Nettleton and your father's name is MacAdam, what's the pitch? Your mother married again or somethin'? And if she is, what's the angle?"

Before Alistair could answer, a jeep squealed to a halt outside the booth. A voice said, "Lift the chain, will you please?"

THE MP went out and there was a rattling of chain and a brief conversation. Then the MP came back in, followed by a tall man wearing a trench coat over an officer's uniform. "What's all this about a lost child, Pratt?"

"This is the kid, Chaplain. He shows up at the gate and asks for his old man. Says he's a flier named Lieutenant MacAdam."

"Well, now," the chaplain said. "I don't know of any Lieutenant MacAdam here, but maybe I can help. But let's try a piece of gum first, huh?" A big hand offered Alistair a piece of gum in a green wrapper.

"Thank you," Alistair said. He looked up at the officer and saw on his face an expression of interest, and abruptly Alistair started to tremble. He was struck with the enormity of his offense; taking the money, running away from The Five Alls, caught by the MPs. To meet with kindness was an unsettling surprise. His poise fled. He burst into tears, great sobs tearing his throat as he clutched the gum.

The MP recoiled; Cotton said, "Wow, listen to him, will you?" The officer, however, knelt down and patted Alistair's arm.

"Hey, chum, take it easy, take it easy. How about a nice ride in the jeep and we'll talk things over. Okay?" He kept patting Alistair's arm. "Ever ride in a jeep before? I think you'll like it."

Alistair, interested in the jeep ride now, forgot his tears and the pressure of his situation. Brightening, he wiped the tears from his eyes, then remembered his gum. Peeling the wrapper off, he stuffed the gum into his mouth and followed the officer and climbed into the jeep. It was headed toward the base, and the officer started the motor and called out to the MP, "I'll take care of him, Pratt."

Pratt sounded relieved. "Yes, sir. Chaplain, thanks a lot."

After a bracing ride, whipped by the wind and dizzied by the speed, Alistair found himself being led into a long, low building. Inside, they went into a room after the chaplain switched on the light.

"This is my room," the chaplain said. "The ceiling's shaped like an upside-down bowl because this is a Nissen hut. And I'm Chaplain Kelvey. What's your name?"

Alistair said in a small voice, "Alistair, sir. Alistair MacAdam Nettleton."

"Okay, Alistair. Glad to know you." The chaplain gravely shook hands. "Now you just sit down over there while I see if I can't find us something to eat."

Alistair sank into a nice soft chair and watched the chaplain rummage in a huge trunk. Alistair thought that though the chaplain's hair was just as gray as Mr. Crumrine's, he was a lot younger and certainly seemed a lot nicer.

Chaplain Kelvey straightened up. "Ah, here we are. Some chocolate. Have some?" He held out a huge piece to Alistair.

"Thank you, sir." Alistair took the chocolate, wondering what to do with his gum. He so seldom had either gum or chocolate it seemed a pity to throw the gum away to eat the chocolate, but the chaplain expected him to, and of course, he wanted to, very much. But the gum still tasted sweet. He gave the gum a good squeeze with his teeth, then swallowed it. Then he started on the chocolate. By the time the chaplain had hung up his coat in a closet and was sitting down backward in a straight chair, his arms folded over the back rest, Alistair was licking the last bit of the chocolate from his fingers.

The chaplain rocked the chair a little. "Don't believe I know your family. Live in Stowecroft, do you?"

"Oh no, I live in Stowe Parva."

"Stowe Parva? That's a long walk from here."

"Yes, it is. Dark, too."

"I'm sure of that." The chaplain smiled, and Alistair noticed how white his teeth were. His eyes were dark and they looked sort of sad, but when he smiled, his eyes seemed to have little lights in them.

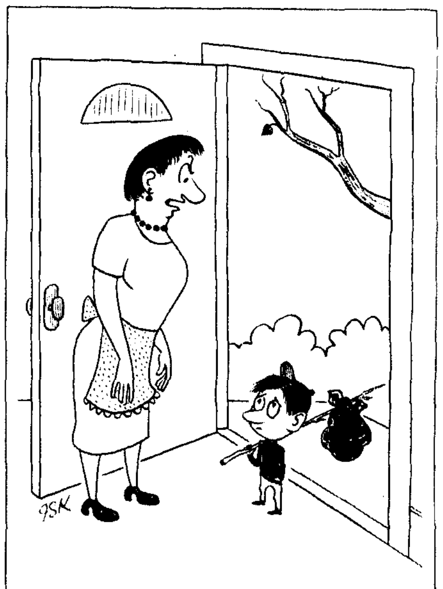
Alistair was studying the chaplain. While he didn't know for sure what 'chaplain' meant, it sounded a good deal like 'captain.' He was an American, and of course he was a flier. Still, he needed a few orders to fill in the picture Alistair had had in mind. "Do you have many orders, sir?"

"Orders?"

"Why yes, sir." Alistair circled a hand over his chest. "You know, uh, orders?"

The chaplain smiled and rocked the chair on the floor with a thump. "Oh, you mean ribbons. Orders. We call 'em ribbons." Then he laughed, a deep laugh that filled the room. "Well, I'll tell you. I didn't get my hands into the medal barrel too often in my outfit, but I have a few orders. Why do you ask?"

Wordlessly, Alistair fished into his pocket and brought out the invitation. The chaplain accepted it and unfolded it carefully. Watching him read it, Alistair wondered about the money. Somehow, it didn't seem quite right to just offer the money, but Alistair knew it was asking a great deal for such a fine man to come to the program so he felt he ought to give him something. Of course, all he had was the money, and since that's what he'd taken it for, he leaned



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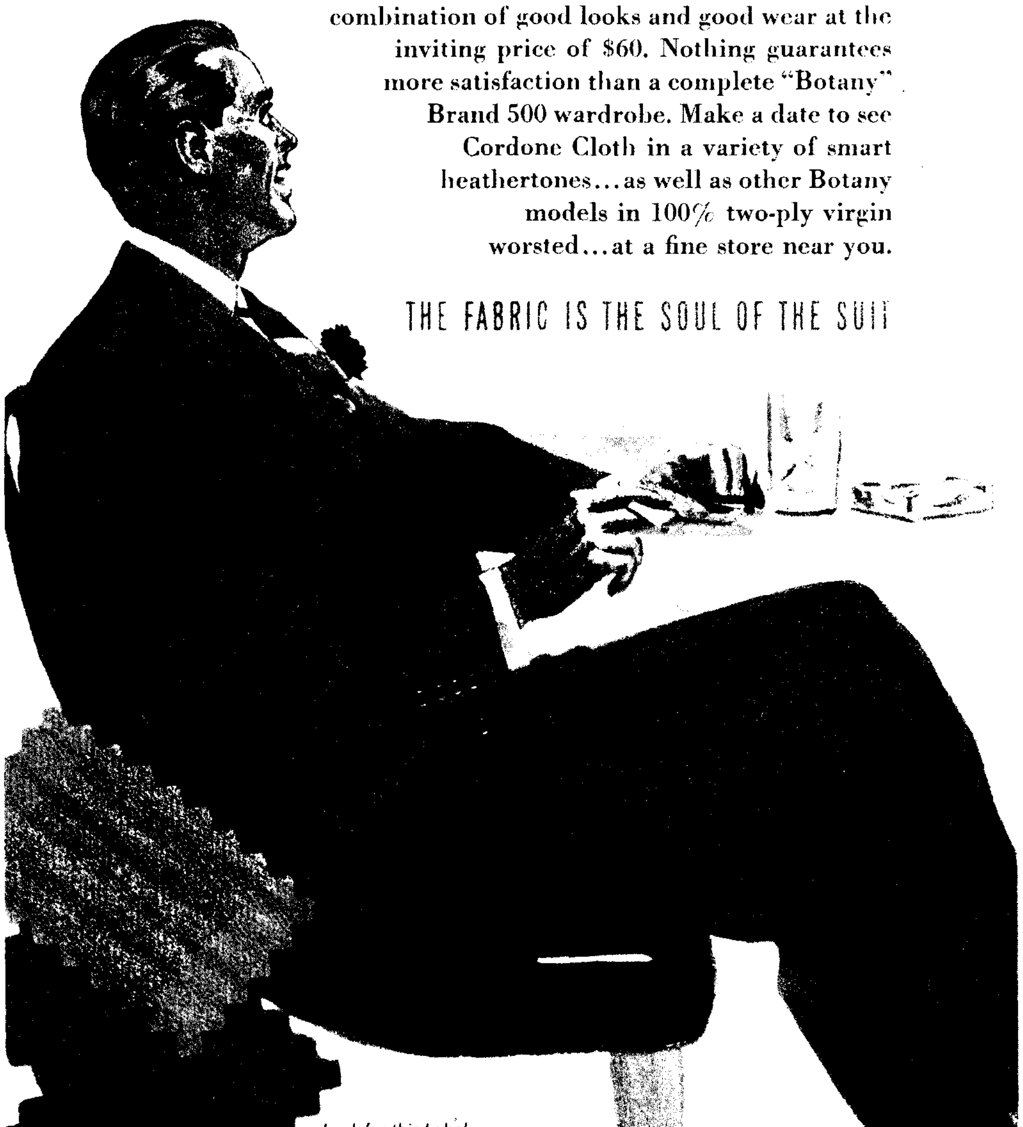

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forward and said, very confidentially, "I'd be happy to pay you for your trouble, sir."

The chaplain ran a hand over his strong chin. He looked at the invitation, then at Alistair. Then he looked at the invitation again. When he spoke, his voice was very low, and he acted as though he hadn't heard about the money. "'*Dear Father: Please come to a program and tea on Thursday at school.*' H'm. I see." Then he looked up. "Why, Alistair, this is addressed to me. Some people call me 'Father,' though my group doesn't use the word very often. Program and tea on Thursday, huh? It sounds like a fine proposition and I'd be glad to help. I tell you what. Suppose you explain this to me while we have another piece of chocolate, h'm?"

Eating the chocolate, Alistair felt truly comfortable for the first time since he had taken the money from the drawer. Beginning with Miss Silverthorn's announcement of the program, he told Chaplain Kelvey the story. It was hard to tell in spots, especially about what the children said and about taking the money, but as he looked at the chaplain, who was nodding his head and saying, "Um h'm, um h'm, I see. I see," Alistair felt absolutely safe.

"So," Alistair finished, "Mr. Crumrine gave me the idea, do you see, so I came out to the base to hire someone to help me."

CHAPLAIN KELVEY tugged at his ear. "Well, I'll tell you, Alistair, I feel highly honored to think that of all the people on this base you've chosen me. I'll accept with pleasure. I think, though, it would be better if we played it straight. You know, in this world people take us not for what we are, but for what we do. Maybe some of your friends would believe I was your father, but they'd soon find out I wasn't, just as they've found other things out. That'd be deceiving them and they wouldn't respect you. Too, we've got a little problem with Mrs. Berrywein's money. She's bound to miss it and she'll know where it went. Then it'll be hard for you and your mother too. So, I want you to go on back with me and give the money to Mrs. Berrywein. You do that for me and I'll go to the program for you. What do you say?"

At the thought of telling Mrs. Berrywein about the money, Alistair felt like running. He could just see Mrs. Berrywein bearing down on him, her fat face dark with anger, the great key poised. It was a terrifying thing to think about. He looked at the chaplain, thinking how it would be to have him at the program. Even having him there as a friend would help; nobody in the second form knew any of the fliers at the base. But could he face Mrs. Berrywein? What would she do to him? And what about his mother? She would cry, and Mrs. Berrywein would be cross at her. Oh, he couldn't do it. He couldn't do it.

But then he thought about the program. And he thought of how Arthur Upchurch would look, his sharp little face filled with curiosity and surprise when he saw Alistair and his flier friend. No, he had to have somebody at that program. Alistair sighed. "Yes, sir. I'll tell Mrs. Berrywein."

"That's the stuff. Now let's go back in the jeep, huh?" Shrugging into his trench coat and putting on his cap, the chaplain switched off the light and they went out to the jeep. Shortly they were humming back to Stowe Parva.

Looking at the sky, Alistair was surprised to see that the troll had gone now and in his place was a smiling clown. The Indian had disappeared along with the hound, to be replaced by a tremendous elephant. It was a friendly night.

Pulling up at The Five Alls, they got out of the jeep. The chaplain put his hand on Alistair's shoulder. "I'll go in with you, but I want you to go up to Mrs. Berrywein and tell her yourself what happened."

Sighing, Alistair nodded.

They opened the studded door on the activity inside, and without looking at the group of men clustered about the bar and the dart game in the taproom, Alistair marched up to Mrs. Berrywein's window.

"Why, Alistair!" Mrs. Berrywein said. "Wherever on this earth have you been? Your ma's that frantic she's not worth a threepenny bit! Where did you go?"

Alistair could only stare up at Mrs. Berrywein's sagging face. He saw it cloud up, but he could manage no word.

"Speak when you're spoken to, child!"

"Mrs. Berrywein, if you please," Alistair gulped, "I—I took some money from your drawer. But I'm bringing it back." Slowly he reached up to the shelf. He spread his hand. The bill, damp and sticky, clung to his fingers and he had to shake it loose. It dropped on the counter.

Mrs. Berrywein fingered the bill, her mouth drooping in stricken surprise. Her face sharpened. She darted her hand under the glass and seized Alistair's fingers. *Crack! Crack! Crack!* The key bruised his knuckles. Alistair bit his lip and refused to cry out, though tears stung at his eyes.

"Mrs. Berrywein!" Chaplain Kelvey's voice snapped.

Mrs. Berrywein looked alarmed. She dropped the key and stared at the chaplain as he pressed up to the booth.

"You ought to have more sense!" The chaplain's voice was sharp. "The boy's learned his lesson. He admitted his error and I see no reason for you to beat him."

"Why, whatever business is it of yours, I'd like to know!" The wattles under Mrs. Berrywein's chin were shaking and she was fluttering her hands. "I make sacrifices to give the little hellion and his sinful mother a fine home, and what are my thanks? Thievery!"

"Now, look, Mrs. Berrywein. Don't you take it upon yourself to pass judgment. There are thousands like him in this country and he's entitled to his life as much as anybody else. You ought to recognize the effort it took for him to bring the money back in the first place."

Mrs. Berrywein popped the note into the cash drawer and slammed the drawer shut. "Who are you, I'd like to know, to dust in here and tell me—"

"Here, Mrs. Berrywein." The chaplain flung some notes under the glass. "Will that square everything?"

"La!" Mrs. Berrywein gasped. She whipped open the cash drawer and slid the money into it. She even managed a smile. Then she mopped her face with a tremendous handkerchief.

"Alistair, good heavens, whatever went off with you!" Alistair's mother rushed out of the taproom and knelt beside him, gripping his arms. "Where have you been, child? And have you been troubling this gentleman?" She rose and looked questioningly at Chaplain Kelvey.

"I'm Chaplain Kelvey from over on the base. Alistair's had quite a night and—"

"He's been no trouble?"

"No trouble at all. I can assure you. Isn't that right, Mrs. Berrywein?"

Mrs. Berrywein mopped and nodded.

The chaplain went on. "He's quite a lad. How old is he, anyway?"

"Just past seven," his mother said.

"Quite a self-reliant boy, no question about that."

"I don't like his wandering off and running way out to the base."

"Can you spare a minute? I'd like to tell you about it."

"Why, certainly. Let's step in here."

His mother taking his hand, Alistair went into the deserted dining room. He listened while the chaplain told his mother the story, marveling at the way the expressions chased themselves across his mother's face.

"Oh, poor baby, poor baby." She scooped Alistair up in her arms. The last thing he remembered before he fell asleep was being carried upstairs to their room, the chaplain watching them go from the foot of the stairs.

IT SEEMED years until the program, but when the day arrived bright and shining and the eternity of the classroom schedule was at last behind, Alistair was third in line as the second form trooped into the assembly hall and took their places on the stage. Looking out into the crowded hall, he saw his mother, a gay hat dancing on her dark curls and a soft smile on her face. Chaplain Kelvey sat beside her, his blouse aglow with orders, and—miracle of miracles!—there were one, two, three, four, *five* American officers beside him. What did it all mean, anyway?

After the program, when they were all milling in the hall while tea was readying, he rushed up to his mother.

"You recited Rule Britannia very nicely, Alistair. Now Chaplain Kelvey has some friends for you to meet."

"Alistair," Chaplain Kelvey said, "I got to thinking about this. I'm not a rated flier, you know, and I wouldn't be quite filling the bill, now would I?"

"I'm that pleased you came," Alistair said. "It's very fine."

"Well, I'm glad you think so. But these are some flier friends of mine, just arrived from America. This is Captain Waleski, and this is Lieutenant Hennessey, Lieutenant Jensen, Lieutenant Schmidt and Lieutenant Radley."

Abashed by these smiling young pilots, lean brown men who seemed to tower miles above him, Alistair shyly shook hands with each one. As they moved around him, Alistair caught a glimpse of Arthur Upchurch taking it all in, eyes wide in his narrow head.

Alistair looked at Arthur. Arthur looked away. Then Alistair knew he couldn't be mean to Arthur. *It's not who you are, it's what you do.* Alistair darted over to Arthur. Catching him by the sleeve, Alistair brought him over to the officers. "This is one of my school friends. His name's Arthur Upchurch." Soon the rest of the children were flocking round and the Americans were besieged with questions.

Looking over at his mother, Alistair caught her smile; and, seeing the fliers with his schoolmates, knowing that now he stood as the pilots' friend in class, his day was full.

But there were bigger moments. A week later—a week in which Alistair was the center of interest in the second form, a week memorable for the visit of Captain Waleski and his crew to The Five Alls on three different evenings—the climax came.

Chaplain Kelvey called at The Five Alls late one afternoon. Alistair and his mother and, of all people, Mrs. Berrywein squeezed into the jeep for a joyous trip to the base.

Past the sentry booth now, down the wide road, past the hangars and the row of aircraft shining in the sinking sun, the jeep sped to a row of smaller aircraft. Smaller than the big ones, yes, but still a monstrous piece of aircraft. The nearest one looked tremendous, four engines poised on its wings, tail surfaces broad, the huge nose dwarfing the five officers grouped below. Captain Waleski, Lieutenants Hennessey, Jensen, Schmidt and Radley were in front of their plane. Above them, the great nose of the ship was partially covered with a tarpaulin. A flight of wooden steps was placed so that the top step was just under the nose, within reach of an array of ropes hanging down from the tarpaulin. Hanging from another rope was a small bottle.

Chaplain Kelvey whispered carefully to Alistair. Then Alistair climbed the steps, took hold of the bottle, and held it out at the end of its rope.

In a strong, clear voice Alistair said, "I christen thee The Five Alls." He dropped the bottle and it splattered against the nose of the plane.

CAPTAIN WALESKI reached up as everybody cheered and clapped and when he pulled a rope the tarpaulin slid off the nose to the ground. Everyone applauded wildly. Alistair gasped.

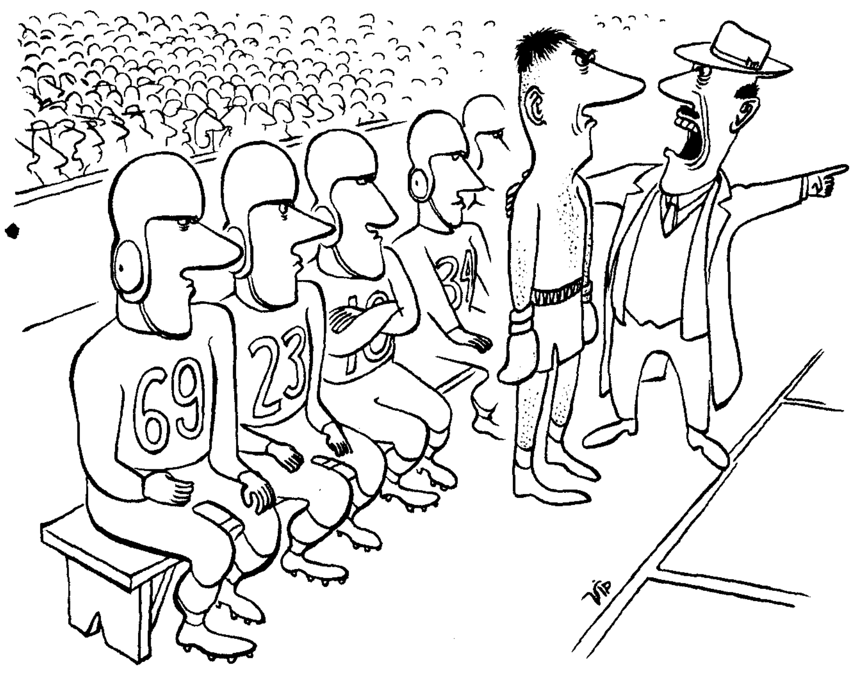
There, emblazoned on the nose of the plane in gorgeous colors, was the shield of The Five Alls; brilliant, newly painted, every whirl and scroll perfectly executed—Alistair's sign.

He clambered down the steps, his heart thumping with excitement. Everyone shook his hand and then everybody shook hands all around. Mrs. Berrywein was sniffling and saying, "La, I don't deserve it, that I don't at all," but everyone else was laughing.

Chaplain Kelvey put a hand on Alistair's shoulder. "Far be it for me to make a speech, everybody, but there's something there for us all to think about. Alistair remembers when I told him it isn't who you are, but what you do." He squeezed Alistair's shoulder. "Look at the sign a minute. It has a lot to say, even if it is of humble origin. The Guardsman—I Fight For All; the Advocate—I Plead For All; the Banker —I Pay All; the Churchman—I Pray For All. Apply that to your own life and your dealings with others; show the same face to all men, and have the same tolerance for one as for any other. Then, the King—I Rule All; apply that to yourself; be your own master, and no man will ever hurt you. Between the two applications, it'll work pretty well." He bent down to look square into Alistair's face. "Think you can remember all that?"

"Oh, yes," Alistair breathed, "I'll never forget, not ever!"

Then Chaplain Kelvey took Alistair's mother's arm, she took Alistair's hand, and Captain Waleski took Mrs. Berrywein's arm and the fliers fell in behind and they all went off toward the base club. THE END



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Captain Thach's Phantom Carrier

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

next day the Marine Corsairs came. In groups of eight—three flights of them and a full load of 24 fighters for the Sicily—they flew in over the horizon from bases in southern Japan. The Sicily was to be home to the Marine fliers for a long time to come and, though few of them had much carrier training, they circled and landed smoothly as Captain Thach swung his ship downwind. Five of the pilots reported serious mechanical trouble so there would be only 19 of the planes available for quick use.

Crewmen Tackle a Tough Job

Captain Thach's order for an immediate strike was waiting for the Marines. Darkness was not many hours away, and the skipper was determined to give our troops much-needed support on the western front then under intensive attack by the North Koreans. Marine and Sicily crewmen, resplendent in brilliant yellow, red and green shirts and helmets to denote their assignment on the flight deck, were set to gas the planes and load on ammunition, five-inch rockets and 500-pound bombs.

The Corsairs (F4Us) are rugged, heavily armed, double-duty planes. They operate both as fighters and dive-bombers, and are good to have around in any war, even in the age of jets.

Yellow-shirted flight directors drove the crews to utmost speed in getting off the Sicily's maiden strike. Crewmen worked in steaming heat and this correspondent had never seen men so eager to do the dirty jobs that have to be done in war. There's not much glory in handling a gas hose.

In less than three hours after the Marines had landed, the crippled planes stored on the hangar deck and a flight of eight Corsairs made ready with their powerful loads, Captain Thach gave the word to go. He told the pilots to get their directions to target from the intelligence center at advanced U.N. military headquarters in Korea. They were to hit where they were needed most.

The task group was cruising 65 miles southeast of Pusan, the vital and hard-pressed port on the southern tip of Korea, when the first plane wheeled onto the catapult. Flight leader (in No. 8 with MARINES painted on the underside of the wings) was Major Robert Prescott Keller from Oakland, California. A flier of thirty, he had seen plenty of action in the South Pacific where he was wounded.

Major Keller gunned his Corsair and, in just another half-hour or so, he would be in another war. The Sicily's catapults shot off the planes at intervals of little more than 40 seconds, and they flew northwestward into the sun. What of this maiden strike of the Sicily? General Douglas MacArthur's communiqué from Tokyo the next day said tersely that "carrier-based Marine planes had gone into action for the first time in the Korean war in close ground support of the Army's 25th Infantry." The action took place near Chinju which U.N. forces had lost only days before.

MacArthur didn't say what carrier or where the carrier-based planes came from, but it would not have made much difference if he had given the Sicily's name and exact location. We were beginning our swing around the Korean coast on Captain Thach's phantom voyage. The enemy would never find us twice in the same place because the skipper never launched two straight strikes from any one spot in all the days to come.

That first day of action was to be the easiest the Marine fliers had aboard the Sicily. Captain Thach wanted the Communists to feel the Navy and its brother service, the Marines, down to their marrow. The skipper's brown eyes were intent when he told me:

"This is Navy and Marine country out here. We've been here before and we can do out here in the Pacific what we have been trained so hard to do. We can use our carriers as floating air bases to strike from places of our own choosing, not places we are forced to choose because there is ground under us. We can hit them from close up in support of ground forces—and that means hitting them often. We can get behind the weather. These peninsulas and islands, with the expanse of waters, are just right for the Marines. Amphibious warfare might be called old-fashioned but it makes sense in the Pacific."

The task group sailed west in the night. On the second day, three pounding strikes went out from the Sicily while the ship's mechanics strained their backs to put more planes into commission. Captain Thach began feeding the North Koreans napalm bombs, a flaming concoction so hot that it sucks in oxygen and kills men untouched by the fire 30 feet away. These bombs, the skipper reasoned, could eat away the clever concealment of Communist tanks, vehicles, gun emplacements and troops, and they could burn their targets to shapeless steel and human cinder in a matter of seconds.

Napalms, whose main ingredient is jellied gasoline, are dangerous business for those who mix them, too. Crewmen worked all night to get them ready for the second day's strikes, and a deep voice boomed through the Sicily's loud-speakers at intervals of just a few minutes:

"The smoking lamp is out."

This maritime command meant no cigarettes and if anybody aboard took an extra puff or two after the warning, he was taking a chance with the lives of nearly 1,000 men. Aircraft carriers are floating explosives: gasoline by the thousands of gallons, fuel oil by the tens of thousands of gallons, scores of 500-pound bombs (any one of which could blow the ship into debris), five-inch rockets by the hundreds and 20 mm. machine-gun ammunition packed in deck-high stacks of boxes.

But napalms could make the enemy feel what the Sicily was delivering. Captain Thach's report on the second day was a masterful understatement of hell.

"Two napalm bombs dropped on Sinban-ni, and the western sector was left burning intensely. (Sinban-ni was smack in the middle of the fighting zone). Two napalm bombs dropped on a village five miles east of Sinban-ni. Village burned intensely." (This village was a refuge, or so they thought, for Red troops moving up.)

Strafing Behind Enemy Lines

On top of this violent destruction, VMF-214 strafed behind enemy lines, shot their rockets (each plane carries eight) into troop concentrations and tallied hits on vehicles and vital bridges. But this was only a warm-up for the big week end Captain Thach had planned.

The Sicily and her chesty destroyers, flags whipping at the enemy in a kind of "go to hell" fashion, turned toward the Yellow Sea and the west coast of Korea. These are narrow waters with great mine fields left over from World War II. To the west lies Communist China, to the north the Red-controlled port of Dairen, Manchuria. Russian submarine pens are hidden in the coves and harbors.

Four British warships, two of them cruisers, were waiting for the Sicily when we arrived deep in enemy waters on a sunny Saturday morning. The objective: to bomb and bombard the port of Inchon which was being used extensively in Communist operations. Big Navy Neptune bombers had flown in from southern Japan to observe for the bombardment, and Captain Thach was to provide fighter cover. But the skipper would not be satisfied with mere patrol.

Under the captain's shrewd guidance, VMF-214 pilots gave one of the really brilliant low-level flying performances of the Korean war, and they were well-rewarded. First flight of seven Corsairs (many of 214's planes were still out of commission) was led by a chunky, quiet young man who knew what to do when he applied the seat of his pants to the seat of his plane. Major Kenneth L. Reusser, a preacher's son from Oregon, is the name, and he won a Navy Cross in the last war along with a Distinguished Flying Cross—and he had fought from Guadalcanal to Okinawa.

Major Reusser went hunting after he had carried out a rocket-machine-gun strafing mission. His suspicions were aroused by what looked like an assembly plant—two big buildings with a courtyard in the middle. There seemed to be activity there, so the major got down to about 30 feet and looked in the windows. He got a quick glance, and there seemed to be the outlines of vehicles and tanks inside the buildings. A burst of ack-ack assured the major that he had run onto something hot. Captain Thach ordered Reusser's flight reloaded with napalm, and the Corsairs were off again to hit the plant. By now, the Communists knew they had been spotted and the Marines found them hurrying tanks and vehicles out of the buildings.

The flight hit with everything it had—napalms, rockets and 20-mm., and the pilots were flying so low that they could almost see the expressions on the faces of the enemy. Napalm crashed through the roof of one building and it billowed into flame. Two more napalm bombs dropped on the second building, but didn't explode. The Corsairs followed through with a barrage of rockets and ignited the bombs. The second building turned into a blazing torch. There were six tanks hidden in the shadows of the courtyard. The Marines hit these with rockets and they were left burning. The people in the courtyard tumbled in their tracks.

Major Reusser was convinced now that the only way to get good targets was to fly low—"on the deck," as airmen say. Returning to the Sicily, he got down to look around a bit. Over Inchon harbor, he saw a big square of planking extending from the docks. It didn't seem natural. He made another run and looked under the planking. There was an 8,000-ton tanker hidden there. He let go with 20-mm. incendiary machine gun fire because that's all he had left. The ship must have been loaded with oil. It exploded.

More flights of VMF-214 went out over the Yellow Sea to strafe airport hangars, burn freight cars, wreck oil refineries and power plants and, generally, to drive everybody in the Inchon area to whatever cover they could find. Only a few refugees straggled along the rural roads nearby. By midday, Inchon, under bombing by air and bombardment by sea, seemed a smoking ghost city. One mission found a train hiding in a railroad tunnel, a favorite trick of the Communists. Captain William Oliver (Curt) Curtis, a tall, big-boned pilot from Oklahoma, flew his squadron right up to the mouth of the tunnel and the Marines lobbed napalm inside. He saw a gush of flame and smoke as he and his following Corsairs swung homeward to sea.

This was that big week end Captain Thach had planned. The weary but successful pilots of VMF-214 gathered in Ready Room No. 1 to report.

On the flight deck, crewmen fell exhausted and slept despite the roar of planes being tuned up. Captain Thach gave them and the pilots a warm "Well done," and the Sicily circled to the south on her phantom course. The next day the planes would be striking far down the Korean coast. The skipper had ordered a mission to Mokpo, an important enemy-held port on the southwest coast, well-protected by islands and shallow waters. Mokpo had been getting a pasting from the east and south, but this was to be a destructive surprise. Captain Thach planned to hit the city from the west.

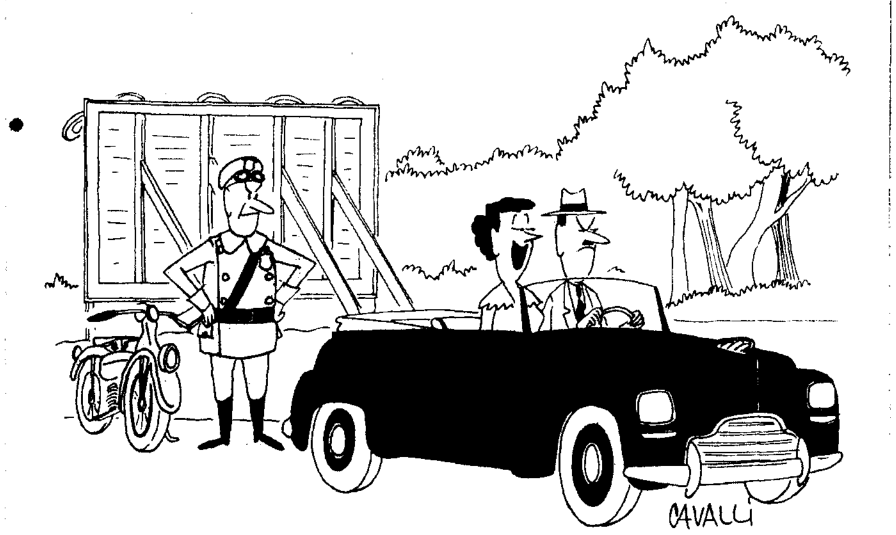
More Bomb Damage in Mokpo

Over Mokpo in the morning haze, the Corsairs sighted some juicy targets, especially for napalm treatment. The fiery bombs exploded warehouses and oil-storage facilities along the water front, while other flights ranged farther inland to blast an electric plant, railroad bridges, camouflaged trucks and staging areas for enemy reinforcements. There was considerable strafing during the day because of large movements of Communists toward the southern coast in an effort to break through to Pusan, last port in the hands of the United Nations.

This strafing, along with other damage inflicted by Thach's men in breaking up troop concentrations and supply lines, came at a critical time. They helped give the U.N. forces a breather, during which they gained time to re-form lines and hold off the invaders while more men and supplies were rushed into the defense of Pusan.

The task group moved farther south and then east again in the Korean Strait to the general area of our first strike. Another CVE carrier with Marine fliers aboard, the Bandoeng Strait, affectionately known as the Bing-ding, and two more destroyers were to join the Sicily. Under command of Rear Admiral Richard W. (Bud) Ruble, we were going to look more like an American task group should look—in size and striking power.

But Jimmy Thach was entitled to some measure of pride when he reported to the admiral that he was ready for the big job ahead: front-line, tree-level support for Marines just beginning to move in Korea. The skipper knew that his crewmen and pilots had been seasoned and forged into a hard-hitting team on his phantom mis-



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sion. The good steel of the Sicily, the captain's first carrier command, had hardened in her baptism. As skipper of the Sicily and commander of the little task group, Captain Thach had got back the war legs that made him one of the Navy's finest fighting airmen and smartest strategists of World War II. The results of the Sicily's voyage made it clear that this was true.

On this first cruise, the captain never left the open bridge to sleep for more than an hour at a time. He spent 20 out of every 24 hours at his unending tasks and he had his anxious moments. There was the time that a Corsair came bouncing onto the flight deck with a 500-pound bomb hung to its wing. The skipper held his breath for fear that the bomb would come loose. If it had exploded, the Sicily might have been put out of action. At best, it would have torn a hole in the vital flight deck. But the bomb hung on and the Sicily went about its business.

There was rocket trouble, too, and Major Keller smashed a wheel of his No. 8 in a rough landing, but escaped unhurt. Because of changes in design, many pilots had difficulty in releasing some of their rockets over targets. The rockets weren't quite fitted to their fusing mechanism and wouldn't fire. Many of the planes landed on the deck, jerked to a trembling stop by the arresting gear, with rockets hanging dangerously. On one occasion, a rocket broke away and skidded across the deck.

Korean Fishermen Are Scared

Square-jawed Lieutenant Colonel Walter E. Lischeid of Minneapolis, commander of VMF-214, who was standing beside the skipper, seemed to have muttered a thankful prayer when the rocket came to a stop without exploding. Rockets have the power of a five-inch shell, and any explosion might have cut short the voyage. Worried about the rockets, the captain tried a test firing from one of the Sicily's anti-aircraft positions. He almost scared a couple of fishermen out of their Korean wits. They took off as fast as their boats could take them.

VMF-214, once based on Guadalcanal and commanded by that fabulous Marine flier Lieutenant Colonel Gregory (Pappy) Boyington, was lucky—and the Sicily, too. Not a man was lost in the first days of operation and every mission had been carried out to pinpoint accuracy. Captain Thach was not only a pilot himself (seven Japanese planes to his official credit and probably others uncounted in the mass air battles of World War II), but one of the Navy's most careful planners. He left nothing undone to insure the safety of his ship, planes and personnel.

As operations officer for Vice-Admiral John Sidney McCain, commander of Task Force 58 of Admiral William (Bull) Halsey's Third Fleet in the last war, Jimmy Thach played an important part in one of the most daring and effective naval sorties in history. This was when the U.S. Navy broke into the Japanese-dominated South China sea, cut the Japanese life line to the conquered countries of southeast Asia and virtually destroyed what was left of the Nippon air force. In 20 days, roaming these inner enemy waters, Task Force 58 had amazing success. It was credited with shooting down, destroying on the ground and damaging more than 1,200 Japanese aircraft, much of it massed on Formosa en route to the fighting lines. The official estimate was 600,000 tons of Japanese shipping—then very dear to the militarists—sunk and put out of commission from the air.

Such accomplishment did not come quickly. There was a long, painful build-up, and Captain Thach saw many grim days. When the war broke in 1941, Thach, then probably the youngest flight squadron leader in the Navy, couldn't get a full complement of planes. He was due to have 27, but when his carrier, the Saratoga, pulled out of San Diego he had only 14, some without gunsights because of strikes in Eastern plants. He wangled two more out of overhaul, promising to condition them at sea. At Pearl, where the battleship Arizona was still burning in the harbor, he finally got 18 planes and 18 pilots.

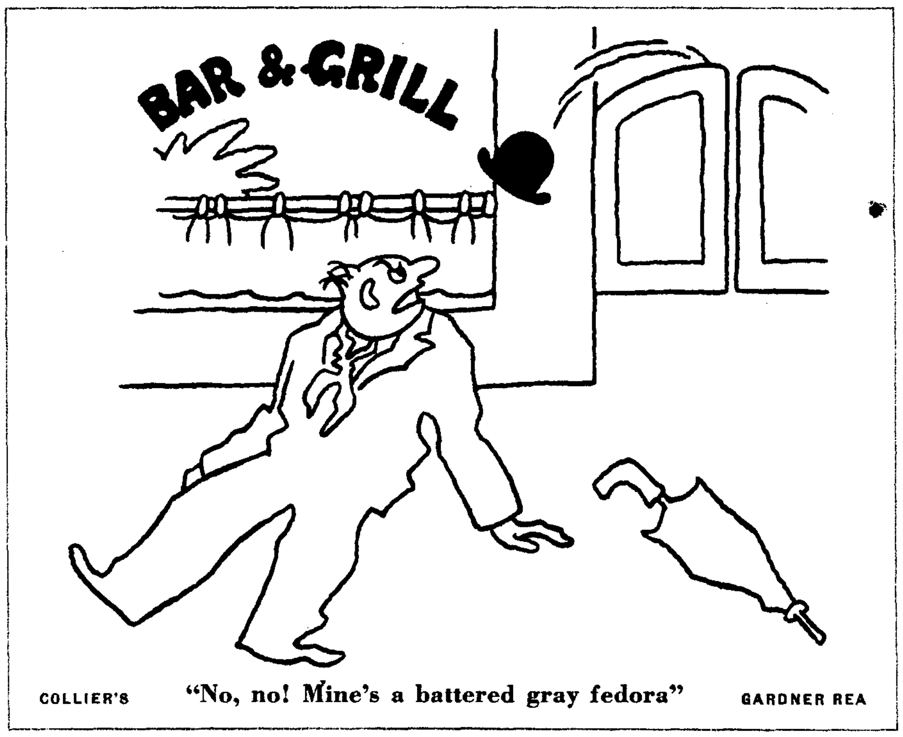
The Saratoga was told to proceed to the relief of the heroic Marines on Wake Island, holding out against a heavy force of Japanese warships. Just before Christmas, the Saratoga turned eastward from Wake. It was too late to do anything about the siege of Wake—it was too late, Thach said, and we had far too little to confront the Japanese. The carrier was hit by Japanese subs while on patrol out of Pearl a little later.

Thach and Squadron Three saw plenty more of the Japanese. Ordered to the Lexington, the fliers left on a mission to the Coral Sea. They were to attempt to intercept the Japanese trying to expand beyond Truk and Rabaul, endangering Australia. That's when Thach got his first Jap plane. An enemy plane appeared on the radar screen just 30 miles off headed into a thunderstorm. Thach took off with one of World War II's Navy heroes, Butch O'Hare, as his section leader. They ran into tough weather.

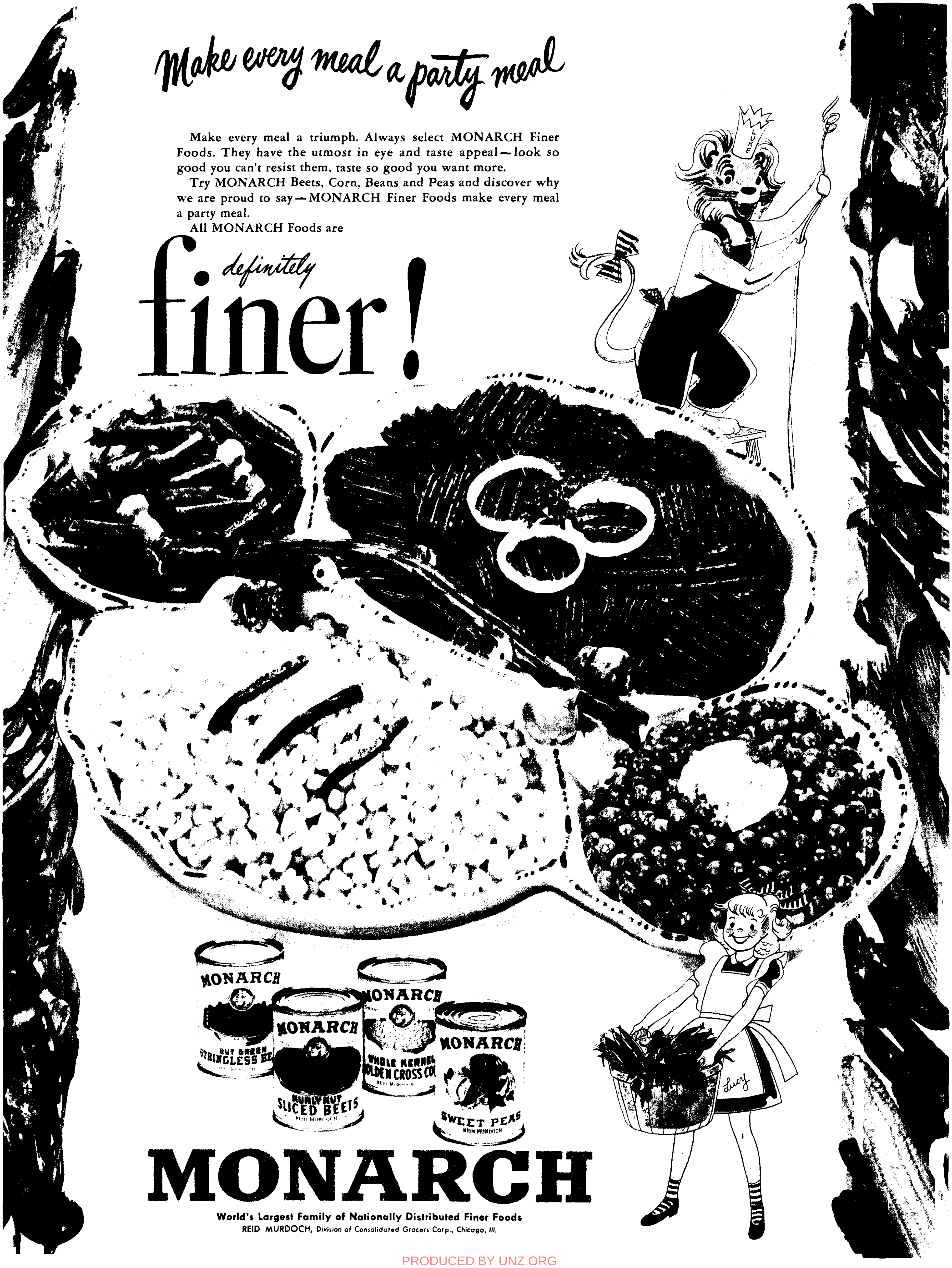
"Say, we're heading into that thunder squall," Thach reported to communications aboard the Lexington.

"Well, that's where they are," the Lexington replied.

Thach flew on, another plane tucked close to his plane. Thach says: "We broke



COLLIER'S "No, no! Mine's a battered gray fedora" GARDNER REA



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into a hole in the storm and there she was—a four-engine job with the big red Japanese insignia (Jap meatball was the American name for it). We were both in the soup in a matter of seconds, and we played hide and seek in the clouds for what seemed like a long time. Finally, I got another clear view and let the plane have it. The plane smoked and then flamed. The pilot must have jettisoned a load of bombs, for there was a series of explosions in the water. That bomber was a warning that the fighters would be coming.

"It was the same afternoon that the fighters did come. Butch O'Hare won the Congressional Medal of Honor that day when he attacked a nine-plane formation alone and got six in five minutes."

Zeros Mowed Down by "Weave"

Later in the Battle of Midway, Squadron Three got 52 Japanese planes. This was the result of the famous Thach weave, a maneuver developed by the young leader to overcome the advantages of the Jap Zero. (The Thach weave involves the use of four-plane combat teams in formations which kept the Zeroes in a constant crossfire.) The weave proved so effective in combat that the Navy—and Army, too—wanted training in the Thach tactics. He trained fliers at Pearl and, later on, in the United States, but he was back in action and at sea when the war ended.

Jimmy Thach, who turned forty-five just about a month before the Korean war broke out, had been a long time in seeing his dream of naval air power come true. In 1929, just two years after he had graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Vice-Admiral George Murray, now commander of the Western Sea Frontier, gave the young ensign the advice that led to a naval air career.

"Get on a carrier," the admiral told Thach. "That's the future."

It didn't seem to be much of a future then. The Navy had a carrier, an old coal-hauling ship with a flight deck. It was the Langley and Captain Thach made his first landing on her precarious platform. In all the years to come, nothing was to divert him from studying air tactics and flying—and, perhaps, the young ensign got some of his appreciation for planes from an experience he had in the boiler room of the old battleship, U.S.S. Arkansas—his home state.

On his second cruise as an Annapolis midshipman, Jimmy Thach, another second-year man, Eddie Van Sickle from a Montana ranch, and two youngsters making their first training tour, were stoking the battleship's coal burners. It took hours to do the job—two passing coal, two shoveling it into the fire doors of the boilers. As the ship passed through the Panama Canal, the heat got almost beyond endurance. The youngsters keeled over and had to be hauled above. Young Thach and Van Sickle waited for substitutes but none came. They had to keep the steam up or lose face with their fellow midshipmen. And, in the Canal, the battleship might suddenly need all the steam pressure she could get. For eight hours (normal shifts for a crew of four ran four hours), the two midshipmen fired the white-hot boilers.

All Jimmy Thach says about the incident now is that he lost 15 pounds and never gained it back. He weighs only about 145 to 150 now, and that's spread over a six-foot frame. Jimmy had been a 160-pounder when he came up from Fordyce High School in Arkansas, where he had been a tremendous quarterback, to enter the Naval Academy where he also hoped to distinguish himself on the gridiron. But Jimmy wasn't to have any luck in football.

"That freshman year," he said, "I got a chipped shoulder bone. The doctors fixed me up but urged me not to play again. I wouldn't take their advice and, while I was making a tackle a couple of weeks later, my shoulder was injured again. That was all my football, but the rest of the team went up to first-string jobs on the varsity. I tried a little wrestling and tennis later."

Jimmy's football story was like that of his brother, Captain James Harmon Thach, now stationed in the Chief of Naval Operations' office at Washington. He broke his shoulder the first year out and had to be content with managing the team. Jimmy's brother graduated the year he got to Annapolis—and that's how he came to be known as Jimmy although his name was John. The boys at the football training table who knew the older brother and had called him "Jimmy" simply decided to call the younger "Little Jimmy."

The Thach boys lived most of their youth in Fordyce in a pleasant white frame house with one of the enormous yards so typical of the South. There were six in the family: the brothers, two sisters, Josephine (now Mrs. William I. Walton of Arkadelphia, Arkansas), and Frances (Mrs. Ralph Williams of Eldorado, Arkansas), their father, James Harmon Thach, Sr., and mother, Mrs. Jo Smith Thach, both of whom had been teachers in Arkansas for many years. Those days Jimmy remembers as truly happy and nothing pleases the Thach family so much as a gay reunion. Only five are left. The elder Thach died some years ago. In recent years, Captain Thach, his wife, Madalyn, and their two boys, John, Jr., and Bill, often have been able to attend the Arkansas homecomings.

Hope of another reunion at home seemed dim, indeed, as I stood with Captain Thach on the Sicily's bridge and watched him count the planes as they came in from the Korean battlefront. We were talking about carriers and fighter planes—jets, in particular—and how air war in the future might differ from that of the last war. The skipper said:

"Jets have overriding advantages over propeller-driven aircraft, but they have some disadvantages, too, and we must overcome them to make our air strikes more effective. The current Navy jets, the Banshee and Panther, are definitely superior in aerial combat. They have speed, tremendous rate of climb and, with reduced speed at high altitudes, they have maneuverability as fighter planes. You must have jets to defeat enemy jets.

"But jet speed is a disadvantage in close support. You pass over targets too quickly. A pilot can't hang around over his target like these fellows do in the Corsairs. We will need some kind of pointer-plane and unmistakable ground signals to give jets real effectiveness in close support. The targets must be marked so that the jets, eating up fuel in such large doses, will be able to hit them on their first, fast runs."

Jets Shot from Carriers

Captain Thach believes that carriers of the future will be able to make effective use of jets but that methods will change. For example, jets are not practicable as air cover for surface craft because of their fuel consumption. "But," Thach said, "we can have longer-range radar to detect enemy craft and send the jets off the carriers when the warning comes. We will need four catapults to shoot off a fighting combination of four jets at one time. Remember, a jet doesn't have to be warmed up. We can meet any aerial opposition with carrier-launched jets as fast as we can with propeller craft already in the air. We will need modern carriers to do it, though."

Jets fit snugly into the Navy's conception of its wartime mission. As Captain Thach told Congressional committees:

"Mobile air power is the main striking force of the Navy today, and it uses this force in accomplishing many of its missions. The Navy is not a single-purpose force.

"It has the job of operating anywhere on more than seven-tenths of the earth's surface.

"It must neutralize enemy submarine warfare.

"It makes possible the transport of supplies and troops overseas.

"It protects the import of critical materials during war.

"It provides control of the air for withdrawal from or landing upon beachheads.

"It can furnish close air support for invasions (or ground forces) before local fields are established or captured.

"It is an absolute essential to the successful performance of the missions of the other military services.

"It can overwhelm enemy advanced air bases and destroy enemy long-range bombers before they take off for an attack on the United States."

If a Third World War Comes

The Korean war has put a big bold exclamation point at the end of what Captain Thach said months and even years ago. What he said will become urgently important if Soviet Russia's threatening gestures toward the Western world explode into World War III. In the Korean war, many of the missions of the Navy have been carried out with efficiency and dispatch despite economies which largely demobilized the fleet that dominated the world at the end of the last war.

Captain Thach is not discouraged by our position of the moment when such little task forces as his have been given such large jobs to do in the Korean war. He is certain that the Navy will get the weapons to do its job now but, like most military men in the Orient, he feels that no time should be wasted. Even if large-scale war does not come, the skipper thinks an effective carrier fleet can serve the cause of peace.

"If we had had a dozen carriers and accompanying amphibious Marine forces within quick sailing distance of Korea," Captain Thach told me, "I don't believe the Communists would have dared move against the militarily helpless people of the Republic of Korea."

The captain was reluctant to indulge in hindsight. He turned to watch the last flight of planes come in as the sun, now riding the horizon toward China, splashed pink over the wide blue sky. Major William Martin (Bill) Lundin of Chicago, one of VMF-214's hero flight leaders, came up to the bridge to report on a strike near the front lines.

A crewman from the Sicily's communications center interrupted to hand the skipper a message from the big brass. Vice-Admiral C. Turner Joy, commander of naval forces in the Far East, said:

"The excellent results of your first strikes indicate that your Marine fighter group will soon have the situation well in hand."

The skipper started below for a much-needed catnap. Tomorrow his planes would again be in the front lines in Korea. They were, hitting the enemy from the deck at 150 yards.

THE END

Next Week

PRAVDA, U.S.A.

The Daily Worker—Stalin's Mouthpiece

Combat Artist Howard Brodie's FIRST SKETCHES from KOREA

"Now let me tell your fortune true—

a Trip* is in the cards for you!"

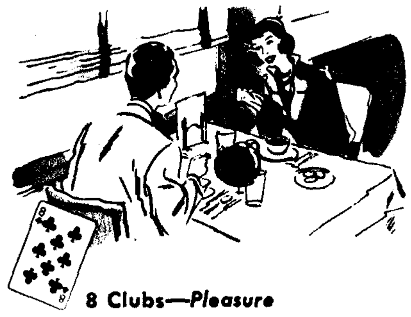
*10 of Clubs means a Journey

8 Diamonds—*The Unexpected*

Surprise! Surprise! I wonder whether
This card foretells uncertain weather?
Stormy skies, roads drenched with rain,
Not a fit night out for car or plane!

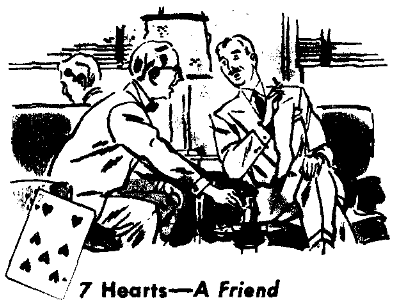
9 Diamonds—*Good Luck*

But look at this . . . the lucky nine!
Your trip is certain to be fine.
You're planning (it's as plain as plain)
To take a New York Central train!



8 Clubs—*Pleasure*

The eight of clubs betokens pleasure.
I see you dining at your leisure
In one of those new streamlined diners
Of New York Central's Dieseliners!

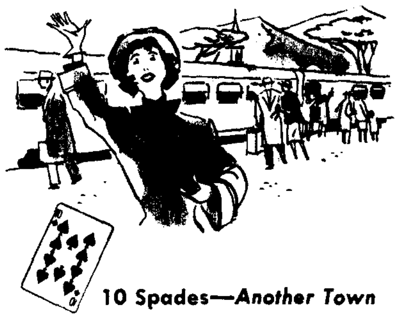


7 Hearts—*A Friend*

This seven represents a friend,
Some traveler with whom you'll spend
An hour of pleasant conversation
In the lounge or observation.

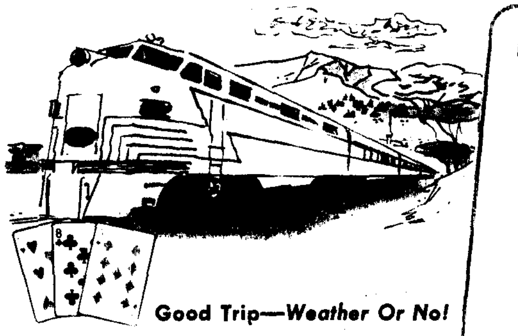
Three Tens—*All Fine*

Three tens mean everything's okay
For you to dream the miles away,
Sound asleep in room or berth,
Traveling the safest way on earth!



10 Spades—*Another Town*

Another town! Your destination.
After your overnight vacation,
You step off in the city's heart,
Well fed, well rested, looking smart!



Good Trip—*Weather Or No!*

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Your travel fortune's always fine.
In any weather, a trip's a treat
On New York Central's great new fleet.

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NEW ENGLAND STATES

Detroit—New York
THE DETROITER

Cincinnati—New York
OHIO STATE LIMITED

St. Louis, Indianapolis—
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SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED

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Look! Besides BAND-AID* Adhesive Bandage—your favorite protection for little cuts—there *now* are 3 great new *elastic* dressings!

Specially shaped and designed for hard-to-bandage places.

Get all three, and give every little injury the best possible protection!

1. Stays put on knuckle or elbow!

BAND-AID* *Elastic* Adhesive Bandage s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you move. Fits snugly without binding. Lets knuckles, knees and elbows bend comfortably. Oblong in shape.

BAND-AID ELASTIC ADHESIVE BANDAGE

Look for the word Elastic *on the box.*

2. Seals on all 4 edges!

BAND-AID* Patch Dressing is a neat square that seals around the injury on all 4 sides. Keeps out dirt and moisture. Ideal for blisters, boils, small head and scalp wounds.

BAND-AID PATCH DRESSING

3. Protects the tiniest cuts neatly!

BAND-AID* Spot Dressing is small and circular. Seals all around the edge. Neat protection for tiny facial cuts, puncture wounds, moles, warts and corns.

BAND-AID SPOT DRESSING

Patch and Spot Dressings packed together in new flat box.

All 3 have these advantages!

- They fit better because they stretch
- More comfortable, do not bind
- Individually wrapped
- 100% sterile
- Waterproof
- Flesh color, inconspicuous

*BAND-AID means Made By Johnson & Johnson

Son of the Coach

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

"Come again?" I said, looking at her. "No what? No *soap?*"

"We haven't exhausted the other subject, Allan," she said tensely. "I've been thinking about it a lot lately, and I can't help feeling the whole thing has a vital bearing on—well, on *us.* If it were *my* father fighting for his very life—"

"Oh, stop!" I said. "Fighting for his life! How corny can you get?"

WE WERE off the campus by then, and I pulled over to the curb so I could concentrate on Judy. I cut the switch and looked at her, and her face was a little rosy, and her eyes were kind of smoky.

"Allan, you're selfish!" she said.

I grinned at her. "Relax, sweetie-face," I said. I started to put my arm around her and she shoved me away with a perfect stiff-arm.

"You're stupid and egotistical!" she said. "You think you're a real hot flash, but you're just an ungrateful, conceited character who goes around making his father's life miserable."

I could take the stupid, the egotistical, the conceited. I could go along that far with Judy because I didn't want her sore at me. She just didn't understand the situation. I said patiently, "Judy, this afternoon I got to play defensive right half against the varsity. I intercepted two passes and ran them both back for touchdowns. Then I got to run a few scrimmage plays against the first-string line, and I peeled off a couple nice long gains. That's egotistical? If I figure he's discriminating against me because I'm his son and nepotism isn't supposed to be very nice, is that stupid? If I think I deserve to wear a red jersey instead of a white one, be varsity instead of a scrub bench-jockey, is that selfish?"

She gave me a long, gray-eyed stare that scared me a little. "Allan," she said, "I always thought you were sort of terrific myself, until I found out you were president of your own fan club. I think Spud Malone is a smart coach and a pretty shrewd judge of people, and he knows his career is at stake this year. Would he be likely to pass up a real hot-shot halfback just because that creature happened to be his son?"

"He would," I said. "He *is.*" I wasn't raising my voice. Not yet.

She sighed and looked away. "I read the papers," she said. "I know they called you our hottest sophomore prospect during spring practice. Maybe you're still our hottest sophomore prospect, only maybe you need seasoning, maybe you should work harder—and try not to sprain your wrist patting yourself on the back all the time."

I could go along with her just so far, but no farther. I didn't want to fight with her, I didn't *want* to lose my temper. But stuff had been building up and churning around in me too long, and I was overdue. A guy reaches the limit, sometimes, and this was it. I didn't say anything. I just reached across Judy and opened the car door. She was merely the girl I loved, and so I reached across her and opened the door of the car and didn't say anything. And right away I wanted to shut the door, to tell her I didn't mean it.

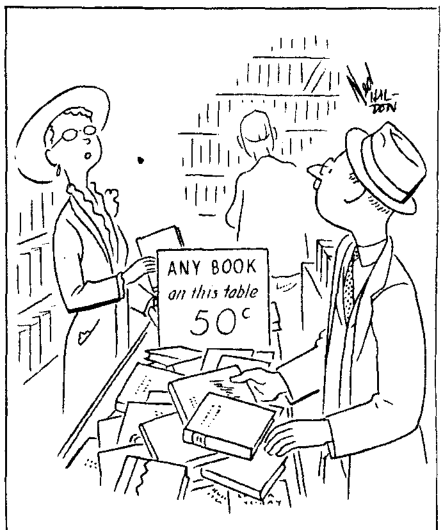
But she was a sharp girl, she got it right away. And before I could repair the damage she had slipped out and was standing on the sidewalk. "Okay, you frustrated All-American," she said. "But before you flounce away in your smug little tantrum, I'm going to say a few relevant things."

"You already said a few things," I muttered. I felt lousy.

"Not enough," she said. "Listen, you sophomore sad sack, the next time you're thrilling yourself to pieces with one of those astounding interceptions or something, take a good long look around you and ask yourself *why* you're able to loom so large in your own baby-blue eyes."

"Aw, turn green," I said. How much of that could *any* guy take? But inside I was sick now. Regret, remorse, a kind of horror, a kind of terrified realization—all of that was rolled into a hard knot inside me, choking me. What was I doing? Just telling the girl I loved she should turn green. Twenty, you say, is too young for love, twenty is the puppy-love stage. Don't kid yourself. At twenty, if you're lucky, you find the one girl, the one, absolutely *right* girl, and you can start planning and building and dreaming from twenty toward twenty-two or twenty-five, or however long it must be. I was a man, and Judy was the woman I wanted out of all the millions of girls in the world, and I was sitting there all dead and raw and sick inside, listening while something I didn't have any control over told her to turn green.

"Poor Spud Malone," Judy said. "After Thanksgiving he may be an unemployed football coach, and I cry for him because of that. But I cry for him worse because he's got you for a son, Allie."


ANY BOOK on this table 50¢
HILTON

"Here is one called Memories of Tramping Through the Berkshires that ought to be good to hide money in"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

Cry for me a little, I thought. In spite of my anger I knew what was happening, what *had* happened. From the second when I opened that car door, we were washed up. It wasn't a little lovers' quarrel you could patch up in the moonlight. It was the ax across my neck. I turned on the switch—the thing in me over which I had no control turned on the switch—and started the car, not looking at her. I couldn't look at her. I eased away from the curb, hoping she would call me back.

"Oh, you poor dope," she said. That wasn't calling me back. She sounded a little torn up, but I was torn up, too. So I gunned my convertible and didn't look back, and things were final. Real final.

◆

DRIVING down the street, I thought: Who needs you, baby? What makes you think you're so hot, baby? But that was just the top of my mind. Inside I knew who needed her. *I* needed her. Maybe right then I should have found myself a few of the more obvious answers. But I kept thinking: All I want is a chance to show them I'm good. And the way I felt got to be a hot, angry bitterness toward my father, and by the time I got home I had it all fixed in my mind so he was to blame for my losing Judy. If he'd played square with me, I thought, Judy and I wouldn't have had anything to quarrel about.

Mom came out of the kitchen when I got home, but I didn't look at her. She would have seen how I felt. I picked up the evening paper and switched on the radio.

"Home already?" she said. It was an innocent remark. It was routine, like say-

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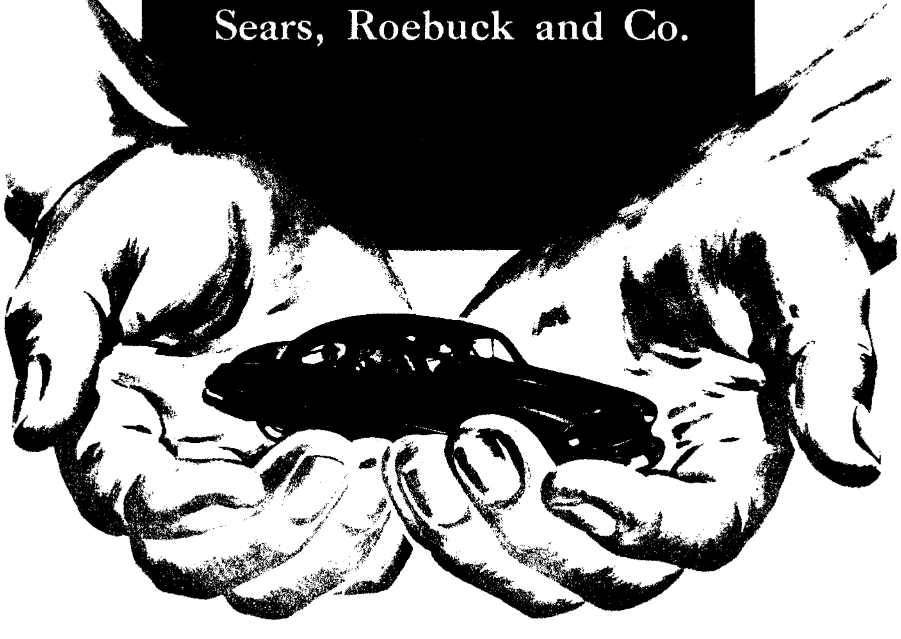

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DRIVE SAFELY . . .
ONE OF THE LIVES YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

ing: Hello, Allie. But the way I felt, I couldn't just nod, or say yes, and let it go at that. I'd already fixed myself good with Judy, so now I took it out on Mom.

"You got it figured out," I said, real grouchy.

"Okay, snippy," she said mildly. She was used to ill-tempered men. Every autumn she was married to a hard-to-get-along-with man, because in football they pay you according to how much worrying you do.

"The grid mentor will be a little late," I said.

"Now just a minute, buster," she said, half joking but half in earnest, too. "I'm getting a little tired of your irony. I won't have you speaking of your father in that tone of voice." I just went on looking at the paper, and she said, "I mean it, Allie!"

"Okay, Mommie," I said, trying to be a little cute about it, trying to kid about it so she wouldn't be sore. "You want I should salaam when I mention the coach?" I asked her. I was *trying* not to be nasty.

"All right, Allie," she said, her voice soft and dangerous. "That's just about enough of that. And while we're on the subject, I'm a trifle surfeited with your insolence toward your mother, too."

"Mom," I said, "let's get *off* the subject, please." I turned the dial and hit a station that came in real loud. I wasn't trying to drown her out, it just happened that way, and I guess it made her twice as sore as she was to begin with. She came over and snapped off the radio. I looked up at her and all of a sudden the bitterness was pushing at me again, crowding me.

"Allie," she said, "you've had a good talking-to coming for a couple of weeks."

"I'll wait," I said. I didn't want any hassel with her. I just wanted to be left alone. "I can wait another couple of weeks," I said.

Hell, I don't know—maybe things had been building up inside her the way they had in me, maybe she had a lot of steam that needed letting off. Anyway, she let off steam, and I was the one that got scalded.

"Allie," she said, in a voice that shook a little with rage, "I ought to slap your face! Now listen to me, young man. As long as you live in this house you'll not be disrespectful of either your father *or* me, do you understand?"

I didn't even think. I just said, "This isn't the only house in town. I notice a few other houses along the streets." It was a stupid thing to say. But I'd said it, and I couldn't back down.

She said, "Oh, don't be—!" But then she took off her glasses and gave me a thin smile. "On second thought," she said, and stopped. She didn't finish it.

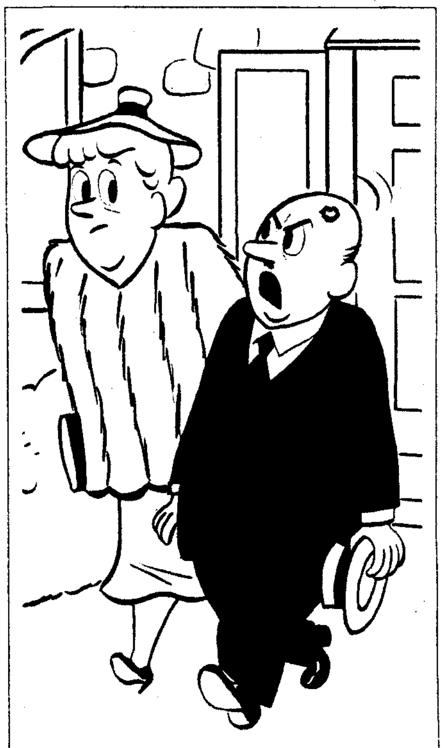
THE door of my room had slammed behind me before I realized what I was doing, and it was too late then to back out. It was the same deal all over again like when I drove away from Judy—I didn't want to go, I wanted someone to stop me. I guess it never occurred to me to stop myself, to go in and tell her I was sorry. Because then I wasn't sorry, not for anything. I was resentful and stubborn and I kept thinking: All I want is a lousy damned chance.

Two suitcases. I didn't even know what I was putting in them. I kept thinking: She'll never let me get past the front door. I figured empty suitcases would have served as well—but I was mighty wrong. When I came out of my room she wasn't around. I got past the front door without any trouble. Nobody tackled me and threw me back inside the only home I knew about. Then I stopped. I had a sad mental picture of my mother in her room, crying, her heart broken. She'd practically ordered her only son, her only child, out of the house. I could almost hear her in there, sobbing, chewing her pillow. So I put the suitcases down and went back inside.

It's different with a mother. Pride doesn't enter into it; you don't mind crawling a little—she'll love you for it. I was going to say: "Mom, please. Mom, forgive me. I didn't mean it, Mom." For her sake, see, on account of her being so utterly heartbroken and tragically bereft.

Yeah? Well I got three steps inside the door and I could hear her, all right. She was out in the kitchen. She was whistling a gay tune. I turned around and sneaked out of there. *Heartbroken!* I thought. *She's not your mother—she's his wife!*

I FOUND a basement room with cardboard walls on two sides and ugly plaster on the other two. It was a dungeon of a place with a concrete floor, drab enough to suit my mood. I threw my suitcases on the bed and went up and out and two blocks to the Campus Café to eat the supper I wasn't going to eat at home. But I picked the wrong place to eat that particular supper, because, when I went inside, the first person I saw was Judy, sitting with two other girls in a back booth. I ate at the counter, and when I looked again she was gone. . . .



"Why must you always be showing people how much taller you are than I am?"
COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

The next afternoon was Tuesday and I was hotter than ever in scrimmage on defense. Spud was trying a couple of new pass plays he'd been working on at home nights, but I kept breaking them up, and three times I intercepted and made nice runbacks. They'd come at me to tackle me, and I'd slip them the old change of pace, and they'd just sort of fade out of the picture and I'd be past them. It was almost like they weren't trying very hard to tackle me. Like they were throwing off.

Afterward, in the dressing room, Chuck Daley, the big varsity left end, made a crack. "How come you ain't first-string, man?" he said. "What's the matter, ain't you got no drag with the coach?"

"You got a thought there," I said. "Kick it around, Chuck."

He laughed and winked at Red Miller, the left tackle, who had missed me a couple of times on those runbacks. I didn't get it. The question of how I rated with the squad, being Spud's son, hadn't ever entered my mind. I was too busy playing football to worry about that aspect of the thing. I knew the whole gang thought the world of my father, and I didn't know of any reason why they shouldn't like me—or rather, why they should dislike me. Outside of a little professional jealousy, that is, here and there in the backfield, maybe. That wink between Red and Chuck bothered me for a second, and then it occurred to me probably they'd heard I wasn't living at home any longer. That must be it.

I was leaving the dressing room when I

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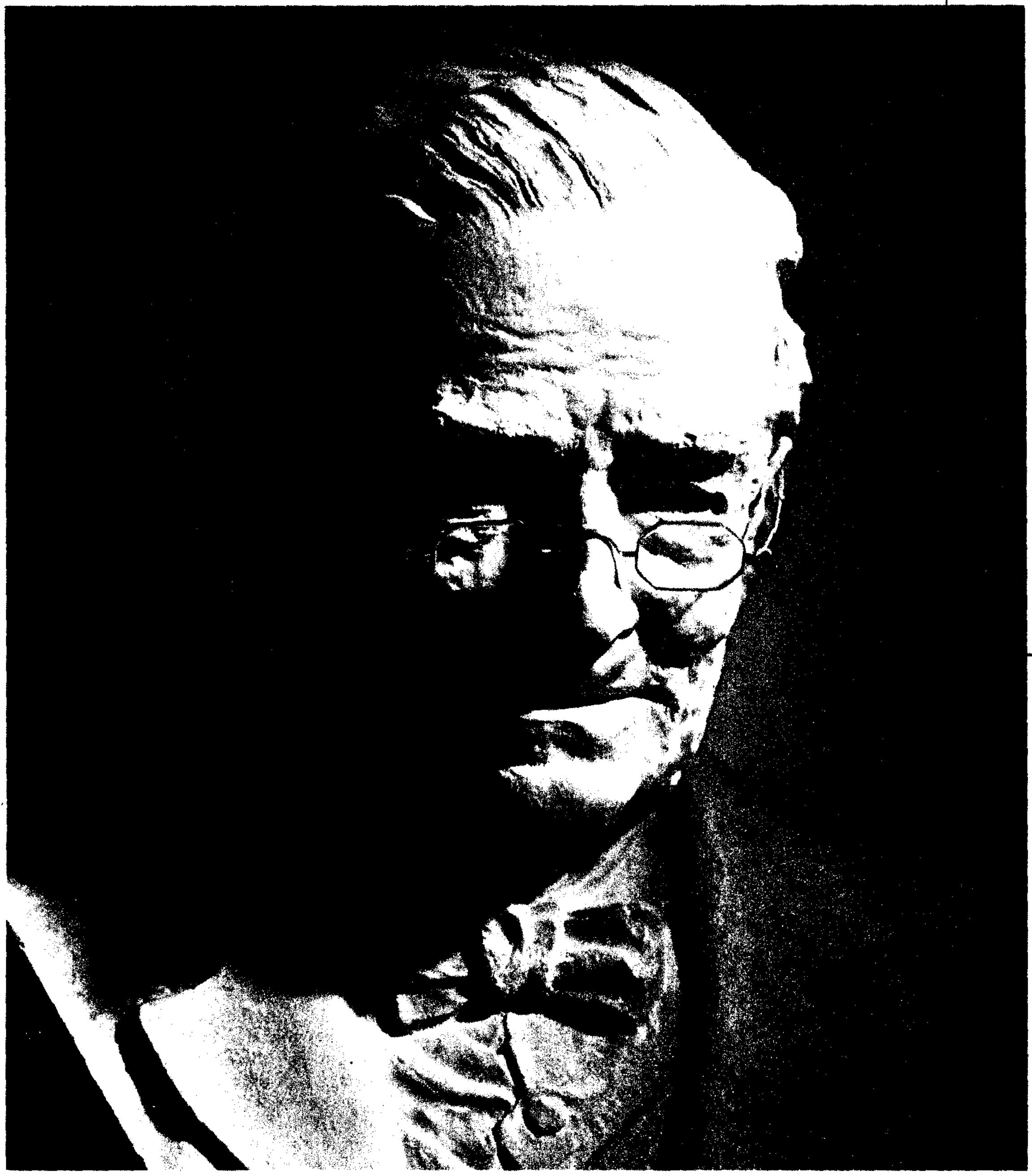

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bumped into my father. All during practice I'd expected to catch him giving me some kind of funny look, but he hadn't. He hadn't even looked my way once, out there.

"Want to see you a minute, Allan," he said now.

"All right," I said, thinking: He'll ask me to come back home.

He led the way into the equipment room. He sat on a table and squinted at me. He didn't look worried or bothered or anything. He acted very casual. Suddenly he said, "Allan, I want you to meet a friend of mine." He got off the table and went to a corner and dragged out an old tackling dummy. He stood it up in the middle of the floor. "This is Sam," he said. "Sam is a blocking and tackling instructor, and about the best friend any coach can have. You've been snubbing him, Allan."

Don't be whimsical, coach, I thought. I didn't answer him, though, and he got back on the table and sat there looking at Sam, the coach's friend. "Allan," he said slowly, "you've taken rather drastic measures to show a . . . shall we say *mild* displeasure with the way I'm running the team this year. It seems you think that because you're my son, I'm reluctant to use your talents for fear of being accused of showing favoritism. . . . That's not the case. Let me assure you that if I thought you were ready and could help the team win games, I wouldn't care if you were my grandfather, I'd use you."

"In scrimmage," I said, but he waved me silent.

"The men in the varsity backfield are seasoned regulars, Allan," he said. "And they're versatile. We don't have the material for a two-platoon system here; each man has to be good both offensively and defensively. You show a great deal of promise, but you're not seasoned—and you have perhaps concentrated a little too much on one or two aspects of the science of football while neglecting fundamentals." He pointed at the dummy. "For example."

"If I ever got half a chance," I said, "I could—"

"I haven't relinquished the podium," he said mildly. "To continue, I have noticed a slight tendency on your part to elevate the individual above the group. One of my basic concepts of coaching football is to amalgamate individual performers into a smoothly functioning unit, a team. I do not place a high premium on individualism, Allan. Or specialization."

"Touchdowns are still the most important thing," I said sourly.

"Touchdowns are the pay-off, the result of unified effort," he said. "A coach has two problems—to score touchdowns, and to prevent the other team from scoring touchdowns. In my book, that calls for a team of rounded, versatile performers." He stared at the floor. "That's all I wanted to say," he growled. "I hope you'll mull it over, and get to know Sam better—I'm counting on you for next year, Allan." He got off the table and half turned away.

NEXT year, I thought bitterly. He hadn't said anything about me coming back home. All he'd done was slap me down and say he was counting on me next year, and it made me sore. I thought sarcastically: Oh, you expect to be here next year?

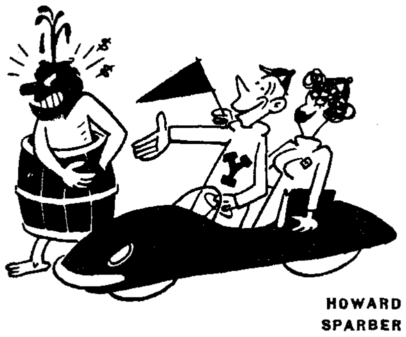
He was a mind reader. "If I'm still here next year, that is," he said.

I turned and went out of there, feeling as sore as a cleated shin. Call me in there and give me a lot of guff about not being seasoned yet, and me knowing all the time why I wasn't getting to play. He was scared of public opinion, if you asked me. And the other thing—what I'd expected him to say was: "Come on home, you hot-tempered character, and you start Saturday up at Kansas Polytech. I don't care what anybody says, son." But instead, what he practically said was: "You got a swelled head, you crumb, and so far as your mother and I are concerned, good riddance." So I stomped out of there and went across the campus to my new home, my dungeon.

After just one night, I was sick of that place. The guys rooming above me had a roughhouse every night, and I was used to the quiet of home. I couldn't concentrate on studying—not that staying eligible seemed especially important any more. In the two classes I had with Judy, we'd always studied together and sat together up front. Now I studied alone and sat in the back row and avoided her.

I wasn't happy. Let's get that cleared up right now. I was miserable. Especially at night in that basement, thinking of my own room at home, thinking of Judy out with some other guy maybe. But I was stubborn, and when I let myself think about all that had happened it always came back to my father. There was your villain, standing between me and the chance to be a good college halfback. He was the root of my trouble, and I'd think: All I wanted was a chance. And it always made me feel tough and stubborn and angry all over again.

And then it was Thursday and after scrimmage, Speedy Lane, the backfield coach, read off the list of guys for the traveling squad that would go for the game with Kansas Polytech. I sat on the turf cross-legged with the other guys, chewing a piece of grass and feeling glum, thinking about transferring to some other school, not even listening to the names Speedy was calling off.



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"Malone?" he said. He had to call my name twice. *"Malone?"*

I looked at him, surprised. "Here," I said.

"You're replacing Pierce," he said. Pierce was the third-rated right halfback, and he had a bad Charley horse—so I finally got my name on a traveling-squad list. I'd get a free trip to Kansas and a front seat at the game. I had an Annie Oakley, that's all I figured it was. Spud's conscience was nagging him maybe, and he thought he could buy me off with a train ride and a chance to sweat out the game up close. *So what?* I thought. *So nuts!*

We went up Friday morning on the train, limbered up Friday afternoon in the stadium, ate inch-thick steaks for supper, saw a movie, and went to bed in our hotel rooms. Most of the rooms were doubles, but I got one of the singles, and I was relieved about that. Don't ask me why. The next morning we had ham and eggs, and walked around, and went to the stadium, and pretty soon it was game time. I had one of the best seats in the horseshoe—right on the fifty-yard line and real close to what was going on. Once I could have reached and touched a Kansas Poly guy, I was so close to the football game.

At half time we had a fourteen to twelve lead, which surprised everybody, including us, I guess, and it was a fine Saturday afternoon.

And then halfway through the third quarter my father stood up and looked down along the bench and said, "Malone." That was me. I was the only other Malone on the bench—maybe in the entire stadium. I got up and went to him, feeling skeptical. Maybe he wanted some tape or something from the locker room, I thought. But I was wrong, because what he said was: "Go in for Dudek after the next play." That's all. He sat down again. So I limbered up a little and went in after the next play.

"Look, fellas!" Chuck Daley said when I hit the huddle. "Here's the sophomore sensation. Shall we give him his shot at fame and glory, Klinker?" Klinker was the quarterback. He didn't look at me.

"We need a TD," he said. "We got to put this baby on ice."

"Maybe Flash gets us a TD," Chuck said. "Try him, Klinker."

Klink looked at me then, hard. "Sixty-four," he said curtly.

THAT was me. That was Malone carrying the mail right over tackle. We lined up. I was nervous and rubbed my hands on my pants. Klinker was under the center.

"Uh-two, hut-two, hut-two," he said, and I could hear the Kansas linemen digging their cleats into the turf, and then the play exploded. I pivoted, faking, and swung back driving for the hole that was opening. As I got to the line Klinker slapped the ball against my chest and the hole was there and I was through and on my way. Watch this, Spud! I thought. And then the line-backer hit me in the gut like a ten-ton truck in high gear, and the ball squirted away from me. Kansas recovered my fumble on their forty, and nobody said anything to me. I got a bad break there, I thought.

Spud sent in three linemen and a safety man, but he didn't replace me, so I fell back to my defensive position. The first play came around my end. Chuck Daley knifed through behind the interference and forced the runner to swing wide. I was running hard, drifting to keep ahead of the play and coming up, and suddenly here came the guy on a sweet reverse that left Chuck sprawling on the sod. It was just me and him, maybe just me between the runner and our goal. I went at him fast and I hit him, but not solidly, not right, and he spun so that my fingers clawed his pants and I lost him. It was a lousy tackle, and when I got up he was through for a fifteen-yard gain.

"My fault, guys," Chuck said.

But nobody said anything to me. Nobody blamed me. I wished they had. I won't go into detail. There was a pass, and I knocked it down. There was another pass I tried to intercept and instead batted into the hands of the intended receiver for a first down on our thirty-three-yard line. There was an off-tackle slant and I was cut off my feet by a low block. And then Kansas Poly fumbled and Red Miller recovered the ball and we had another chance.

Klinker threw a jump pass to Chuck for nine yards. Benton, the fullback, picked up six, and three plays later we were in Kansas Poly territory with a good drive going. Then Klinker called old Natural Seven, the surprise play that always worked once every game, at least, for a long gain. It was a naked reverse with the right half taking a wide pitchout and going to the weak side after the end and line-backer had come through or drifted with the decoy play. Seven nearly always worked the first time, because Klinker saved it until we had a drive going and the other team was rushing hard. It depended on the halfback catching that long, lobbing, shovel pass on the dead run and getting past any lineman who smelled a mouse.

I know now that the reason it didn't work was because I tipped it off. I pointed, and I rubbed my hands on my pants and generally gave all the nervous little signals of a

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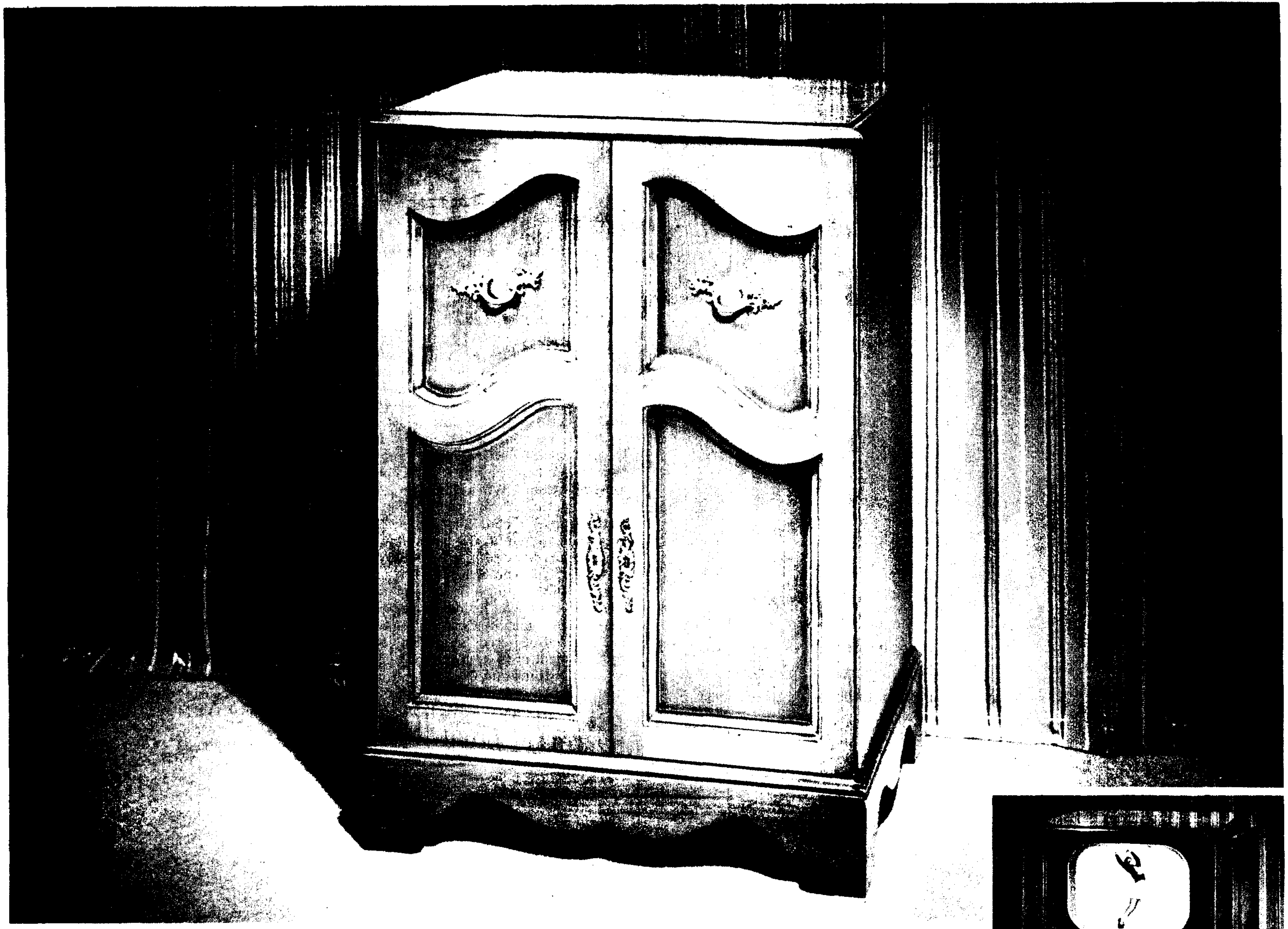

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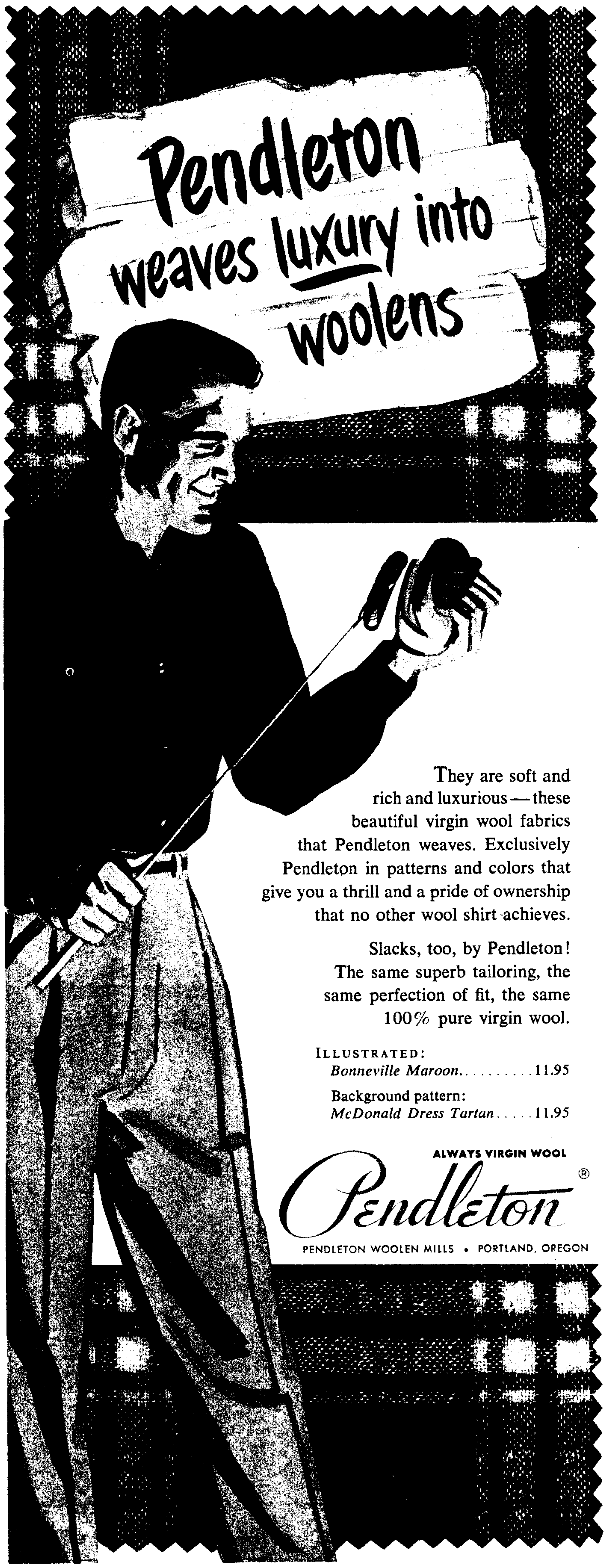
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man about to try latching onto a football. Anyhow, the KP right end gave our pet play a fishy stare and hung back, so when I got the pitchout and got going good, he was waiting for me, he was right on me.

I cut wide, fading deep, figuring I could outrun him. But he was an end and plenty fast, and when the sideline loomed in front of me I hadn't lost him, so I cut short and reversed, trying to fox him. He refused to be foxed, and by then a couple more Poly men were getting into the act. I went back to my right, hoping to pick up a couple of blocks, still fading—and the play lost nine yards. Even through the headgear, my ears must have looked like red neon signs.

Yank me, I thought, like a prayer. *Get me out of here before I really louse it up, Spud.*

BUT he didn't yank me, and all of a sudden I thought I was getting the answers, beginning to understand *why* he didn't yank me. He wanted me to learn it the hard way, and learn it good. I couldn't block; I was jittery; I telegraphed our plays; I had no timing on tackles—in short, I never had cared much for that part of football, and now when I needed to know it I didn't. And I wanted out of there desperately, now, because my father was risking his job, his whole future, for the benefit of his fatheaded son. He was sticking his neck out, and he was doing it for me.

Well, I didn't quit. I kept trying to hold up my end of things. And he left me in there until three plays later, when I got up dizzy from a missed tackle, but not so dizzy that I missed seeing the Kansas Poly runner angling across our goal line.

Dudek was coming in then, and I headed for the bench—but I went right on past the bench and kept going until I got in the dressing room. When I got in my hotel room I sprawled on the bed and bawled like a baby. I couldn't help it. I didn't even want to help it. I kept thinking: Spud Malone just kissed his job good-by, trying to wise up his knothead son.

I lay there hating myself, seeing my father, an ex-coach, trying to get a job as assistant to some guy that didn't have a big-headed, self-centered, egotistical son who was president of his own fan club. I washed up after a while, and I was just sitting there numbly when my father came in the room.

He lighted a cigar and sat on the bed beside me. "Sorry, kid," he said.

"*You're* sorry!" I said. "I'm the one that's sorry, Dad. I should drop dead."

He puffed on the cigar. "I overdid it," he said. "I wanted you to find out how things stacked up, but I didn't intend to give you such a rough go of it." He looked at me gravely. "Allan, today I elevated an individual above the group, and that's poor football—but I don't regret it if it worked."

"It worked," I said. "I know the score now, Dad."

He stared at the floor, his elbows on his knees. "I guess what I was really doing," he said slowly, "was trying to show you that you're more important to me than any coaching job. Did that filter into your steel-reinforced, vacuum-packed skull?"

All I could do was nod, miserably. Then he said, "Son, half of your trouble out there today was buck fever, and everybody has it the first time out, usually. The rest, well, you know about that now."

I knew about it. "In scrimmage," I said. "The boys— you didn't *tell* them to take it easy on me?" He scowled at me for asking such a stupid question. "They did, though," I said. "I didn't realize how they were throwing off in scrimmage, not really trying to tackle me most of the time, until I got up against some guys that didn't care *whose* son I was." And I was thinking: Your stupidity cost him his job, Flash.

"Being my son is a psychological handicap, all right," my father said. "Sure, the squad hesitated to smack you down—bad politics, and everybody plays politics one way or another. Take you, now—your worst trouble was that instead of really thinking I was discriminating against you, you actually felt, deep down, that I should discriminate in your favor, probably. Isn't that about the size of it, son?"

"Yes, sir," I said. He was being damned nice about the whole thing. I'd have felt a lot better if he'd chewed hell out of me. It's not much fun to meet yourself face to face the way I was doing. I wanted to sink through the floor and disappear.

"Dad," I said, "I feel I should check in my stuff."

"Like hell you will," he said, scowling at me. "I already told you. I'm counting on you for next year, dammit. Let's not have any talk about checking in anything."

"Oh, hell, Dad!" I said, getting all choked up. "I can't face the guys after losing their game. They had it won, until I loused it up."

"We didn't lose it, you knucklehead!" my father shouted at me impatiently. "Good coaching and teamwork paid off. The guys caught fire in the last quarter and shoved Poly all over the field. We won twenty-six to nineteen, in case you're interested."

"I'm interested," I said. "I didn't know the score."

He got up and looked at me, and grinned, and pushed his fist against my jaw. "You can say *that* again, chrome-dome," he said.

On the train going back, I cornered Chuck and Red and most of the other regulars and talked turkey to them, cold turkey, and they promised they would stop treating me like the coach's son and start smacking me but good in scrimmage. "It'll be a pleasure, kid," Chuck said, but he gave me a broad, friendly grin when he said it.

A nice crowd was waiting at the station at home to welcome the conquering heroes. But I didn't fall into that category, so I slunk off the other end of the Pullman. I knew they'd all been listening to the game on their radios when Malone fell on his big fat face. I wanted to live in virtual obscurity for a few days. I wanted to crawl into my hole and give my ego a chance to get convalescent. So I started to skirt the crowd and beat it. But then I saw Judy.

SHE was standing by her parents' car and Professor and Mrs. Essex were sitting in the front seat. Sometimes a guy has tough situations to handle, like suddenly meeting himself face to face nine yards back of where he started to be sensational. But right then, hearing the cheers for the guys who pulled my blooper out of the fire, I knew I had about the toughest assignment of all on my hands. I had to swallow what was left of my pride and do a little humble apologizing. I stopped sneaking away and went over to the car and put down my bag.

"Hello, Mrs. Essex," I said. "Hello, Professor Essex."

"Hello, Allan," they said, very nice about it, very friendly.

"Hello, Judy," I said, and she said, "Hello, Allan." Not Allie, see.

"Did you hear the game, I'm afraid?" I said. She nodded. "I was sensational," I said. She just looked at me, waiting, not smiling or anything, and I kept swallowing my pride. It was hard to keep down, but I finally got it to stay put. "Judy," I said, "I want to apologize. I'm terribly sorry, and you were awfully right, and I hope you can forgive me." Her parents were smiling vaguely, a little bewildered, I guess, but I didn't care any more. "Judy," I said, seeing how much I'd lost when I lost her, "Judy, I was a jerk."

"You sure were," she said, not smiling.

So that was that. I said, "Good night, Mrs. Essex—Professor Essex."

"Good night, Allan," they said.

"Good night, Judy," I said. It was still light but it was going to be a very dark, gruesome night, probably. I took one last wistful look at her and started away.

"Good night, Allan," she said. No change. No subtle inflection. No sign that maybe things could ever be the way they once had been. I kept going, holding myself straight, hiding how I felt. There was a cab, and I put my bag in it and looked back toward the car, and Judy's face was a shadowy blur. But she was looking at me. And all of a sudden I stopped feeling so empty and sad about it. If she liked me when I was a jerk, maybe she'd like me again if I stopped being a jerk. All the way home in the cab I thought about it, and I thought: It can be fixed. It isn't too late.

I paid the taxi driver and went up on the porch and opened the door and went in the house. Mom was sitting on the divan, crocheting or knitting or something, and she looked at me solemnly.

"Mom," I said. "Mom, have you got room here for a knotheaded, chuckle-witted, birdbrained idiot?"

She took off her glasses and wiped at her eyes with her finger tips. She knew about me—she always listened to the games. She wiped at her eyes and smiled—she always did have the loveliest smile you ever saw. "I guess there's always room for at least one more of those around here, baby," she said. "Welcome home, you idiot. Where's the other one?"

"He got caught in a meeting of my fan club," I said, grinning. "The coach will be a little late again tonight, Mom."

"Oh, well," she said. "I can't say I'm surprised." And she grinned at me, and I grinned at her. So that much of it was fine again.

I'm working on the rest of it, too. For instance, you know what the papers call me now, when they bother to call me anything? A promising *junior* prospect. And you know something? I think they're right this time. So far as the rest of it is concerned, I've got my fingers crossed. THE END

Pennsylvania's Rough, Tough Duff

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

he said, were "old-timers with the 1890 point of view, still believing that they can get together in their clubs and ivory towers, far removed from the street and the average guy, and get away with a lot of insincere double-talk."

Duff held out against Dewey until the third and final ballot. Then he went along. He had believed from the start that the New York governor would be nominated but he's no band-wagon rider—particularly, he says, when it's the wrong band wagon. Dewey, he said, won the votes of the reactionaries but lost the election.

Back again in Harrisburg he began to get the mock condolences of the Grundymen. See? See what happens to governors who think they can thumb their noses at Grundy? Yep, that was the end of Jim Duff. Well, he had defied the machine longer than anyone else. A nice guy, too, who might have got along fine if he'd just gone along like the others. Grundy might even have sent him to the Senate after his term as governor expired. Well, that's the way it goes with guys who fight Grundy.

Now that Jim Duff had got his comeuppance, maybe he'd listen to reason. Perhaps, now that he knew who was boss, he'd stop this nonsense about forcing mine operators to stop dumping coal waste in Pennsylvania's streams. And perhaps there'd be less talk about flood control, conservation, expensive school building and hospital modernization.

There was just one important thing that the Grundymen forgot—or didn't know—and that was that Jim Duff got back to Harrisburg as mad as a prodded bull. They have since learned that you can't play rough with Duff and emerge looking anything like you did before.

He put through a highway program which moved Pennsylvania among the best of all the 48 states. In doing this he eliminated highway bottlenecks coming into cities, straightened main traffic highways through the rural areas and built more farm-to-market roads, taking the farmers out of the mud, than any previous administration. He added 167 miles to the great Pennsylvania turnpike that will some day connect Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. He launched and has almost completed the greatest program to free Pennsylvania's streams of pollution ever undertaken by a state.

When he went into office, about eight out of every 10 residents of Pennsylvania were drinking water from streams choked with mine and industrial waste and the sewage from communities, jails, hospitals and other public institutions. Duff's engineers are now removing 1,200,000 tons of filth every month from the Schuylkill River, which serves almost a quarter of the people of the state. Today there is fishing in Pennsylvania streams in which for the past 50 years no fish could live.

Duff's administration increased the state's financial contribution to public schools by 60 per cent, to the School Employees Retirement Fund by 217 per cent and to the education of the deaf, blind and cerebral palsied by 69 per cent.

He had established camps for underprivileged boys, set up a clinic for the treatment of children born with harelips and cleft palates and another for children with rheumatic hearts. The changes he brought about in mental institutions such as Philadelphia's revolting Byberry, where even the inspecting doctors sent by Duff vomited, have fetched observers from other states to see what can be done.

Naturally the Grundy machine could not deplore these improvements as such, but they could and did predict that Duff's program would bankrupt the state and drive away industries which would be taxed to death to pay the bill. Duff answered that by producing a treasury surplus of $63,000,000 and showing that nearly 3,000 new industries had moved into Pennsylvania, to a large extent because of Duff's water purification and flood-control work and because Pennsylvania, third richest state, was still twelfth lowest in per capita tax load.

The Wake Wasn't a Success

Then came the primaries. The wake, rejoicingly held by the Grundymen over the supposed political cadaver of Jim Duff after Dewey's nomination, had not lasted long. Dewey's defeat at the polls had dampened the celebration. But the real reason was that the corpse had got up and kicked the celebrants out. Now for the finishing touches which were to end the Quay-Penrose-Grundy dynasty.

Even if the Duff-Fine ticket is defeated in November, the Democrats would take over the governorship for the next four years. Moreover Grundy is eighty-seven years old. His political chief of staff Gilbert Mason Owlett, Republican National Committeeman, lacks the political experience to continue the old boss's methods. Besides, many important members of the machine have wandered far from the rigid rule of Grundy.

Thus when the primary fight started, Duff took steady aim at his wavering foe and began firing. Before he had finished he had not only heavily damaged the machine but had bagged a surprise victim who had insisted on getting into the line of fire—Harold Edward Stassen, president of the University of Pennsylvania and aspirant to the Presidency of the United States.

Wheedling money out of the pockets of rich Pennsylvanians and into the treasury of the university is one of Stassen's major jobs. Quite naturally, then, he courts those who have it—Grundymen, for example. But Stassen has endless difficulty keeping his love for the political spotlight separated from his austere duties as head of the university.

At the height of the battle, he stepped to the microphone to broadcast the Grundy theme song—that the Duff administration

"I was watching an international beauty contest, when suddenly..."
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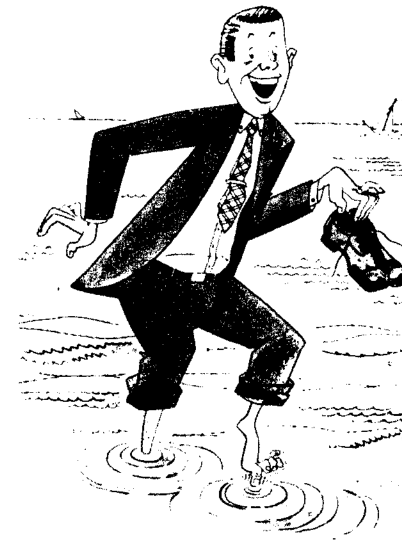

Ah-h-h! FEELS G-O-O-D...

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would sink Pennsylvania $90,000,000 in the red before it was through. Former Governors Martin and Arthur Horace James (Grundyites) also had been sniping at the Duff regime. Duff roared:

"Well, bless my soul! The Grundy-Owlett gang have dragged poor li'l Arthur James—old high-button shoes—out of the moth balls to speak for their stooges. Now they've pulled Minnesota Harold Stassen out of the carpetbag. How come? Aren't Cooke and Koonkel (Kunkel) able to take care of themselves? Everybody knows that the Grundy-Owlett Charlie McCarthys read ghostwritten speeches. Now they are even getting somebody else to read *for* them."

Then concentrating on Stassen, Duff called on Dr. Edward Logan, the state's budget secretary and holdover from the Grundy administration of Governor (now Senator) Martin, to furnish the reply to Stassen. Dr. Logan, who has the economist's customary scorn for purely political statistics, solemnly denied that there were any signs of any deficit whatever. And after asking Stassen to tell the source of his statement about state finances, and getting no answer, Duff told Stassen he ought to be ashamed of himself. Said he:

"For the president of this university to defame the financial condition of Pennsylvania at a time when the university has received such conspicuous generosity from the state makes his action grossly improper, even if what he said were true. But when he makes statements that are grossly untrue and falsely misrepresent the financial condition of the state, then in my judgment it is a matter to which the trustees of the university should give their most serious consideration."

Further, firing away at Stassen and all Grundymen who were predicting financial disaster, Duff called upon the important Philadelphia banking house of Drexel & Company to say a few words. Drexel & Company, a most conservative establishment, financial advisers to the University of Pennsylvania, backed up Dr. Logan and announced tersely that the finances of the state were in excellent condition.

Kunkel Makes Graft Charges

That disposed of, Mr. Duff turned his attention to Congressman Kunkel. One night in April, Kunkel had told the people of Pennsylvania that Duff had secretly made a deal "to hand control of the state government over to political corruptionists." He was referring to Duff's choice of Judge Fine for governor. The election of Judge Fine, who is senior warden of St. George's Episcopal Church in Nanticoke, and vice-president of the Pennsylvania Council of Churches, would, he said, "spell a four-year field day for corruption—a four-year license to pillage and plunder." Both Governor Duff and Judge Fine were admittedly startled by the news.

However, Judge Fine comes from Luzerne County, in the eastern part of the state, where, until relatively recently, racketeering in gambling, prostitution and liquor has flourished in frank defiance of the law. These evil elements, shouted Kunkel, were supporting Judge Fine who, in return, was going to turn the state over to them. Former Governor James, who too lives in Luzerne County, took up the cry. Neither Kunkel nor James mentioned the fact that the racketeering was blazing while James was district attorney in Luzerne or that Luzerne had given enthusiastic support to Grundy-supported governors in the past. Kunkel cried: "If you doubt anything I say tonight, let me suggest that you ask Judge Fine's neighbors what they think!"

This last invitation was a tactical blunder. Taking Kunkel at his word, his hearers began asking Judge Fine's neighbors. Among the very first to ask was Duff who, by now, was being greeted by his speaking-tour audiences with "Lay on, Mac Duff." Within a few days the answer came from 117 clergymen of all faiths.

"We, the undersigned, do hereby declare that the Honorable John S. Fine has been a good neighbor to all the people of Luzerne County of whatever faith; that he has rendered outstanding service to his county and state throughout the years he has held public office; that he is a person of high moral character and integrity; that as his neighbors we take pride in the splendid record of his achievements. We believe that his experience, ability and high moral character eminently qualify him for the high office of governor of Pennsylvania."

And that, in its turn, was that. The Grundy orators knew without coaching that only additional headaches would be the reward of calling 117 clergymen liars—even implicatively. Pittsburgh and Philadelphia newspapers investigated. So did the F.B.I. Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne's biggest community, still had sin spots but Judge Fine was pure.

It was one of the noisiest primary campaigns in Pennsylvania's raucous political history. It should have been, too; it cost enough. Iowa's Democratic senator, Guy Gillette, chairman of the Senate subcommittee on Privileges and Elections, sent an agent to get the figures. He has given no indication there will be an investigation. The total contributions to both Republican factions were $1,664,752.59. Twelve hundred and seventy-four people contributed $824,775.53 to the Grundy cause. More than half of this sum came from five sources —Grundy, Owlett, Cooke and Congressman Kunkel and his business partner. Grundy gave $102,100. Congressman Kunkel and his business partner came in with $103,300. Cooke contributed $167,250 and Owlett, $62,000.

The Duff-Fine ticket was supported by 13,142 contributors, more than 10 times as many as Grundy's, who contributed $839,977.06. There were only five contributions greater than $3,000. The most generous donor to the Duff side was R. K. Mellon, a banker of Pittsburgh—$7,750. There was a heavy stream of contributions of from $1 to $100.

Not only in Pennsylvania but in Republican National Headquarters in Washington, Duff is an irritating noise in the ears of the ultraconservative. He warns them that they've really heard nothing yet:

"If the Republican party is going to win nationally it must get rid of the old-fogy thinking at the top. These congealed minds still operate, when they operate, in terms of 1900. They have not won a Republican victory at the national level for 20 years. They are not going to win one either, because they refuse to think in terms of the common people. They still think in terms of the dollar mark. Of course it is wise and right to be careful of money in private as well as public affairs. No one is more opposed than I am to the something-for-nothing domestic policy of our current federal administration. But we Republicans must realize that there are certain vitally necessary things that must be done for the people as a whole —for the average guy. The dollar mark must not be the symbol of the Republican party. A party house cleaning is called for. Let's have it. This movement in Pennsylvania must be contagious. It can set the nation afire, revitalize the Republican party and bring us victory this year and in 1952. That is where I stand and there I shall remain."

Criticized for Bankruptcy

The tremendous and apparently inexhaustible energy of this old Scotch Covenanter has led him into a variety of private activities. He still lives in the town where he was born in 1883—Carnegie, Pennsylvania. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman. Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania and the University of Pittsburgh combined to make him a lawyer. Among his clients were a number of oilmen. He left his law offices to join them in the fields. Between oil strikes and real-estate developments he became a rich man only to go broke in 1930 along with a vast throng of other Americans. That he went through bankruptcy was one of the Grundy condemnations of him in his fight against the machine. Said Duff:

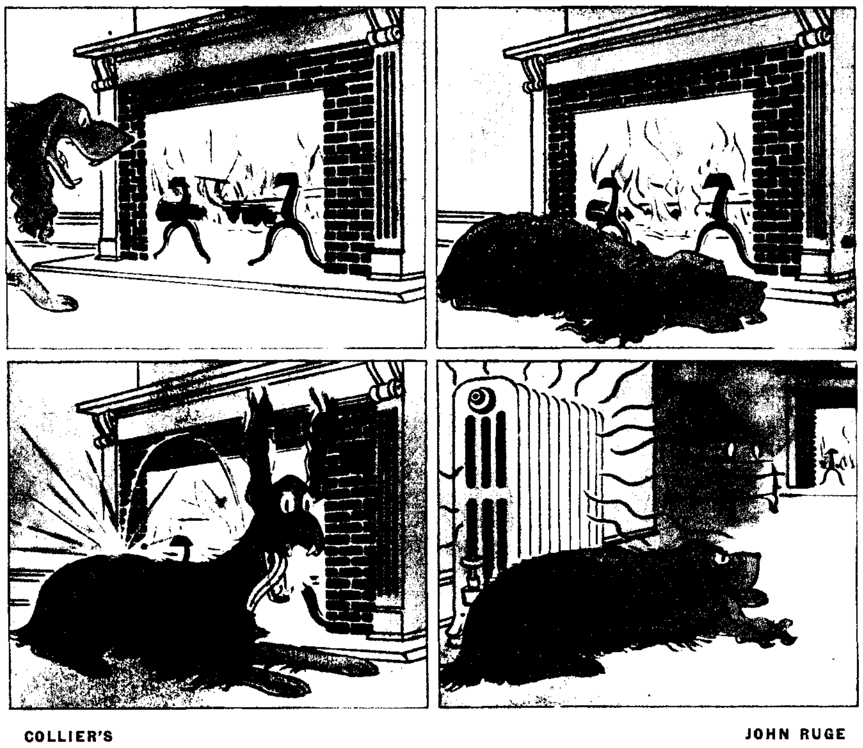
"Our opponents in the primary fight, Cooke and Kunkel, are bankers. They certainly should be well acquainted with a lot of 1929-1930 bankruptcies. Yep, I went broke. So what—Koonkel? So what—Cooke? Am I the only man you know who did?"

After bankruptcy, Mr. Duff went back to his law offices; the clangor of the oil fields still is music in his ears. Within the past few years he ventured into them again. Today he has interests in several producing fields of oil and natural gas.

If he goes to the Senate, he undoubtedly will attract plenty of attention. For the immediate present his paramount interest is in electing Judge Fine to succeed him in Harrisburg.

"That's important," says he. "What happens to me isn't." THE END

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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Here's why:

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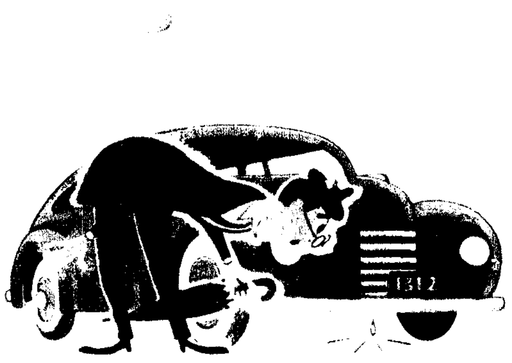
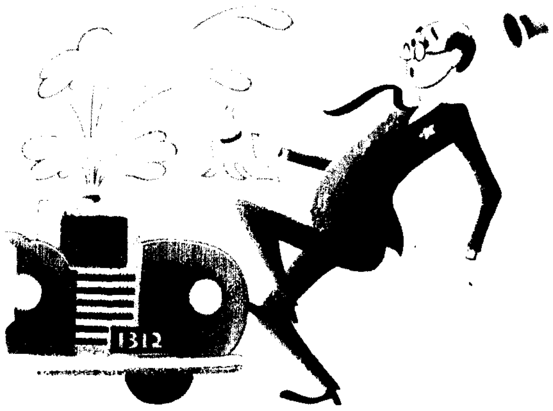
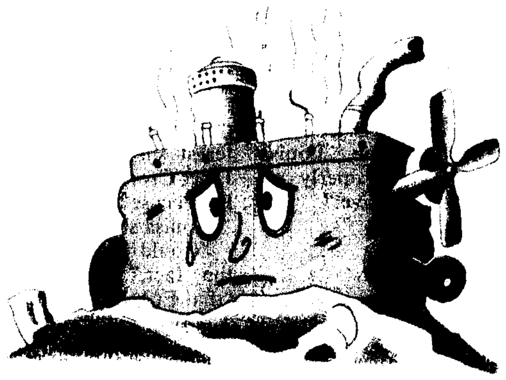


2. But suppose there are leaks—maybe in the radiator—the hose connections—or the pump . . .

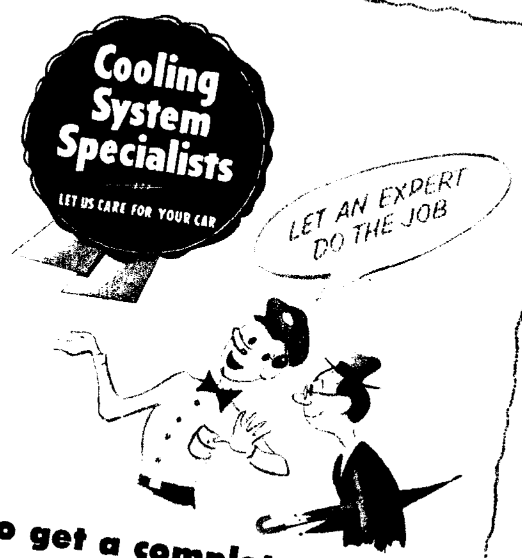


3. Or suppose there's rust clogging the water jacket or those tiny passages in the radiator—causing serious overheating . . .

4. And you lose the anti-freeze you spent your good money to buy . . .



5. Then what have you got?—No protection—maybe a ruined engine block—your car out of commission—heavy expense to you.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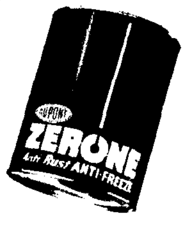

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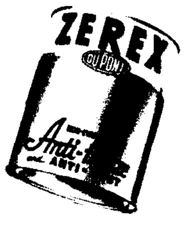

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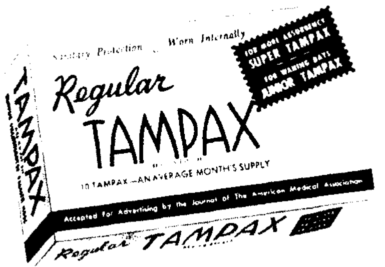
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To Live Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

have been able to compose yourself overnight."

"I'm all right." Louisa spoke without her ingratiating simper, almost rudely. Her hesitation of the previous day was gone, as though she had been admonished and fortified. She stood up in the box and boldly returned Grahame's gaze.

"We were speaking," said Grahame, "of your acquaintance with Janet Crombie, the maid employed by the murdered woman. You saw a good deal of her before, and during the trial?"

"How could I help it? We were together most of the time."

"Ah! You were together. Then you talked over the case with her?"

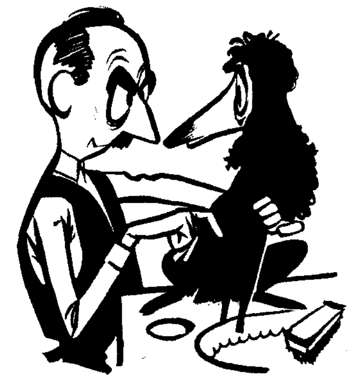
"No. We never mentioned it once."

Grahame raised his brows slightly. "That is a most surprising statement. However, we shall let it pass. Did you discuss the case with Miss Crombie after the trial?"

"No," she answered flatly.

"I must warn you," Grahame said steadily, "that you are under oath and that the penalties for perjury are severe."

On Washing a Dog



One reason for my lack of glee is
I wind up just as wet as he is.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

"My lords, I protest that insinuation." The Lord Advocate half rose. "It is calculated to intimidate the witness."

"Did you and Miss Crombie *never* talk about the case?" Grahame insisted.

"Well"—for the first time Louisa dropped her eyes—"I don't properly remember. I suppose we might have."

"In other words, you did?"

"Perhaps."

"And often?"

"Yes."

"On the night of the murder, when the man rushed past Janet Crombie in the hall, she did not challenge him. Did she never tell you why?"

"No," Louisa answered loudly.

"The natural inference would be that he was not a stranger to her. Did she never tell you that she knew the man? Or address him as 'the master'?"

"Never."

"She did not, in confidence, whisper a name to you?"

"No."

"She never, at any time, named an individual who had frequently visited her mistress at the flat?"

"No."

Grahame looked gravely at the witness. "In the light of certain information now in our possession, I must again caution you to be careful. I repeat—did she never name an individual to you?"

Louisa was shaken. She muttered, "I've told you no. I can't do no more." And all at once she burst into tears.

Once more the Lord Advocate protested. "My lords, I strenuously object to the means being employed to intimidate this witness."

A faint flush rose to Grahame's cheek. He answered spiritedly, "Perhaps the Lord Advocate feels that I am usurping his prerogative. There have been days, in this very court, when I have heard an agent of the crown using witnesses as a terrier might use a rat, reducing them to such a state of agitation and confusion they simply did not know what they were saying. If only for that reason I am endeavoring to afford this witness the utmost consideration and I can assure Your Lordships that she will need it."

Silence followed these words. The Lord Advocate glanced toward the bench, but for once the Lord Chief Justice did not intervene.

Grahame waited until Louisa had dried her eyes. "When the trial was over and you had received from the police your reward of two hundred and fifty pounds, what did you do?" he asked.

"I can't remember."

"Perhaps I can refresh your memory. Did you go on a holiday to Blackpool with Janet Crombie?"

"I think I did."

"And when this vacation was over, Janet Crombie accepted an excellent situation, which had been offered her, in a private house in Winton?"

"Yes."

"Who was the owner of that house?"

LOUISA'S defiance was gone. For a long moment the name seemed to stick in her throat. With difficulty, she brought it out: "Mr. Enoch Oswald."

"And did not Mr. Oswald behave with remarkable kindness toward Janet Crombie, marry her to his head gardener, then ship her off to Australia?"

"I think he treated her handsome," Louisa mumbled.

"And you?" asked Grahame suavely. "Were you not treated by him with equal consideration? Given a good position in his household, then, in the fullness of time, married off and almost, but not quite, dispatched to that same remote continent?"

As Louisa muttered an assent, a further stir passed through the court. Every eye was fixed on Grahame as he asked:

"Can you account for the remarkable interest shown by Mr. Oswald in you and Janet Crombie, the two key witnesses of the Engel case?"

Louisa shook her head dumbly.

"Could it be in any way connected with the fact," Grahame asked temperately, "that Enoch Oswald was the landlord of the flat occupied by Mona Spurling?"

Again Louisa gave no answer. There was a mortal stillness in the court.

"Mr. Oswald was fairly regular in his calls at that flat, coming, no doubt, in the way of business, to collect his monthly rent, to see to the comfort of his tenant. Since he came usually of an evening, he must have been quite well known to Janet Crombie, who was then Miss Spurling's maid."

"I—I suppose so."

Then, like a knife thrust: "Was Oswald Miss Spurling's lover?"

"What if he was?" Louisa moaned. "It had nothing to do with me."

There was a stir and a murmur in the courtroom.

Grahame waited. "One last question," he said casually, as a kind of afterthought. "We have heard mention, yesterday and today, of a left-handed man. Is Mr. Oswald left-handed?"

A hush fell upon the court. Louisa was at the end of her resources. "Yes, he is!" she screamed. "And I don't care who knows it."

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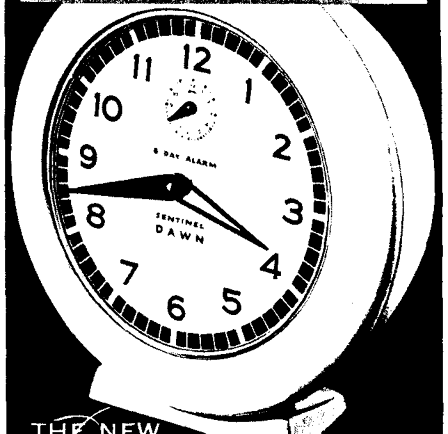

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Then she became hysterical. Immediately, the court seethed with excitement. Reporters picked up their notes and hurried toward the telephone outside.

When Louisa had been assisted from the stand, there was a dramatic pause, then Grahame turned toward the bench to deliver his final address.

"I must thank this court for its indulgence in bearing with me so long. Now I shall be brief. My lords, we, in our judicial system, pride ourselves upon the principle that any man is presumed innocent until he is found guilty. The burden of proof rests upon the crown.

"But what, my lords, if the crown should fail to fulfill its function honestly? What if the officers of the law, having apprehended a suspected individual, should use every trick of the statutes, every method of pressure and persecution, to show that they are right, that they have, in truth, brought to book the guilty party?

"The crown, my lords, has great resources at its command—brains, money, and unquestioned authority. Its agents, being human, are anxious—not only to justify their legitimate suspicions—but to advance themselves, and to stand well in the public eye. The experts whom it engages, men of the highest quality, are nevertheless influenced by the prevailing mood. The police doctor, asked by the crown to examine a knife, hammer or bludgeon, rarely says outright: 'There is no blood upon this weapon.' But rather: 'The material was inadequate for conclusive tests.' Or even: 'There were traces of a substance which might have been blood.' In short, my lords, unconsciously, a biased attitude of mind develops, an attitude hostile and prejudicial to the suspected man.

"My lords, it is my contention that the crown's conduct of the case against Leon Engel was calculated to prevent, and did prevent, a fair trial. Inadequate as my outline of the facts has been, Your Lordships cannot but conclude from it that prejudicial misstatements, including suggestions of the gravest kind, were made by the prosecutor in the course of the trial, and in particular in his speech to the jury."

As Grahame paused, Paul threw a quick glance toward Sprott. The prosecutor's ruddy face had turned pale as death. What were his thoughts? Of his present humiliation? Of a career, broken short and shattered; of political ambitions finally blasted; of a beloved wife who had left that morning to join her children, leaving only a note which contained the word "divorce"?

"It is, moreover, my submission," Grahame resumed, "that the presiding judge at the trial, in charging the jury, misdirected them in law—his charge, in fact, was inadequate and misleading. He failed to direct the attention of the jury to the grave irregularities attending the alleged identification.

"As to the police, not only did they willfully ignore the crucial issue of identification, but it is quite clear that they had in their possession evidence favorable to your petitioner, and that they deliberately withheld this evidence, to the grave prejudice of the prisoner."

Grahame suddenly extended his right hand toward the bench.

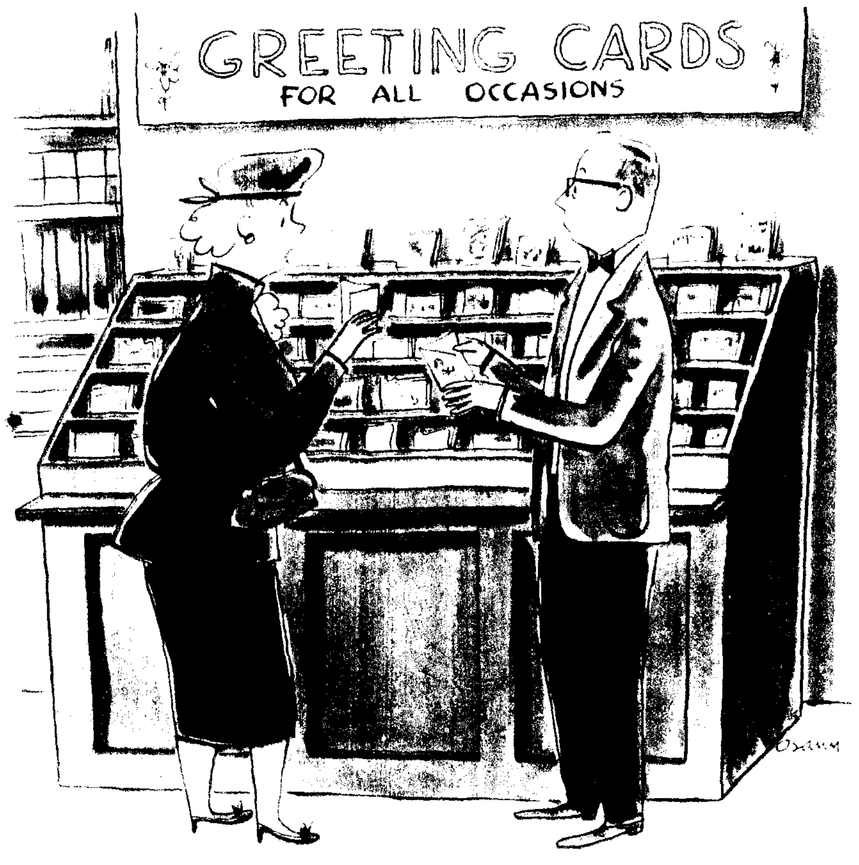
"My lords, Engel did not do the murder. From our investigation and analysis of the trial, it is clear that he is innocent, the victim of a ghastly travesty of justice. The witness Burt now stands before you a self-convicted perjurer and, driven from her morass of lies, she has indicated only too plainly the real perpetrator of the crime.

"My lords, I am not an agent of the police, nor is it part of my duty to hale the guilty party before this court, but I have led evidence of sufficient weight to enable me to name that party. Let the authorities seek out that man, and the last shadow of doubt will be removed. My lords, I entreat you to redress this awful wrong and to proclaim the innocence of Leon Engel."

GRAHAME sat down amid intense silence, then the hush was broken by a storm of cheering. Only by threatening to clear the court was the uproar finally stilled.

When order was restored, the Lord Advocate, having completed a long consultation with his colleagues, got reluctantly to his feet for the crown. It was plain he did not relish his task, yet was constrained to put as good a face on it as possible. He spoke for barely an hour, a strain of bitterness running through his affected moderation. By contrast with Grahame's masterly address, it was a flat and makeshift effort. When he sat down, the Lord Chief Justice immediately adjourned the court so that Their Lordships might confer before announcing their decision.

It was four o'clock before Their Lord-



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"Where's that ad about the new social security law?"

"Jim, stop tearing up the house! What's the matter?"

"I can't find this week's Collier's! It's got a Mutual Life ad on Social Security."

"But you've been paying for Social Security for years and you were never excited about it before."

"This is something new. The Government has changed the Social Security law and I want to know how it affects me. Besides, the ad said something about The Mutual Life's INSURED INCOME—a method they have of combining Social Security benefits and other assets with life insurance. Where *is* that ad?"

"Please relax, darling. You've got the magazine in your hand."

* * *

Yes, this advertisement you are now holding in your hand can help you find out how much money your Social Security is worth under the new law.

These new and bigger benefits give you a better-than-ever start toward a comfortable retirement at 65—or protection for your family if you're not around. See your Mutual Life Field Underwriter, an expert in teaming up Social Security and such other assets as savings with life insurance for family security.

LEARN WHAT THE *New Expanded Social Security* MEANS TO YOU!

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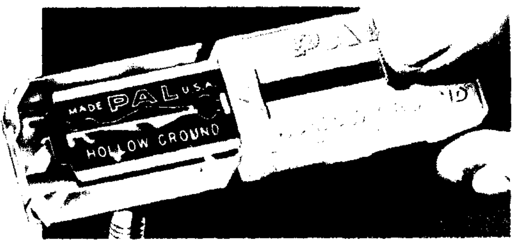

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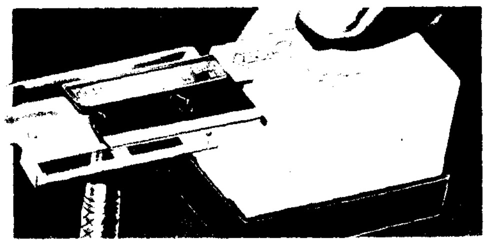

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in magazine injector
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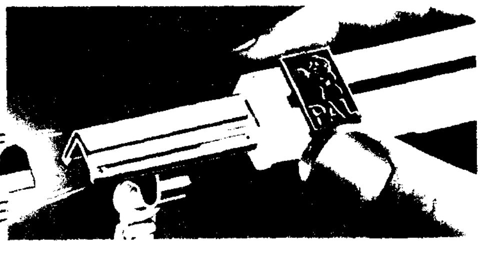
10 for 39¢
6 for 25¢
(trial size)



PAL HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR BLADES
"Your Best Blade Buy"

ships returned to the court. The Lord Chief Justice delivered the verdict.

"The case," he announced, "is one of great difficulty, presenting an unusually complex issue."

There was a long pause. Paul's heart was pounding. He looked at his father, who, his ear cupped in his hand, was listening with a kind of painful desperation.

The judge continued, "However, the court is of the opinion that the instructions given in the charge by the public prosecutor and the presiding judge amounted to misdirections in law. We believe also that the new facts here disclosed are material to the issue. We announce, therefore, that the judgment of the court before whom the appellant was convicted should be set aside."

A babble of excitement rose in the courtroom. Dunn and McGowan were smiling, shaking hands with each other, with Nigel Grahame, with Paul. People crowded round to pat him on the back. Old Prusty came up and wheezily embraced him. Ella Fleming and Paul's mother, close together, looked bewildered, and still ashamed. The pastor, his eyes closed, sat as if in prayer. Urie, more than ever stone-faced, seemed dazed by the blow. Sprott left the scene as unobtrusively as possible.

Suddenly Paul made out, with a rush of joy, Mrs. Hastie and Lena, smiling and waving to him. So she was back at last! He could not reach them through the crowd; they were being pushed toward the farthest exit, but he waved and smiled to them.

Then he went toward that broken man, his father, sitting with bowed head amid the hubbub, as though not yet comprehending that no one would ever again call him a murderer.

PAUL got back to the hotel at four o'clock. He felt himself in a state of unreality, faced with a future that remained unclear.

As he came along the corridor leading to the end wing of the hotel, he saw Ella's luggage standing ready and, through the half-open door, he made out his mother, engaged in packing, in her room. When he entered the sitting room he found Ella seated there, wearing her hat and gloves, looking determined.

The sight of her seemed to crystallize all his uncertainty. He went to the sideboard and took a drink of water from the carafe.

"Well, it's all over now."

"I should hope so." Sitting very erect, with her lips drawn down, she gave her head a sharp little toss. "And none too soon, either."

"I know it hasn't been pleasant, Ella," he said. "But we had to go through with it."

"Oh, we had, had we? That's what you think. But I don't. I think it's all been completely unnecessary. More than that. It's all been your fault. You started it. You went on with it, in spite of everybody. And what have you got out of it? Nothing."

"Surely it's something to have won our case."

"What good will that do you? You heard how they wrapped it up—they all stick together, these lawyers. You'll have to go to Parliament to get any money. And even if they grant it, *you'll* never touch it."

He flushed with indignation but forced himself to answer quietly. "I'm not interested in the money. All I wanted was to vindicate my father. And I've done it."

"That's a fat lot of good. The way he's been carrying on, you'd have been better if you'd left him where he was, if you're so concerned about his reputation. He's just shown up for what he is—a drunken, disgusting old man."

"Ella! The prison did it. He wasn't always that way."

"Well, he's that way now," she answered with a flare of temper. "And I've had more than enough of it. It was bad enough when he was a convict. But at least he was out of the way then. People never saw him, never even knew about him. And then, like a fool—yes, like a blundering fool—you had to get him out. And for what? Why, even in the court he had to make an exhibition of himself. That's why the judges treated us as though we were dirt. I was never so ashamed and humiliated in my life!"

He gazed at her in silence. He saw that she was quite incapable of grasping the real issues involved. Nor had she the least consideration for the sacrifices he had made, the struggle that had been waged. She took into account only the injury to her own petty vanity. And because of that, she threw cheap taunts and reproaches at him. Was he really, in honor, committed to her?

Instinctively he contrasted her with Lena—so fine and generous, so heedless of herself. Ella was pretty—but also she was shallow, common and mean.

"Come along, then." Mollified a little by his failure to "answer back," she spoke in a milder tone. "Get your things packed."

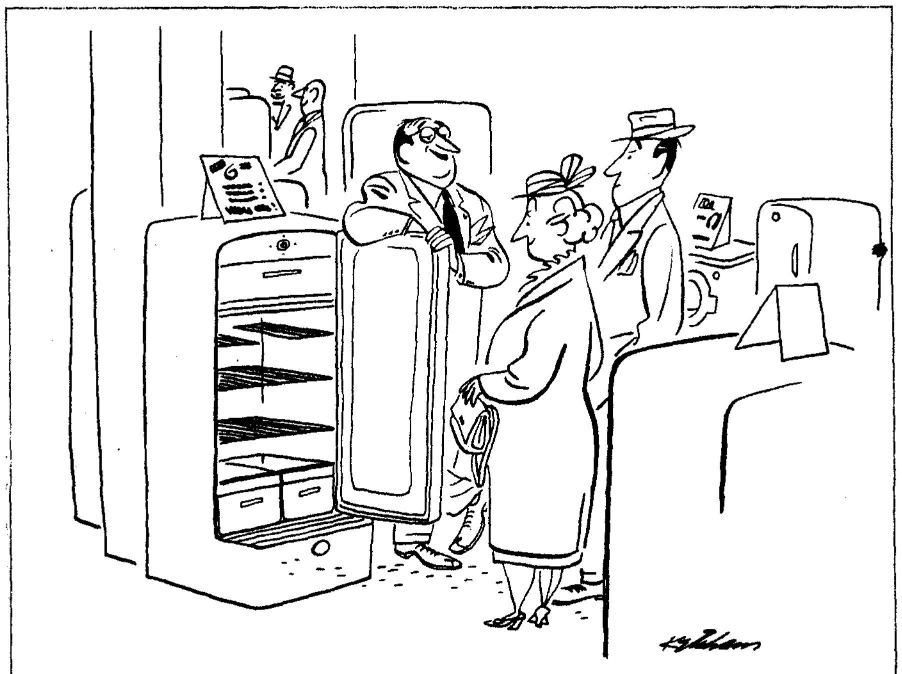
"What for?"

"Because we're leaving, silly. There's nothing to wait for. Mr. Dunn has settled up the hotel bill—and well he might. We're taking the seven-o'clock boat."

He looked at her steadily. "I can't leave him, Ella."

Her eyes flashed. "If you don't, Paul, I warn you, you'll be sorry. I've put up with a good deal for your sake because of our love. But I can go so far, and no further."

While she continued to reproach him, the door opened. Mr. Fleming and Paul's



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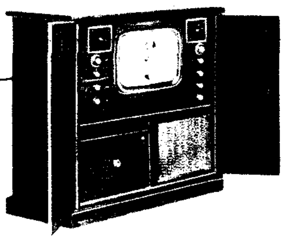

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mother came into the room. Both were dressed for the journey.

The minister glanced from Paul to his daughter. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, it's everything," Ella cried. "After all that we've done for him here, Paul says he isn't coming back with us."

A troubled expression came into Fleming's eyes. During these last weeks he had suffered considerably. He had hoped to regenerate Engel and, despite all his efforts, all his prayers, he had failed. The situation left him baffled. He temporized. "Don't you think you have done enough, my boy? You have worked so—so nobly."

"Oh, yes, Paul," his mother pleaded in a subdued voice. "Come with us."

"If he doesn't come now," Ella broke in, "he never will."

"Be quiet, Ella." Fleming rebuked her with a touch of anger. "Is there no end to your selfishness?"

She burst into tears. "So far as I'm concerned, it is the end. It means he cares more for that awful old man than he does for me. I'll never speak to him again."

Pale and frowning slightly, Fleming made an effort to gather up the strands of his thoughts, to pacify his daughter. But it was useless. Ella was too far gone in temper and vexation to heed his words. And Paul's mother, completely stricken by her recent trials, was now too cast down to aid him. She desired nothing but escape.

A few minutes later they were gone.

Paul could scarcely believe it. The breaking of his bond with Ella took an immense load from his heart. Alone in the room, he sank into a chair with a sigh of relief.

As he sat there, deep in thought, he heard a heavy step in the passage. The door opened, and, slowly, Engel came in.

Paul gazed at his father in surprise. Usually it was after midnight when he found his way back, uncertainly, to the hotel.

ENGEL was quite sober, but he seemed tired, slower in his movements, wearing a strangely disheartened air. He advanced sluggishly to a chair, sat down, and darted a glance at Paul from beneath his ragged brows. He seemed to wait for Paul to address him, but when Paul said nothing, he asked, "Have they cleared out?"

"Yes."

"Good riddance." He paused, then added, with a touch of his usual ungraciousness, "What keeps you hanging around? I suppose you want some of my cash when I get it?"

"That's it," Paul agreed calmly.

He had found this the best way of dealing with his father's sardonic thrusts. And the answer silenced Engel. But from time to time he darted queer glances at his son.

"Don't you ever eat anything?" Almost in desperation Engel put the question.

"Yes," Paul answered. "I was just going to order something for myself."

"Then order for me too."

Concealing the strange surge of feeling which now swept him, Paul ordered two dinners sent up. Deliberately, he made no comment to Engel, but took up a book while the table was being set.

Presently the meal arrived, and they sat down to it in silence. Engel ate with less than his usual appetite and after a little his efforts seemed to flag. Without finishing his dessert, he rose and went over to the armchair, where he slowly filled and lighted the pipe which he had recently adopted. His lumpy figure sagged into the weak springs. He looked like an old, done man.

"Aren't you wondering why I'm in tonight?" he inquired, after a while. "Now the show's over, I ought to be out on the town."

"Nothing you do surprises me."

While he continued to use that indifferent tone which he knew would most provoke Engel to continue, he got up from the table and took a chair nearer to him, on the opposite side of the fireplace.

"I'm about sick of that gang I've been running around with," Engel said with bitterness. "All they're doing is making a mug of me. They keep telling me what a great man I am, then they order the drinks and let me pay for them. A dirty lot of spongers. The women are the worst. What do they care? Not a cursed thing. They'd take your last penny, and laugh at you."

Suddenly, to Paul's concern and distress, Engel's chest gave a great convulsive heave, and his stiff face began to work pitiably.

"What a washout it was today! I got no satisfaction. All these dressed-up lawyers with their fancy talk. Why wouldn't they let me speak? They were only laughing up their sleeves at me. I'm a freak—don't fit in anywhere. I'll never be any good. I'm finished and done for."

Paul felt his heart melt. But this weakness in his father, this gleam of hope was too precious to be wasted by an equal weakness, an answering show of feeling.

"You're certainly not done for." He waited long enough for this to sink in. "What you've had to go through has changed you a lot. But you're not an old man. It's up to you to readjust your ideas and go in for what really suits you."

"Nothing suits me," Engel muttered. "I've a good mind to finish myself."

"That would be a fine way to repay me for all that I've done for you."

Engel raised his gray head, which was bowed upon his chest, and stole a look at his son. "Yes," he muttered, "you've been good to me, you have."

"Shoot yourself, if you want to," Paul continued in a cutting tone. "But it seems to me there's a better idea. You'll be getting a lump sum soon. Why don't you buy yourself a little farm in the country—get out in the fresh air, have your own place, your own chickens and eggs—forget about hating people—"

"I couldn't do it," Engel said in a husky voice.

"Yes, you could," Paul exclaimed. "And I'll help you. I'll try and get a teaching job near you and then I can be on hand if you need me."

Engel was silent. Again he stole that strange, shrinking look at Paul. His lips trembled. "I'm all in," he said at last. "I think I'll go to bed."

Paul felt his heart lift, as at a great victory. What had caused his father to break down like this he could not guess—he had not dared to hope for it.

He looked directly at his father, keeping his voice steady. "Yes, do. You'll feel better after a good sleep."

Engel got to his feet. His gaze shifted. "In the country—" he said haltingly, "with chickens and a cow—it would be nice—but could I?"

"Yes," Paul said firmly.

"All right," Engel said quietly. "Now I'll go and turn in." He paused, as though struck by something, lifted his head, and looked into the distance.

"Do you remember, son—on Jesmond Dene—when we used to sail the boats?"

He gave Paul a shamed, contorted look and shambled out of the room.

FOR a few minutes Paul remained in the sitting room, filled with new hope for the future. Dear God, if only he could carry his plan through, how good it would be for all of them. The picture of a rural schoolhouse set on a hill above green meadows was perhaps an idyllic vision, yet it grew upon him with greater insistency.

With a quick movement, he rose, switched out the lights and left the hotel. Outside, the last of the daylight lingered, and Paul hurried toward Lena's house.

Mrs. Hastie admitted him. "Yes," she said, "she's here. She got in just a few hours ago. Congratulations on the verdict."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hastie."

He moved toward the stairs and a moment later stood upon the threshold of Lena's room. She was alone, her head slightly averted as she sat, in meditation, by the window. Her young figure, soft and supple, was outlined against the dying light.

"Lena."

Swiftly, she spun round, and, as he came toward her, holding out his hands, a warm color flooded her cheeks. He could not speak for the rushing in his ears, the absurd, awkward lump rising in his throat. He loved her, longed with all his soul to hold her closely. What did the past matter?

She was the first to break the silence.

"It's over, Paul—and so wonderful. I followed it all in the paper. Oh, I'm glad—glad—for your sake and his. Is he all right—your father?"

"He will be," he said. "Oh, Lena—how good it is to see you again!"

They sat down together on the little couch. He was still holding her hands. Her nearness set his heart racing faster.

"You've been away too long," he said.

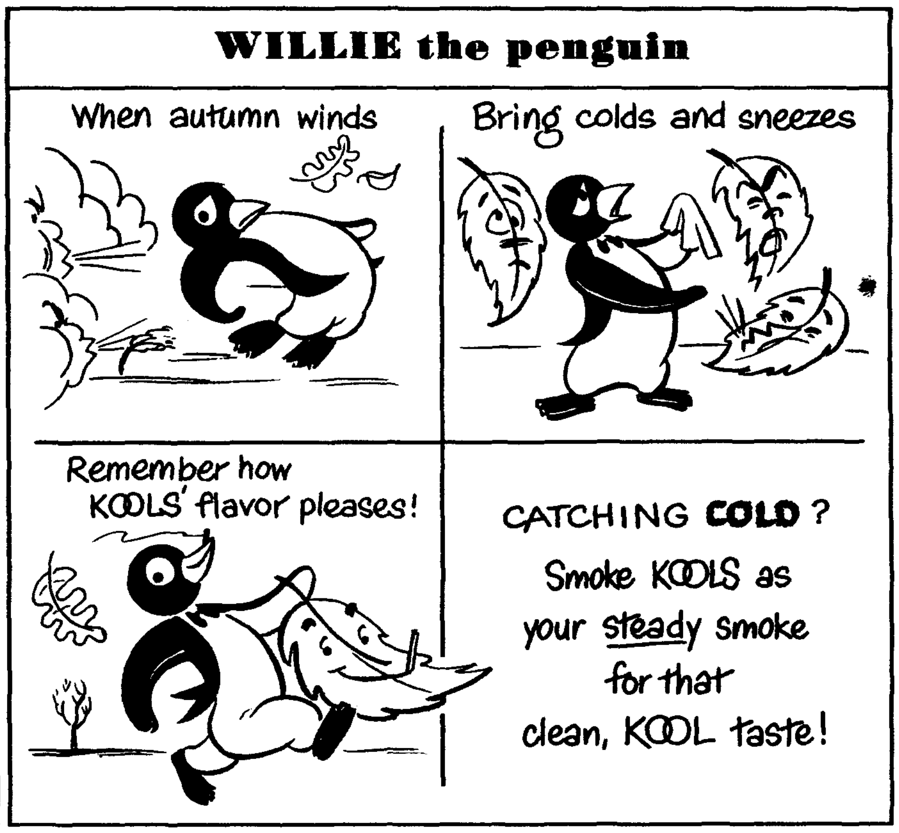
"Yes, Paul," she answered feelingly. "I wanted to be with you, especially during the inquiry, but there was so much to do up North, and only me to do it."

"Your sister is better?"

"Much. She hopes to sail for Canada at the end of the month. To my brothers." She smiled cheerfully. "They asked me to go with her."

He felt his heart contract sharply, and miss a beat. "Are you thinking of going?"

She shook her head, not looking at him. A surge of relief went through him.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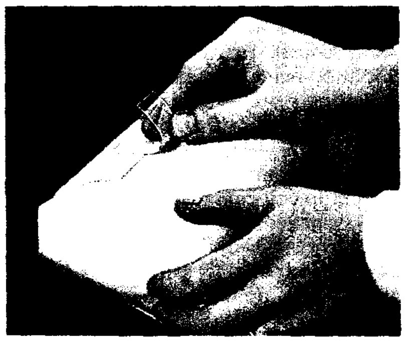

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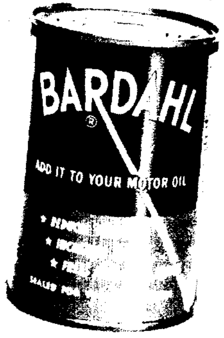

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Then, at a thought, he said quickly, "You're not going back to the Bonanza?"

"Well—I haven't decided."

"You don't belong in the city, Lena." He spoke more urgently now. "Nor do I—we're more at home in the country."

"Yes, Paul?"

Was she smiling faintly? Gazing fixedly before him, he could not tell. He went on, "In a few months I'll take my degree. Then I'll apply for a country school. It oughtn't to be too difficult to get one—after all the fuss. There wouldn't be much money, of course, but a decent house probably—quite big enough—" He looked up. Yes, she was smiling, tenderly, all her soul shining in her eyes. He had not even time to say he loved her. The next instant they were in each other's arms.

Moments later, a sound in the street startled them apart. Paul sighed, dazed by happiness. Lena flung back her lovely hair, took his hands and pressed them against her flushed cheeks. Their tongues were loosened. They talked of the future eagerly, and finally Paul took the initiative.

"There's one thing," he said resolutely. "The country air will be good for Angus." There was a pause, which lengthened so awkwardly he felt constrained to break it. "By the way"—he tried to speak lightly—"isn't it time we were introduced? When I was sick here I noticed him—but I didn't have a chance to be with him at all."

Still that curious silence and again he said. "I don't hear him. Is he asleep?"

"Perhaps," she answered at last, slowly and quietly. "He has gone back to his mother."

"His mother!" Uncomprehendingly he repeated the words, then, in a strange voice exclaimed, "My God! What do you mean?"

"Angus is my sister's child."

While he stared at her, stunned, she told him of the charge which circumstances had imposed upon her.

"And I thought—" he mumbled, fighting this feeling of relief and shame. "I shouldn't have believed Harris. Lena—can you ever forgive me?"

"You loved me just the same."

A knock came upon the door. Mrs. Hastie was looking at them with an understanding smile. "There's hot coffee ready—when you come downstairs."

Later, Lena walked back with Paul to the Windsor, slowly, arm in arm, under a crescent moon. When they reached the hotel they lingered together in the portico, enjoying the lovely evening, reluctant to say good night. As they stood there, the night porter on duty approached them.

"Excuse me, sir," he murmured to Paul. "I thought you'd want to see this."

He handed over the late edition of the Chronicle and there, in a late bulletin, were three lines of heavy print, announcing that the police had broken into the flat at Glenhill Terrace and found Enoch Oswald dead. He had hanged himself from the chandelier.

Lena whispered, "That really is the end, Paul."

His arm held her close. "For us—it is only the beginning." THE END

The Fifty-Mission Cap

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

"Yes, sir," nodded to me, smiled, and went their merry way out of the hut.

"I want to talk to you," I said to Dennis.

"Yeah? Well, let's go to Operations. I'll send that message and we can have a drink."

We went out of the Briefing hut and across to the Operations hut. All the GIs had fled, as if before my impending wrath, and only a young sergeant was there, staring moodily at the floor. Dennis said, "Where the hell is everybody?"

"Chow, sir."

"You can go, too. I'll be here."

The sergeant began putting on his heavy clothing in preparation for going outside and walking a hundred yards or so to the enlisted men's mess. Dennis sat down at his desk and wrote out a radio message to Wing alerting the 13th Rescue. I was standing looking over his shoulder. "Here," he said to the sergeant. "Take this into Communications first and then go to chow."

"Yes, sir." The sergeant left.

Dennis got a bottle of whisky out of his desk and uncapped it. "I never like to drink in front of them," he said. "After you."

Sometimes I wasn't so crazy about drinking in front of lieutenant colonels myself, but it was his whisky and I drank some of it from the bottle. It was pretty terrible.

"What did you want to talk to me about?" he said.

"Just one thing. Don't give me any trouble on this," I said. "I'm warning you now."

"Trouble?" he said. "Colonel, what're you talking about?" he said, sounding injured. "Are you sore because I radioed Wing about the Russians without your order? Hell, Colonel, all I was thinking about was the squadron. Is there anything wrong with that? Ever since I heard it, I've been thinking: Well there goes our perfect record. Now we're just about ready to pull out and this happens. I feel sick, I tell you. I'm worried about the way it's going to look on your—I mean on the squadron record."

What a subtle ass he was. He looked about as worried as a pig.

"Well, we've got to get to him quick. That's all there is to it. If he's alive he may not be alive long. That's what I wanted to bring to your attention."

He sat there as if he was thinking, then he said, "There's only one thing to do: The squadron will have to search."

"You mean the hot rocks?"

"That's right," Dennis said. "We'll have to fly a visual square search right now."

"You know the jets are too fast," I said. "You know you need a slow plane, one that will damn' near hover, for a search."

"But this is an unusual circumstance," he said, impatiently; "and we have to do the expedient thing. We still have enough daylight left to get the squadron out once."

"No," I said. "The 13th's got 54s with search radar. I can't risk the squadron on the slim chance that someone might see Schroeder. I can't risk losing anyone else."

"Is that all you're worried about? Well, if that's all you're worried about then forget it. I won't lose any of them. I can do it without losing any of them."

"Dennis, you know as well as I do what our orders are. Our orders are to alert the 13th Rescue."

"Look, this is a special case. Don't you realize that boy may be dying out there?"

I didn't bother answering that one. There was nothing I wanted more than to find and rescue that pilot. But I knew that there was only one way to do it. "We will follow orders," I said.

"Orders? My Lord," he said. "Where is that order? Let me get a copy of that order. Sergeant! All orders are flexible enough, if that's what's eating you, to find a loophole somewhere. Sergeant! Where the hell is that sergeant?"

"He went to chow," I said.

"I'll get it myself."

"Sit down," I said, and then I lost my temper. Without his saying anything else, without anything else happening I lost my temper. "Keep your damn' seat," I said. "Forget about that order. I say we aren't going to search."

"Listen." He stood up and put his hand on my arm. "I know you don't want any trouble. But hasn't it occurred to you that, if you don't search, you may be in worse trouble with Wing? You haven't apprised them of the situation, they don't know the whole story. If you get in touch with them and ask to search tonight while there's still some light, why, I know they'll let you."

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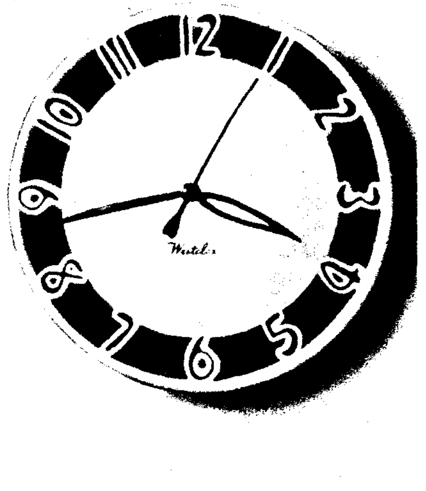

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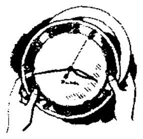

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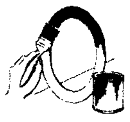

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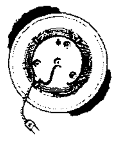

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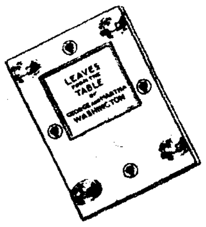

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our pilots are suffering from operational fatigue," I said.

"Operational fatigue? Good Lord, they haven't been flying combat." His cheeks got red and he glared at me and folded his arms across his chest. "I can't permit this," he said. "I can't permit it. As a soldier and as a human being I can't permit such negligence, such callousness. If you don't radio Wing I'm going to. I'm not—"

"Now that's enough," I said. I put my hands flat down on his desk and leaned forward and stared at him; but I couldn't quite stare him down. "I know you like I know my own name. Don't you try to pull any of this human-decency and honor-of-the-service business with me. You're nothing but a dog and I know it." I straightened up and laughed at him. "Don't you know we're out of the continental limits? You screw around with me on something as important as this and I'll have the guard detail take you over on the other side of the landing strip and shoot you."

He didn't turn pale, he didn't tremble. Well, he had been around. "Try it," he said.

"You try it and I will. I'll do it," I said. I turned and walked to the door. "I'll be in Headquarters. Let me know the minute anything comes through from Wing. I want a copy of it sent to me right away. And thanks for the whisky."

"Don't mention it," he said.

He was right of course. Whisky like that *should not be mentioned.*

I left Operations and started back up the path toward Headquarters. The field was still socked in and I was alone. I walked along thinking about Dennis.

He was out for what he could get, that was all. He didn't care about any kid named Schroeder any more than he cared about me; and he didn't care about the squadron either, because a long time ago when he'd been about three years old he had fallen in love with a fellow named Alvin Dennis.

He did worry me though, and not because I was a dirty yellow coward either, but because our chain of command situation in the higher echelons was all screwed up. We had been receiving orders and directives all winter from two different headquarters. And there was a good chance that if Dennis wanted to take the risk, he could get away with violating my direct orders and probably get himself a lot of glory. He had been out to get me ever since I'd been in command. I knew I'd have to watch him every second now.

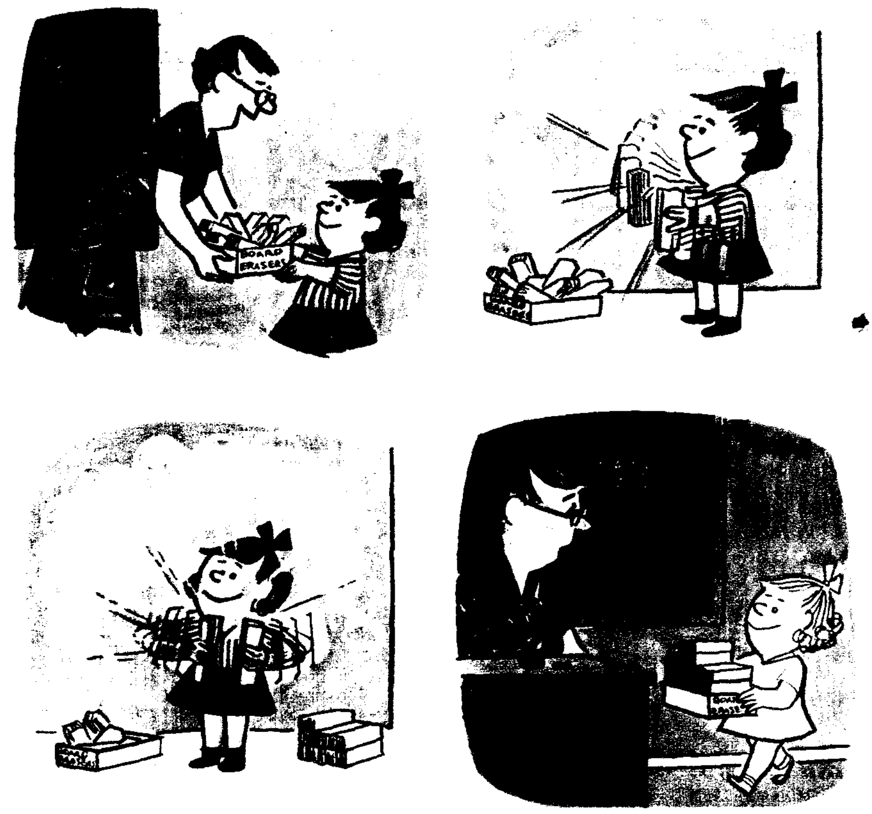
About a year before, I had been with the All-Weather Flight Section at Wright Field when I had been ordered to Washington and given command of the 376th Fighter Squadron and a special assignment by General Faber himself. The general had said, "Rogers, you won't only be in command of the 376th. You'll be in command of the entire experiment on the practical end. I know that you understand the importance of this assignment and I'd like to tell you, off the record of course, that if you pull this thing off you'll be made a brigadier."

THE squadron at that time was goofing around in Florida. Dennis had been put in temporary command, and he was up for promotion to full colonel. There was never a more surprised man than he on the day I arrived in Florida and presented him with my orders, in triplicate. He had to issue a squadron order, relieving himself of command, and how that must have hurt, because he wanted to be in command of the 376th the way I wanted to be a brigadier.

The 376th, or "my outfit" as I came to call it, was equipped with the F-86D (formerly F-95A) and other jet fighters. The pilots had been trained since the war, and their average age was twenty-two or -three. The base where we were sent was on the northern part of Baffin Island, on Brodeur Peninsula, well within the Arctic Circle. It had been a weather station originally, but our engineers had gone in ahead of us, thrown up a lot of Quonset huts, laid a couple of aluminum-alloy mat landing strips in the shape of a T on top of the permanent ice, erected a single rotating beacon and a radar shack and called it a day. We arrived in the fall for six months' duty—that meant all winter long. We were there to collect data on jet aircraft operating under subzero conditions. We flew in some pretty rough weather, and the magnetic influences and such things as the northern lights usually knocked the hell out of our radios and navigational aids.

We were more than a fighter squadron, although that was our designation. In reality we were a fully equipped base unit and operated independently as such. We had all kinds of attached personnel—weather, maintenance, communications and so on—that a fighter squadron normally

SISTER



COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

does not have. We even had our own field hospital and a detachment from the Army Corps of Engineers who ran the snow plows.

All these attached personnel came from various other outfits—Major Cooley, my engineering officer, for instance, had come with me from Wright Field—and they were still permanently assigned to their old outfits. I was still permanently assigned to All-Weather at Wright Field myself. The pilots and flight personnel—and that included Dennis—were permanent personnel of the 376th; and the squadron itself was, and had been for a long time, permanently assigned to its particular Wing headquarters back in the States. But even though the 376th was transferred to Baffin Island and even though the experiment we were undergoing was under the command and jurisdiction of All-Weather, the 376th still remained permanently assigned to Wing.

I never met the general who was in command of that wing, so I cannot say whether he was a fool, an empire builder, or just laboring under a delusion. But all that winter his headquarters had issued us orders. He was not supposed to do that because we were under the command of All-Weather and they issued us orders, too. I had tried all winter to get this straightened out, but I had not been successful. When I had received conflicting orders I had simply ignored the one from Wing and followed the one from All-Weather.

Dennis knew everyone at Wing, of course. It was rumored that he and the general were like that. And I knew that if he wanted to force a showdown on any issue with me, he might not win eventually, but in all probability he would not get hurt. Even that would not have worried me if Dennis had not been Dennis.

He had made quite a record during the war in a B-26 and collected all the medals. And he was one of the lucky ones who did not get killed but got promoted instead, and so for almost the last year of the war he had had command of a squadron.

He had sucked around his commanding general and had constantly volunteered. His outfit flew almost twice as many missions as any other light-bomber or fighter-bomber outfit, and they also lost about twice as many men. He had been the C.O., remember, and every time he had volunteered he hadn't volunteered to go alone—he had taken along all his little friends.

Dennis had not been in the service before the war as I had. He had got in during the war and learned to fly then, and, well, the glory and the idea of being a hero with medals was too much for him. He had been a relatively poor boy in a coal-mining town and he had never known anything like it before. He had gone crazy with it.

WELL, I joined the Air Force in the days when it was the Air Corps, back in the thirties when it had really been something to learn to fly at Randolph and Kelly.

I had my two years at the Canal Zone, and then I got two more in the Philippines and then I went on reserve, and after that until the war I flew only a couple of weeks in the summer. I thought that flying was about the cleanest thing in the world. And then the war came along—well, I learned something. I found out fast that you can lose just as much blood at 20,000 feet as you can at sea level. War stinks. I don't care where or how you fight it or with what. War ruined flying for me.

Well, the tired old man was a temporary brigadier at the end of the war with one wife and one child to support and a lot of things in his mind that he would rather not think about. I never wanted to see an airplane again, but I had never done anything but fly—except for those two years I tried to sell insurance.

I stayed in and got a regular commission as a lieutenant colonel. Promotion came slowly. When I got command of the 376th and the assignment on Baffin Island, as General Faber told me, it was my chance to make permanent brigadier. I was not an Academy man and I was lucky to have the chance. It meant a lot to me simply because of that one wife and one child and the usual pecuniary cares. Dennis could ruin all that for me if I didn't watch him—and watching him wasn't going to be easy.

I was walking past the hospital as I was having these earth-shaking thoughts. It was only a field hospital set up in a Quonset hut, but we loved it. The sight of the red cross reminded me of Susan Gates, one of our two nurses. She was a nice, clean girl, and usually I dropped in to see her every other day or so and we would have a drink and a little conversation.

I retraced a few of my steps and went back to a smaller Quonset hut next to the hospital and knocked. Someone inside called, "Come in," and I went in.

A PHONOGRAPH was playing too loud; the record was so worn there was more surface noise than music. It was a hand-wound phonograph and it was just beginning to run down. Inside the hut there were smells of scented soap and perfume and cigarette smoke and wet nail polish. The 376th's only two girls were standing there, looking at me. They were both blond, but the older of the two had the weight on the younger one. She was standing there wearing nothing but long winter-weight GI underwear, GI shoes and an expression of surprise.

When she saw who I was she said, "Oh, my gosh, Colonel." And she sat down quickly on one of the bunks, stretched her arm toward the other girl, wriggling her fingers impatiently, saying, "Well, give me something to put on!"

The younger girl got a shirt and a pair of slacks out of a foot locker and tossed them across the room to the chubby nurse, who was still squirming on the bunk saying, "Colonel, I'm so sorry. I'm so embarrassed."

She had nothing on the colonel. I don't think there's anything so embarrassing as a fat woman in long underwear, and I felt embarrassed for the whole human race. I had, of course, long since discreetly lowered my eyes.

"Well, I'm decent now," she said.

I doubted that, but I looked up. The younger girl was staring at me. She said "Hi! How's yourself?"

"Fine," I said. "How's yourself?"

"Weary," she said.

"Colonel, won't you have a drink?" the older one said; she had regained not only her clothes but also her composure. "We've got some alcohol out of medical supply and some pineapple juice and when they're mixed together you can't taste the alcohol."

I hesitated. I didn't want to drink all their pineapple juice.

"Why don't you? I mean you and Suzy," she went on with too much eagerness. "I've got to get back on duty myself. I went to early chow." She began to put on her parka and boots. "I'm damn' sorry about that, Colonel, really," she said and went out.

The younger girl, Susan Gates, laughed and said, "Wilma in her longies. Now you've seen everything."

She rewound the phonograph and mixed the alcohol and pineapple juice in two canteen cups. I took off my parka, and Suzy and I drank. I gave her a cigarette and then I sat back and listened to the phonograph and relaxed.

"The mail came in," she said. "Get any?"

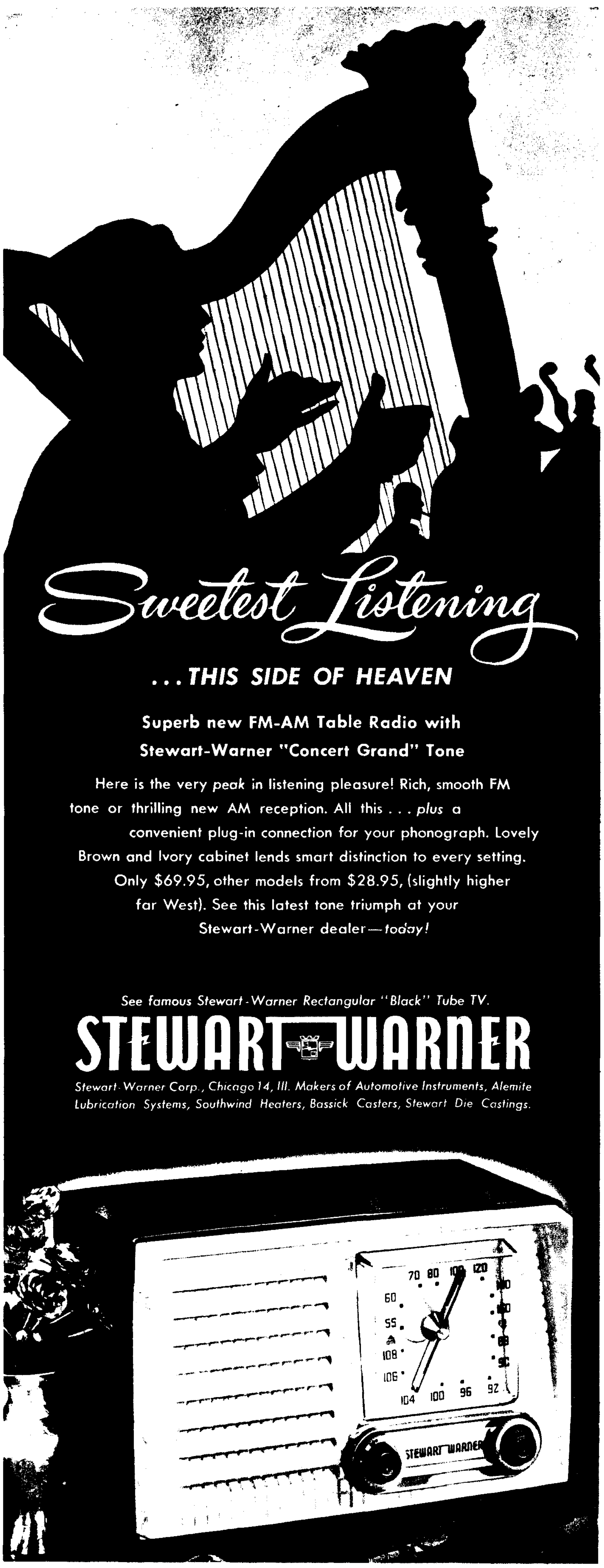
"Yes."

"How's Kate?"

Kate is my wife. She and Suzy had never met, but I had told each of them about the other, and Kate had often sent Suzy something that Suzy needed that you can't get in the frozen north.

"All right, I guess. I haven't read the letter," I said.

"You should be ashamed of yourself." Suzy was almost young enough to be my daughter, so I guess it was only natural for her to take a motherly interest in me. There was adequate reciprocation on my part. She was very young and very pretty and all the pilots in the outfit were of course red-blooded American boys. All winter I



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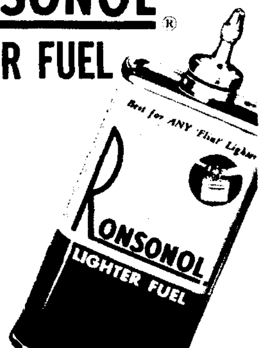

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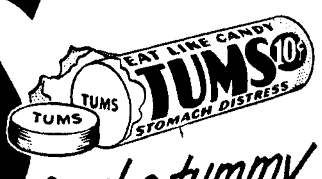

for the tummy

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had been afraid that something natural and disastrous would happen to her.

I had known her just six months, the length of time we'd been on Baffin Island. I had been pretty surprised when I first saw her. Of course I'd known we were going to get two nurses but I'd expected them both to be the regular GI issue, like Wilma. I hadn't expected anything like Suzy. She was too young and too tender.

Twenty-one of course is older than it used to be, but she was twenty-one with ideals and that's always young. She had wanted to "serve," you know—and I mean humanity—so she'd become a nurse. But she wanted to get rewarded too by a lot of nice clean-cut young men saying thank you, and so she'd become a Second Lieutenant Army Nurse Corps. She would never admit that, but I know it was true.

I had found out a lot about her because I felt I had to if I was going to preserve her in her entirety. She was just a nice young kid who came from some little farm in Minnesota. She was the only girl in a family of seven children. She tried the state university for a year and after that she became a nurse. I'd talked to her a lot about the things she'd done and the boys she'd gone around with. She hadn't done anything unusual.

One other thing: She was very close to her mother, as ample-bosomed and sweet and motherly-looking a creature as I had ever seen a snapshot of. At Suzy's insistence I'd written Mother to relieve her mind of any anxiety. Well, put yourself in her place. How would you like to be the parent and guiding light of something that looked like a movie starlet?

"Well, Mom, I'll tell you," I said to Suzy. "I've been busy and I haven't had time to read it."

"Busy?" she said. "Doing what?"

"Some goof has lost himself."

"Oh, no. The poor kid." She looked genuinely pained. Suzy was one of the kindest people I had ever known. "Isn't there anything that can be done?" she said.

"Sure. Things are being done," I said. "But whether we can find him or not is doubtful. He did a damn' foolish thing."

"Oh, they're such babies, Bart," she said, implying that I should understand and forgive. "Such kids. Who is he?"

"He's some cluck named Schroeder. I—"

She said, "Ben?" and her voice was weak. Her face was white.

THE first thing I thought was that the alcohol had made her sick. That was the way she looked. I said, "Ben who?"

"Ben Schroeder?"

"Well, his name is Schroeder, but—"

"Oh, his name is Ben, too!" she said and she leaned forward and put her head on my leg and began to cry. She didn't weep; she bawled.

I got it then. I tried to do something comforting like stroke her head. "You poor kid. You fell for one of them."

She pushed herself away from me and stood up. She walked across the room and blew her nose. "Just a minute. I'll be all right. Just a minute."

When she turned around and looked at me her face was pale and her eyes were large. "What're you going to do? Aren't you going to do anything?"

"Of course we are," I said. "We're following procedure."

"Yes? What's that?"

"Alerting 13th Rescue. Those are our orders."

"Where are they?"

"At Goose Bay."

"You mean they're there *now?*" she said. "Why aren't they searching now?"

"Well, it takes time to—" I began.

"But he's lost!" she said. "Why can't you take one of your airplanes and go look for him right this minute?"

"There are certain techniques for these things, Suzy."

Her eyes filled with tears and she turned away from me again. I was a pretty fatherly old type. I got up and walked across the room and took her in my arms.

"How long has it been going on between you and Schroeder?"

She did not answer.

"Suzy, you really love him?"

She looked up at me. "Bart, please search for him now."

"It's impossible."

"Bart, please. Won't you please do it for me?"

She put me in a hell of a situation, appealing to my emotions like that. "Suzy, I've got to do the thing that's best for everyone. Not just Schroeder. Each one of the pilots is as valuable as he is. I've got to think of all of them."

She broke down again then. "Oh, you don't care! You don't care how I feel! You don't care what happens!"

"Now, look here." I held her tighter, muffling her words. "You know how I feel about you. It's not fair to say that, Suzy." I made her look up at me. "Why, you know that I'm half in love with you myself."

She stood there looking at me with those great big honest blue eyes of hers.

"Now tell me about it," I said. I led her to the bunk and made her sit down. "Talking about it will make it easier for you. Tell me how it happened."

She took a deep breath. "I can't tell you all of it. There's one thing I can't tell you."

"Tell me about falling in love with him."

"I didn't," she said, looking at the floor.

I was surprised. "Then why are you so concerned about getting him back?"

"That's the part I can't tell you."

Naturally it would be. "Well," I said.

"Don't you believe me?" she said. She took one of my hands in both of hers. "Bart, I swear I'm telling the truth. I've got to have him back, and there is a reason—but I can't tell you that."

She lighted a cigarette and stood up and began to walk around as she talked; she spoke erratically, in rushes of words and with many pauses.

"I'm going to marry him. He's nice and he has asked me to marry him and, well, I'm going to do it. I know. You wonder how I can do it when I'm not in love with him. You think I should be in love with him if I'm going to marry him. Well, I thought so too once. But it doesn't always happen that way. Sometimes the people you fall in love with, well, you can't marry them. Sometimes they're already married."

"Oh, no," I said.

She stopped and looked me full in the face. "Yes. I'm in love with someone, but he's already married. He's—he's a fine man, Bart, and his wife's fine too, and, well, it's just one of those things, I guess. Somebody has to lose, I guess."

"Who is he?" I asked.

She shook her head. "You don't want me to tell you."

"The hell I don't. Is it somebody back in the States?"

"No, he's here."

"You mean here?" I said.

"Yes." She began to walk back and forth again. "I've been with him all winter here and I've seen him almost every day and you don't know how hard that's been. He's—well, I love him."

"Does he know?"

"Oh, no."

"Suzy, who is he?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Of course. Who is this person?" I said.

"It's you, Bart," she said, not looking at me.

THERE followed several of the slowest seconds of strained silence I had ever had to live through. At the end of them I found her on the floor at my feet, her head against my knee, saying, "I can't help myself, Bart; I can't go on any longer like this, being so close to you all the time."

"Pull yourself together," I said.

She sat beside me on the bunk. She didn't look at me. "Well, what're we going to do about it?"

"Do about it?" I said.

"I mean, we can live together as long as we're here," she said, turning red; "but after we go back to the States can you get us stationed together? I mean, so I can get a little apartment somewhere, where you can come."

There was something wrong. She was too embarrassed, too ashamed of what she was doing. "Will it be that easy?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "It will be—if you rescue Ben. You've got to do that or we can't ever have—any kind of a life together."

Why, it was nothing but the old Army game. I felt weak with relief, but it made me angry too.

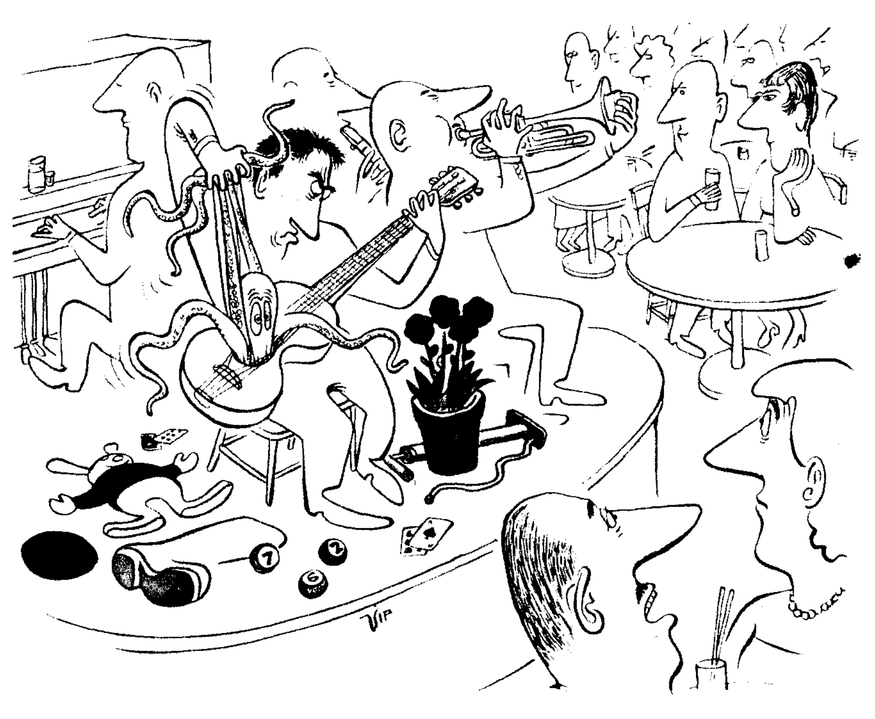
"Look," I said. "I'm not going to rescue Schroeder for you or anyone else's pale white charms. You should know that. What kind of fool do you take me for?"

She gave me one piercing bitter look and then she began to get ashamed again; she turned away and said, "Damn you!"

"Now, Suzy, there's no need—"

"Oh, get out of here! Leave me alone!"

I did. I went outside and slogged toward the headquarters hut with a very heavy heart. Poor old Suzy. She was the worst thing about the whole deal. And it couldn't have happened to a nicer kid. Seeing her like that made me want to find and rescue that goof more than ever. I did want to find him, of course, as much as Dennis did, but with a slight difference—I didn't want



COLLIER'S "I tell you, that guy can get more out of a guitar than anyone else in the business" VIRGIL PARTCH anything out of it, and Dennis did. I noticed that the fog was lifting. I went into headquarters and closed the door. My adjutant, Lieutenant Price, was the only person in the hut.

"Anything from Operations?"

"No, sir. Nothing. Sir, I wanted to remind you about that report."

"Which report?"

"The one on disposal of garbage and refuse under subzero temperatures. It's overdue, sir. I wanted to remind you because Wing is crying their eyes out for it."

I took off my parka. "Remind me tomorrow."

"Yes, sir," Price said. "I'll go now, sir. Good night." He left in silence.

I felt sorry for Price. He had nothing to do but write those stupid reports that Wing kept requesting. All the paper work in headquarters was well taken care of by the sergeant major. If we had been stationed in the States, Price could have come in late and taken off early for a swim at the Officers' Club and had a good life. But where we were, there was no place to go and nothing to do.

Price was a nice mild little guy; he liked being a ground officer in the Air Force. He was the sole support of an old mother, or an old something, and I guess he liked the security, because he very conscientiously tried to do the job well. That meant that he had to take such things as those stupid reports seriously—and that meant that finally he would be as stupid and serious as the reports. It happens to all adjutants; they end up in their own wastepaper baskets—but I hated to see it happen to Price. He was nice, you know.

I CALLED Operations, but still no message had come through from the 13th. I lighted a cigarette and put my hands in my hip pockets and paced up and down, worrying. Then I remembered the letter from my wife and took it out of my pocket and opened it and read it. Phoenix, Arizona, seemed a long way off; my wife had written that the desert was in bloom.

"I know you will be leaving there soon," the letter said. "And you may well ask how I know. Well, a little birdlike woman told me. Mrs. General Faber. She was passing through Phoenix, she had been to the Coast to see her eldest son—he's married and they have a darling child—and she told me that General Faber himself had told her that it is definitely settled about your being promoted. And that you will be notified as soon as officialdom gets up a little momentum."

The letter went on from there, but I only glanced at the rest of it. The news about the promotion got me. I felt that Mrs. Faber was not to be believed, but at the same time I wanted very much to believe her. I knew that if I had been promoted it would take time for the order to filter down through channels to me, and so it seemed that if I had been made a brigadier Faber himself would have dropped me a short congratulatory note. After all, generals should stick together. Who else can they have for friends?

I decided that Mrs. Faber had just been spreading the old oil. That decision did not release me from my state of nervous tension, however, because I knew too well that it would be much better if I had been promoted before the news about Schroeder broke. His loss would not interfere with my promotion if I handled the search and the salvage operations correctly. But I was not certain that I could do that and at the same time keep a firm squelching foot on the neck of my favorite lieutenant colonel.

I took pen in hand and started to write my wife a brief letter, but after I had written the date and the words, "Dear Kid," I began to think about Schroeder again. Who was this kid and what did he want and why in the hell had he willfully disobeyed an order and chased that transport, Russian or not? Then, thinking about that goof, I began to think about Suzy, and that depressed the hell out of me. I opened the office safe and got out the bottle I kept there.

Just as I sat down and uncapped the bottle my executive officer, Major Howe, stuck his shaggy old head around the partition and said, "Are you busy, Bartholomew? Can I see you for a minute?"

"Come on in, Dad," I said.

He came in, and sat down and began to take off his heavy arctic clothing and at the same time attempt to fill and light his pipe. Tobacco got scattered everywhere.

"About those latrines, Bartholomew," he said.

"Not now, Dad," I said. "Some other time."

"Oh," he said, "is something important happening?"

"Yes."

He looked lost and vague and old. "Well, if you're busy then . . ." He stood up.

"Sit down, Dad. Have a drink."

"Oh, you know I can't drink, Bartholomew. You know how my stomach is."

"Just a little nip."

"Well, only one." He drank a neat thimbleful and put his hand over his mouth. "Indigestion again."

He was only thirteen years older than I, but he looked old enough to be my father. He had spent his whole life in the Army and the Air Force, and it had not been a soft berth, none of it; he'd been broken the way the services can break a man.

Dad had been an enlisted man in 1917. Afterward he stayed in a couple or three years or so and got to be a warrant officer. Then for some reason he got out, but he had not liked it and so he had gone back in again determined to make a career.

He got to be a commissioned officer. I think it was in the artillery. After that he applied for flight training and was accepted and trained as a pilot. He was the world's worst. He flew with his heart and sheer guts, I guess, certainly not with his head—he had the flying technique of a clam. The first time we were ever stationed together was in Panama, back in the thirties. He was the local joke, the village-idiot-type pilot, and men would hang around for hours just to see him land or take off.

He was not a bad-looking man in those days, but he never married. He was a captain and inevitably in the social life he became the dependable extra man.

By the time I knew him in Panama, Dad had already eaten more dirt and suffered silently more insults than anyone I ever knew. He was still smiling through, though, still the happy, eager and honest boy-man. By that time he must have suspected what he was in for: that he would never get anywhere and that he was just being used by every second lieutenant's silly empty-headed wife on the post.

The blow fell while we were in Panama. In those days the Air Corps had no money and damn' few planes. As a matter of fact, among the air forces of the world we ranked fourth. Our top dogs were naturally both jealous and protective of anything that had wings on it. That year we had a terrific bomber with retractable landing gear and a *monocoque* fuselage, the B-9. There were not many of them and early one morning Dad flew one straight into the ground. That was bad enough, but the thing that ruined him forever was the fact that the colonel's moron of a daughter had got him to take her along for a joy ride. She got killed. Dad did not quite get killed.

THEY took him off flying duty, when he could walk again, and court-martialed him and fined him and reduced him in grade. They did not kick him out, but they should have, because after that the Air Corps was no place for him.

I didn't see him again until the war, when I got him for an executive officer in England. It was about this time I guess that he began to spend his nights reading the Bible. We really had it in those days and, well, I don't know if I would have made it without Dad. He was my rock if not my salvation all during the war. When I first heard about the assignment in Baffin, I asked for him. He had only a year to go before he retired, and he deserved to retire.

He had been watching me as I had been thinking. Finally he said, "Bartholomew, something is troubling you. What is it?"

"We lost one this afternoon."

"Oh, yes. Ben Schroeder. It's too bad. He's a good boy."

I still could not place Schroeder. "Which one is he? What does he look like?"

"Why, he's large and well-put-together. Blond. He had always seemed very happy. Laughs a lot. I know him well. His father is a Lutheran minister. Ben, I'm sorry to say, does not believe."

"I don't guess he believes in me either," I said. "He sure as hell disobeyed an order."

"Well, he must've had a good reason. He's really a good boy."

"Is he the one who's so nuts about softball?" I asked.

"Yes."

NOW I remembered him from the time I'd been with the squadron in Florida. He had been an absolute goof about softball. He had been so crazy about it that I did not see how he had any time left over for girls like Suzy. Once I had got out his records to find out more about him; his mother had died when he was young and he had played football a couple of years in college. He had been arrested for drunken driving and had been a counselor in a boys' camp one summer. His record in the service had been average: he had two or three low-flying violations against him and had been court-martialed once for that and received the usual light fine.

"Why would he do it?" I asked Howe. "Why would he deliberately disobey an order as important as that one? Is he a fool?"

"No, he has a good mind, Bartholomew. I'm sure he had a good reason."

"I'd love to hear it."

He smiled. "You're worried, aren't you? Are you worried about yourself?"

I said, "Who the hell wouldn't be? I've got the responsibility, you know."

"I know," he said patiently. "Listen, Bartholomew, one of the things I wanted to tell you. I have some good news for you. I had a letter today from an old crony who's close to General Al Faber. They're going to make you a brigadier."

I was looking at him when he said it and I tried to keep the expression on my face from changing. I hadn't told anyone in the squadron about my chance of being promoted, and I didn't want it known. The squadron had a hard enough time without having to be saddled with a C.O. who was bucking. I didn't want Howe spreading that news around.

"It's probably just a rumor," I said.

Howe smiled. "Quit your kidding, as they say. You've known about it all along, haven't you? Really, doesn't it make you feel better?"

"No," I said.

He looked surprised. "Are you that worried?"

"What do you think?" I said.

He relighted his pipe. "You think you won't make brigadier if Schroeder's lost, especially if he isn't found. Am I right?"

Howe had a lot of keen insight.

"Let me tell you something, Bartholomew," he said. "Whatever you do, make it *look* good. It doesn't matter so much what you do or what comes of your actions so long as they look good. If you can make this search look good, no matter whether you ever find Schroeder or not, then you have nothing to worry about."

"You think so?" I said.

"I know so. If you want to make it look good you can. It depends on how much you want to be a brigadier."

The telephone rang. I leaned across the desk and picked it up. "Colonel Rogers."

"Colonel Dennis here, Colonel. Did you see them land?"

"Who land?"

"The Russians. The ones in the Tupolev-70 that Schroeder thought he saw. They must be the same ones. They just landed here, out of fuel."

(To be continued next week)

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Next Targets for Stalin?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

hoped for otherwise. For the bulk of Yugoslav people are not Communists. They are supporting Tito solidly today because he is pledged to resist Russia. And they hope that the common threat from the Soviet Union will bind them more closely to the United States. They are willing to fight and to die to prove their spirit of resistance.

And as the people toil on a back-breaking five-year program that is desperately short of materials—meanwhile existing on the most austere of all austerity diets—Tito is maintaining on a war footing the sturdiest military force in Europe (outside Russia).

Tito's nagging military headache is the replacement of worn and broken equipment. He's building factories in the mountains that are turning out weapons and ammunition, as well as industrial goods under the Five-Year Plan. The portly Yugoslav proconsul and his government are trying desperately to complete this industrialization program before World War III.

No Direct Bid for U.S. Arms

The officials of Tito's government don't dare ask the United States outright for arms, for fear that such an act might offend the "world leftist opinion" which they are trying to wean away from the Kremlin. But Tito needs millions in credits for industrial investments to buy raw materials for his factories and to make the country as nearly impregnable as possible against Soviet aggression.

Most of Tito's highly trained 450,000-man regular army is concentrated in the nation's forbidding mountains. There Tito has cached food—and, ironically, about $50,000,000 of the $70,000,000 worth of artillery, automatic weapons, anti-tank guns and mines Stalin sent him before their break. In the first two weeks of August all reservists, about 1,000,000, were told where to report in case of invasion.

Behind these first-line effectives are the blue-garbed militia—security police—and plain-clothes men, a self-contained army about 150,000 strong. Talk of a Russian fifth column is a myth. Tito's cops were trained in the Soviet school and they've throttled any attempted Russian penetration. Not a piece of Soviet literature has been officially noted in Belgrade for six months. Tito's regime is in no danger of collapse.

That doesn't mean that the Marshal and his government are sitting back complacently. There's a vigilant network throughout the country which is as sensitive to danger as a seismograph is to earthquakes. A few weeks ago I saw some of the mechanism in operation on the Hungarian border.

It started at a Yugoslav frontier post two miles from the headquarters I was visiting. There, an alert sentry named Sergeant Luka Babic spotted a wave of khaki-clad riflemen advancing across the flat, parched Hungarian plain. Quickly he phoned his superior officer. In a matter of minutes, a company of Yugoslav soldiers was strung out among the hip-high wheat stalks, ready to receive the intruders with tommy guns. By then, a report of the incident had reached Marshal Tito and his general staff. From their heavily guarded secret map room in Belgrade alert orders went out to all army units. In the hills where 30 German divisions were destroyed in World War II, soldiers emerged from concealed rock warrens to double the guard on cave caches of munitions. Militia took up positions on strategic highways, bridges and railroads.

Yugoslavia's massed fighting power went into position that afternoon with breathtaking swiftness. Even before the Hungarians reached Sergeant Babic's checkpost, the nation was braced for an attack.

As it turned out, the Hungarians hadn't come to fight; they'd crossed the border to surrender themselves and their arms. Why? Here's the answer I got from one.

"Over there," he jerked a thumb back at the Hungarian border, "the Russians have taken over. They chase us around as if we're their servants. We've had enough."

It's this knowledge that there are *Russians* on the frontier that causes the deepest anxiety in Yugoslavia. The Soviet satellites—Rumanians and Hungarians to the north, Bulgars to the southeast and Albanians to the southwest—don't make Tito's legions uneasy. Because Yugoslav intelligence is the best in eastern Europe, Tito knows how the satellites stack up alone:

Bulgaria—eight divisions, plus police, or 100,000 fighting men. Russian-trained, equipped with light automatic weapons, artillery and a few tanks.

Hungary and Rumania—three divisions between them, about 50,000 men. Also Russian-trained and equipped. Little armor, doubtful morale.

Albania—one division and some militarized police; in all, 25,000 men of extremely doubtful capabilities. Albania's geographical position also has her cut off from any regular Soviet supplies.

None of the satellites has any armored strength or air power worth mentioning. Neither has Yugoslavia. But where the Russian stooge states can count on the Kremlin to back them up, Tito can't count on anybody's support for certain.

That's why the appearance of Russians on any border is significant and alarming. The Yugoslavs know there are 75,000 crack Soviet troops in Hungary and Rumania and at least 500 Russian-manned tanks poised there to strike, with limitless reserves a day's journey away.

"If the Hungarians attacked alone, we'd chase them back to Budapest in twenty-four hours," Lieutenant Dushan Ralic, a company commander, told me calmly. "But if the Russians are on that border, it means tanks." He lapsed into thoughtful silence. The reason was obvious. From the Hungarian frontier to Belgrade, the plains stretch tediously, flat as a polished mahogany desk—ideal tank terrain.

I began to understand the watchful tension, almost as stifling as the summer heat, that prevails along these borders.

To the south, along the Bulgar frontier, the tension is broken almost nightly by sharp skirmishes—provoked by the Bulgars in the hope that the Yugoslavs will lose their heads.

The Yugoslavs haven't yet. They wait for Bulgar patrols to open up. Then they reply. When the firing subsides the Yugoslavs burst into song to taunt their adversaries.

"Stalin, you'll never rule us."

That's strange music, coming from a Communist-led country, and it is worth our close attention. Are these people worth American support as an extra security dividend? America is going to have to make up its mind, soon.

ISTANBUL *By William Attwood*

The Soviet empire nudges Turkey on two sides: in the east, where Russian and Turkish watchtowers face each other for 366 miles across the barren wastes of Kars and Ardahan; and in the west, where Bulgarian satellite armies are only a few hours' drive from teeming Istanbul and the busy Straits.

Between these frontiers lies a fighting nation of 19,000,000 people whose will to resist aggression is practically unanimous; a once-primitive nation that is rapidly evolving into a modern democracy; a tough nation that's being made tougher by well-spent and well-administered American military aid.

Fearing Russian border incidents, the Turks have barred virtually all foreigners from their eastern frontier. But I did get a military pass to tour the edges of European Turkey, and there, atop a lookout post, I could scan the Bulgarian village of Svilengrad, a mile and a world away.

I saw no patrols—only farmers threshing their wheat. Tomorrow it may be different. For the invasion of Turkey, if it comes, will start here and plunge eastward across the bare, gently sloping plain to the Straits.

There'll be a delaying action—enough to give the Turks time to block the narrow Dardanelles with sunken ships. Then the army will dig in across the Straits for the showdown.

Is it a good army? Will it fight?

On the plains of European Turkey and in Anatolia I met its officers—mostly professionals, many of them graduates of American training courses; I met its soldiers—husky conscripts in shabby overalls doing their two years' military service; I saw its equipment—thousands of American trucks, tanks, guns and planes purchased with Turkey's $250,000,000 share of the Truman Doctrine appropriation.

It's a good army. It will fight.

The reasons are partly physical, thanks to U.S. aid: six well-equipped tank brigades, a bigger air force (900 planes) than any country in Europe except Russia and Britain, a pool of 4,000,000 trained reserves to back up the 360,000 men in uniform.

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COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

The reasons are also partly psychological. For Turkey's citizen army reflects the mood of the nation's people. And that mood is one of uncompromising resistance to Soviet aggression.

"We've fought the Russians a dozen times in 200 years," I was told again and again. "We're not afraid of them now."

Of course, Turkey may not be invaded. Russia hasn't growled at the Turks since 1945, when Stalin put in a futile claim to the provinces of Kars and Ardahan and to a voice in the administration of the Straits. Maybe the Russians don't want to tangle with the Turkish army. Maybe they'd prefer to by-pass the country altogether. Maybe.

Meanwhile, there remain many things to be done before Turkey will reach its peak as a fighting nation—more equipment is needed, more training, more aid from the United States. American advisers want time to finish the job they have started.

Nevertheless, if the Russians do strike at Turkey, they will strike a people better equipped to defend themselves than most nations in the free world. A tough people, a cocky people, a united people.

Are the Turks as good as they sound? I put the question to Major General Horace McBride, wartime commander of the U.S. 80th Division and until last month chief of the Joint U.S. Military Mission for Aid to Turkey since 1947.

"If I were in combat," he said, "I'd rather have a Turkish division on my flank than any other I know."

When the Turkish government decided in July to send 4,500 troops to fight for the United Nations in Korea, I walked around the streets of Ankara talking to people at random. Did they approve? They not only approved; many were eager to join up. All wanted the world to know the Turks haven't lost any of their vaunted fighting prowess since Kemal Ataturk threw the invading Greeks into the Aegean twenty-eight years ago.

Intensely patriotic, the Turks are united against Communism as are few other peoples of Europe. There'll be no fifth column here. It's doubtful if the outlawed Communist party could count on more than 10,000 sympathizers in the nation—and these mostly misguided Istanbul students and intellectuals.

Why is this? Part of the explanation is that Turkey has no industrial proletariat to speak of—80 per cent of its people are farmers. More important is the fact that the Turks, like many other veteran neighbors of the Soviet Union, have a healthy distrust of anything that smells Russian.

"So far as we are concerned," a Turkish friend told me, "the Russian czars and the Russian Communists mean the same thing—trouble for Turkey."

And don't underestimate Turkey's peasants. Shrewd, proud and clannish, they're not as backward as they look to some visitors from Western Europe. Even if 70 per cent of them can't read or write, they know what's going on in the world and how it affects them. Nearly every village coffeehouse has its radio blaring out the news to attentive listeners, and there is generally someone reading the paper aloud to a group of friends. That's why you could hear more talk of the Korean war in remote Turkish hamlets this summer than in many fashionable Riviera resorts.

The Turks have a long way to go politically, but they're making rapid progress. In the nation's first completely free election last May, the people tossed out the Republican People's party, which had ruled for nearly a generation as a benevolent dictatorship, and put the fledgling Democratic party in power.

A More Progressive Regime

The new government, headed by President Celal Bayar (who campaigned and drove to Parliament in an American station wagon), is bold, energetic and more international-minded than its predecessors. It favors less statism, more freedom for private enterprise; it also favors progressive legislation such as social insurance and the right to strike.

Already, deadwood has been cleaned out of the civil service, and the top brass of the Turkish army has been replaced. The new chief of the combined general staff is now General Nuri Yamut, an exponent of American-style efficiency. "At first," an American diplomat told me, "we were worried about the new government's lack of experience. We're not worried any more."

While Turkey is not yet a modern nation in the Western sense, neither is it any longer a part of the sluggish Middle East. For this the nation can thank the republic's founder, sinewy, hard-drinking Kemal Ataturk—the man who in 15 years abolished the fez and the veil, introduced the Western alphabet, wrenched Turkey out of its medieval rut and set it on the path of progress. Ataturk, who died in 1938, changed the face of Turkey. But he didn't change its spirit.

Some years ago, the late Field Marshal

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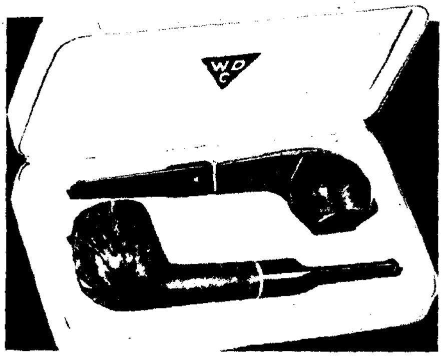

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Archibald Wavell, writing his memoirs of the Palestine campaign of World War I, had this to say of *Mehmetcik*, the Turkish GI Joe: "As a fighter, he is unlike any other soldier in the world. Even when he is wretchedly fed and miserably equipped he will continue month after month and year after year a dangerous foe . . . No set of circumstances, however depressing, appear able to diminish his dogged resistance."

Today, *Mehmetcik* is no longer miserably equipped—thanks to American aid. But how else have we helped him? And what more can we do or should we do? At a time when America desperately needs tough and trusted allies—allies with dogged resistance—these are important questions; there may not be much more time.

TEHERAN

By David Perlman

Before he was twenty, Khosrow Khan was a fighting man. Tall, bronzed, bred in the saddle, he is credited with having killed 27 soldiers by his own rifle. Khosrow Khan and his three brothers are the chiefs of the Ghashghai tribe, a seminomadic band 125,000 strong who tend their flocks and guard their proud independence among the craggy defiles of the Zagros Mountains in southwestern Iran.

Today Khosrow Khan is still only thirty, and you'd never know he is a tribal chief. In his Western clothes and his sleek convertible American car he could pass for a Hollywood playboy. But Khosrow Khan is still a fighting man even while he dallies among the sophisticates of Teheran's international set, or plays politics as a congressman in Iran's *Majlis*.

In their almost inaccessible tribal lands—which flank the invasion routes that lead south from Soviet Azerbaijan to the oil fields and refineries of the Persian Gulf—Khosrow Khan and his Ghashghai tribesmen are ready to fight again today. And they are only a small part of Iran's 3,000,000 untamed tribal population. There are 400,000 Bakhtiari to the north of them; there are 800,000 Kurds farther to the north, divided into many tribes and spilling over into Iraq and Turkey; there are Turkomans along the steppes of the Soviet border just east of the Caspian Sea; there are others as well.

Not all the tribesmen of Iran are organized; many battle among themselves in bitter, primitive raiding wars; many—among the Kurds particularly—are tempted by Soviet propaganda promises of nationalist "independence." (One of these Kurdish tribes staged a revolt against the government just last month.) But the loyal tribes are Iran's toughest cadre of guerrilla warriors. As Khosrow Khan told me while we sipped strong tea by the fountain in his green Persian garden:

"For centuries, we tribesmen have fought against the central government of Iran; my own father was tortured to death hardly 10 years ago right here in Teheran. My brothers and I were held as hostages to keep the Ghashghai in check. But now the tribes are at peace with our government; we'll make war only against an invader, and if he comes down from the north, we'll be waiting for him in our mountains."

If the invader does come down from the north, guerrilla resistance is Persia's only hope. The nation today has an army of 150,000 men, with 10 divisions trained and equipped on a scale ranging from fair to poor. There isn't a military man in Teheran who believes that the vast, arid plateau of Iran could be defended for more than a few days against a Soviet army striking in two prongs from the Russian frontiers on both sides of the Caspian.

As of today, I've found no sign that the Russians are ready to strike in force. Of the three countries we visited along the southern Soviet periphery, it is only in Iran that the Russians would have to commit their own troops for an invasion; the other nations face Russian satellites who stand ready to stage the initial jump-off. And an open invasion of neighboring Iran by the Soviet army would be such a clear case of naked aggression—with no phony issues of "unification" or "liberation" to confuse the Western world—that the Kremlin would have to be committed to World War III before launching its attack.

But if the Russians are hesitating to make an overt military move against Iran, their war of nerves is at high pitch. It's a subtle war, waged as only the Russians know how. Along the northern frontiers it takes the form of barbed-wire barriers and machine-gun emplacements that spring up one day and vanish, only to appear elsewhere on the border the next. Or of quick flashing troop maneuvers, complete with tanks that keep Iranian border posts alert and worried—without ever making a move of provocation.

Every summer, along the dried-up bed of the Atrek River in the Turkoman country, Russian border patrols dispute the unmarked dividing line and quietly nip off an extra kilometer or two of Persian territory.

Three years ago, the Persians decided to get tough with Russian *agents provocateurs,* and since then they have closed up 16 Soviet consulates scattered throughout the country. Today, in at least two of those boarded-up consulates, secret short-wave transmitters manned by consulate "caretakers" relay information north to the Russians.

The situation in Iran is clearly building up to an all-out effort at subversion by Soviet-inspired fifth columnists. Outlawed last year, the Tudeh (Masses) party is Iran's underground Communist political body. Today it is building a formidable, disciplined fighting organization committed to terror. Clandestine Red newspapers circulate widely. "Radio Azerbaijan," a secret Communist station located somewhere north of the frontier, beams 10 hours of propaganda daily into Iran.

But the greatest danger to Iran right now lies in the threat of revolution in Azerbaijan, the nation's "breadbasket." Government leaders and Western diplomats are convinced this threat is real, that an effort at revolt may come in the next few months.

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Moscow Made a Serious Error

In the northern province of Azerbaijan an autonomous "People's Democracy" existed briefly in 1945 and 1946 until it was smashed by the Iranian army in a ludicrous one-day war. The end of that still-born Soviet satellite resulted from a major Russian miscalculation: Thinking it secure, the Kremlin left the new "People's Democracy" to its own devices and it fell. It isn't likely that Moscow will repeat its mistake.

At the heart of any new Communist autonomy movement for Azerbaijan are the few hundred Kurds and Azerbaijanis now intriguing across the border in Russia—but the man power will come from the impoverished peasants of the province itself. These peasants own neither their homes, their land, their livestock nor even the pitifully primitive tools with which they till the soil. They are completely dependent on the whims of absentee landlords who live in luxury in Teheran.

Good crops this past summer have kept the peasants reasonably satisfied, but once the harvest is over this fall and food grows scarce, agitators will have their chance to exploit unrest.

Whether Iran can cope with such agitation depends on Premier Ali Razmara, summoned to power this year by the personable young Shah, Reza Pahlevi. The new government is irrevocably committed to the side of the Western allies.

Razmara has already purged the army of scores who displayed pro-Soviet sympathies. He's made peace with the tribes, and his war minister, General Abdullah Hedayat, has strengthened the training program for some 500,000 tribal warriors who are now a formal part of Iran's army reserve.

Razmara and Hedayat together have beaten down the old-line politicians who fear the tribes, and have begun building heavy stockpiles of rifles and light mountain artillery deep in the tribal mountains. The Bakhtiari tribesmen, as well as the regular army, will be responsible for demolition of the vast southern oil fields if the Russians try parachuting troops in to take them intact.

The tip-off on Razmara and the stiffening will to resist in Iran comes from his political opposition. Elder opposition statesmen like Dr. Mohammed Mossadeq, non-Communist themselves, are being exploited by subtle Soviet intrigue.

Dr. Mossadeq, whose oratory gets so fiery that it has caused him to fall down in a dead faint during Parliamentary debates, made this astounding statement to me only a few days ago:

"The Prime Minister has asked for American intervention in Persia. But we Persians will not stand for intervention. And if America persists in intervening, patriotic Persians will have only one alternative—to seek the intervention of another great power, so that America's interference can be neutralized."

The white-haired doctor's implied threat of an appeal to Russia marks the most recent triumph of Soviet diplomacy in Iran. It means that Russia is banking on political upheaval in Persia to win a strategic victory.

But America has already committed itself to help the Persians stave off political upheaval. Arms aid and economic aid are the tools.

The big question is: How much time is left to make Iran secure against the Communist threat? And can the job be done?

The United States obviously has a big stake in the defensive strategy being mapped in Belgrade, Istanbul and Teheran. What are we doing to protect our interests there—and is it enough? Be sure to order next week's issue. In it, Collier's European Team reports on what is being done to prevent any Russian aggression in this vital part of the world

Cheese, Please!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

New York, farmer named Jesse Williams opened the first U.S. Cheddar cheese factory and launched what has become the typical American cheese-making system of many dairymen bringing their milk to a cheese plant or factory which may be co-operatively or privately owned. Via the Erie Canal the Rome cheeses flowed east and west and so rapidly popularized "store bought" cheese that within 15 years there were more than 500 similar factories in operation in New York State alone.

Nearly all made the cheese known colloquially as rattrap and officially as Cheddar or American or American Cheddar. Named after the English village where its recipe was standardized, Cheddar is made with rennin—or rennet as cheese men usually call it. For flavor variation a bacterial "starter" is sometimes added. As soon as the curds and whey have begun to separate, the curd is put through a series of cutting and pressing operations to squeeze out more and more of the whey. The cheese winds up in a cylindrical form and is aged for three months to a year or more depending on whether the customers want it mild or sharp. Its usual dark orange, almost red color is produced with the help of annatto seed vegetable coloring.

Cheddar still is by far the most popular cheese in this country. We make and eat twice as much of it as of cottage cheese, which holds second place in our affections. This is partly because Cheddar is so useful for cooking purposes and can be turned into almost anything from a delicate soufflé to a hearty Welsh rabbit. (Incidentally, rabbit—not rarebit, as it is often corrupted—is the correct term. The story is that a Welsh host once found himself with several unexpected dinner guests on his hands and nothing to serve them for a game course, the absence of which would have meant a serious loss of face. He invented the Welsh rabbit as a substitute.)

Cottage cheese is by far the simplest of all cheeses to make. Probably the first to be made in this country, it can easily be—and still often is—homemade merely by adding either rennet or lactic acid to the milk, letting it curdle, then leaving it on the back of the stove. Poured on cheesecloth and drained to taste, it is ready to eat the same day.

Another unripened type long made in this country is cream cheese. Made with cream rather than milk, it is mild and rich in taste and can't be kept even under refrigeration for more than a few weeks. Both cream and cottage are atypic cheeses in this respect, since the basic idea of cheese, as of wine, is improvement with age.

Wisconsin Turns to Dairying

Not long after the early Cheddar factories got under way, Swiss immigrants began setting up small Limburger and Swiss cheese plants in New York, Ohio and, finally, in Wisconsin. It was the sharp downward plunge of wheat prices after the Civil War, along with a plague of wheat-eating chinch bugs, that turned the Wisconsin farmers to dairying. To the state's large Swiss colonies, dairying meant cheese making, and that has been their specialty since the 1870s.

They first concentrated on Limburger, a cheese which originated in the Belgian province of that name, perhaps because they had to ship with very little refrigeration, and it is difficult to imagine Limburger spoiling. Coated with a curing agent known as Bacteria linens, the loaves smell to the untutored nose as if they have already reached the last stage of decomposition. Wisconsin's Green County alone soon was producing over 500,000 pounds of it a year.

At that point a problem arose. To reach the railroad shipping point the cheese had to be carted through the little town of Monroe by horse and wagon. One morning half a dozen wagonloads arrived too early and were parked in the center of town to await unloading. Before long all except those townspeople lucky enough to be suffering from bad head colds were demanding that the odoriferous cheese be moved out of town.

It was the local banker who went to the rescue of the cheese men. He had made them large loans and knew that their fragrant product, which brought high prices in the Milwaukee and Chicago German communities, was enriching the whole community. His fiscal argument prevailed, and Limburger still is part of the reason for Green County's standing as one of the nation's wealthiest farming areas, where milking machines often share barn space with expensive cars.

"Married Man's Limburger"

In the 1860s, John Jossi, of Dodge County, Wisconsin, stumbled on a new cheese about halfway between Limburger and Swiss in flavor. Named brick, because bricks are used in pressing the whey out of the loaves, it has holes like Swiss, though more numerous and smaller, and a ripening bacterial surface culture like Limburger, though considerably milder. This "married man's Limburger," as it has been called, still is produced almost entirely in Wisconsin. We eat several million pounds of it every year.

But Swiss cheese long since has passed both Limburger and brick in popularity. Far more difficult to produce in top quality than Cheddar, Swiss takes years of cheese-making apprenticeship. Cheddar quality can more easily be judged and controlled at an earlier stage of the process, but Swiss quality can't be determined until at least two months after the "make." During that time the slightest mistake can ruin it.

Each 160- to 200-pound wheel of Swiss is made individually in a big copper kettle using a ton to a ton and a half of milk. Three separate bacterial "starters" go into the milk in precise proportions along with the rennet, and two months of cautious nursing go into preparing the wheel for the curing room, where it spends another four or five months. It is during the first two months that the bacteria do their work, giving off carbon dioxide gas which expands in a series of tiny, exceedingly polite explosions and produces the holes or "eyes," which must be neatly spaced, and are of at least a half-inch diameter, to make the cheese top-grade and give it just the right sweet, nutty flavor.

Swiss must be made with perfectly fresh milk. Since the dairymen who band together to set up the factories want all their milk made into cheese, this means that the maker of Swiss can't leave Sunday's milk until Monday and must work seven days a week and 365 days a year. Usually, he is so fanatic about his cheese that he wouldn't dream of taking a day off even if he could.

A favorite Wisconsin story concerns an old Swiss cheese maker whose only daughter was being married. In a Swiss community this means day-long festivities in which the father of the bride plays an important role. His daughter pleaded with her father to hire someone to make his cheese for him on that one day. But in the end he couldn't tear himself away and, instead, hired a man to play his role at the wedding.

Today the younger makers of Swiss, most of whom were born and raised in the craft, still are zealously devoted, but they have greater compensations. One Swiss cheese factory near Monroe, Wisconsin, for instance, is built atop a hill, and from the "make room" huge picture windows look out over a panorama of rolling countryside. Above is a luxurious apartment for the cheese maker's family and rooms for

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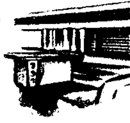

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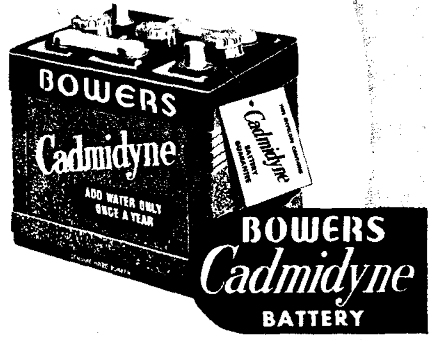

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his three helpers. His share of the plant's gross income is 14 per cent and in one fairly typical recent month the gross was over $25,000. Although this cheese maker, who probably nets over $30,000 a year, is one of the most highly paid, incomes of $20,000 or so are not uncommon.

Up to the time of World War I, Swiss and Limburger were the only so-called foreign types of cheese made in any quantity in the U.S., and only a few epicures and recent immigrants seemed interested in even the more famous ones such as Roquefort. Many such varieties supposedly required climatic or other conditions impossible to duplicate outside the small localities where they were made in Europe.

Seeking Better Processes

But even before the war cut off most of the imports and aroused the interest of U.S. cheese makers in these varieties, the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Dairy Industry had been investigating them.

"If the French or Danes or Italians could make a cheese the hard way," as one American expert has put it, "using by-guess-and-by-gosh methods and hand-me-down equipment, there didn't seem to be any reason why we couldn't do at least as well, if we went about it a little more scientifically."

There was no reason. In the last 30 years American bacteriologists, biochemists and other researchers have labored so successfully that almost every variety of cheese now can be duplicated here, and several brand-new ones have been created.

By 1906, for instance, Bureau of Dairy Industry researchers had identified and minutely described the action of the blue mold Penicillium roquefortii, a relative of the source of penicillin, which is mainly responsible for the rich flavor and subtle, peppery aftertaste of Roquefort cheese. Since then various state dairy-product technologists have added many improvements to the Roquefort recipe. French exporters of the cheese, which is made from sheep's milk, have convinced U.S. courts that the name Roquefort is their private property, so that U.S. producers of a similar cheese made from cow's milk, usually call their product Blue cheese. The American version has been a huge success, and domestic production is now more than 10,000,000 pounds per year and still rising.

But just when U.S. cheese makers were beginning to get going on a wider variety of products, they suffered a cruel blow. On January 16, 1920, prohibition went into effect, and all over the nation saloons served the last of their famed free lunches. Overnight, one of the biggest markets for cheese ceased to exist.

Fortunately, something new was about to take the place of the free-lunch counter as an outlet. For several years a number of researchers had been working on the cheese makers' two toughest problems: how to make their products keep longer and how to make the buying public connect a specific piece of cheese with a specific brand name. Sold in grocery stores mostly by the hand-cut chunk off a big round of cheese kept under a glass bell, it seldom reached the consumer before it had begun to dry out. And unless his grocer told him, he had no idea where it came from.

By 1920 the researchers had a neat solution to both problems. They simply melted and emulsified the cheese and poured it into labeled tins or boxes. By raising the temperature high enough during the melting, they were able even to pasteurize the product.

Some epicures and die-hard cheese makers objected to "processed" cheese. Flavors were, of course, inevitably altered, even Limburger being tamed into deodorized respectability. But it turned out that for the large majority of the American public, which likes its cheese mild and each bite the same as the one before, that alteration was all to the good. Processed cheese has gone over so well that today more than one third of all our cheese, according to expert estimates, goes into processed packages of a variety almost as great as that of natural cheeses.

In fact, cheese processing has proved so successful in the last 30 years that the Kraft Foods Company, biggest of the processers, recently built in Chicago a processing plant with a capacity of over 100,000,000 pounds per year. This labyrinthine melting pot, with 11 acres of floor space, gobbles cheese in 50-ton bites and can pour it forth all over the country at a rate of 20 freight carloads and 30 trailer truckfuls every 24 hours. Early this year it carried cheese processing to what must be the ultimate extreme by turning it out already sliced in packages of Dagwood-size slabs.

But huge plants and large output are rare in the cheese business, and cheese making, as distinguished from cheese processing, is carried on almost entirely in small country factories. Some are owned or leased by the large national corporations, but most are locally owned, though they often sell their output to the bigger companies.

Wisconsin, which likes to call itself "America's Dairyland," produces more than one third of the nation's total cheese and leads the field, with Illinois, New York, Missouri, Minnesota and Tennessee following in that order. But nearly every state produces some, and many have their specialties such as Vermont's Colby and California's Monterey. California also, for some unexplained reason, produces and eats more than one fifth of the nation's cottage cheese.

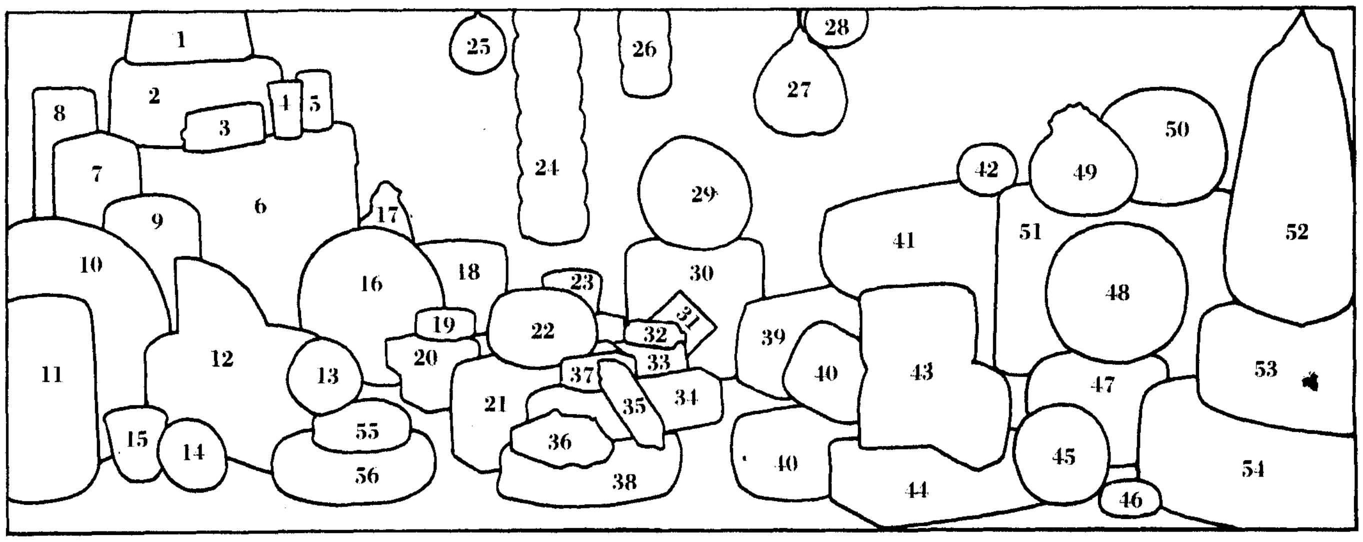
Although American, Swiss and cottage cheese still account for nine tenths of our annual production and consumption, the more exotic types gradually are becoming of greater importance. Having been lured into cheese eating by the milder kinds, we are learning to like those with sharper or richer flavors, and some U.S. cheeses are acquiring international reputations rivaling the famous European ones.

Among these domestic triumphs is a unique cheese developed in the 1890s by a young New York City cheese maker named Emil Frey. A delicatessen owner whose customers doted on a German cheese called Bismark *Schlosskäse* hired Frey to duplicate it here because so much of it spoiled on the long ocean trip. For two years Frey juggled assorted curds, molds, bacteria and methods of combining them, but he never did achieve a Bismark.

Named for a Singing Society

Instead, he hit on something new and different—a cheese with a firm, tawny crust, an interior which ripens to a golden semiliquid and a flavor all its own. He named it *Liederkranz* (wreath of songs) in honor of the singing society to which his patron belonged and to whose members the new cheese first was served. Since that first serving the reputation of *Liederkranz* has grown steadily, and it is now an international delicacy.

Partly because of its name, *Liederkranz* often is mistaken, to the combined amusement and despair of its makers, for an imported cheese. Actually, it is made only in the Van Wert, Ohio, plant of the Borden Company, which bought the process from Frey in 1929. The company executives en-



This chart will help you identify 56 varieties of cheese

1. Cheddar with Wine—Port Wine
2. Parmesan
3. Limburger
4. Relish Cream Spread
5. Cheddar Spread
6. New York State Cheddar
7. Block Muenster
8. American Processed Loaf
9. Nokkelost
10. Old Monterey Jack
11. Block Edam
12. Gorgonzola
13. Cream Cheese
14. Melo-Pure
15. Grated Parmesan
16. Gouda
17. Mozzarella
18. Brie
19. Pabst-ett
20. Hickory Smoked
21. Baronet
22. Smoked Mozzarella
23. Cottage Cheese
24. Salami Provolone
25. Boccini Provolone
26. Midget Salami Provolone
27. Provoletti
28. Montago
29. Romanelle
30. Romano
31. Natural Cheddar (in slices)
32. Wine Link
33. Liederkranz
34. Soft Jack
35. Smoked Link
36. Cream Cheese
37. Gjetost
38. Port Salute
39. Swiss
40. Spiced Leyden
41. Swiss
42. Baby Gouda
43. Blue Cheese
44. Brick
45. Camembert
46. Spiced Cheese Spread
47. Sardo Romano
48. Elmo Table Cheese
49. Scalloped Edam
50. Round Muenster
51. Wisconsin Cheddar
52. Pear Shape Provolone
53. Alpine Table Cheese
54. Old Fashioned Store Cheese
55. Wisconsin Port Salute
56. Leroy Natural Cheese

joy telling the story of a family in Fort Wayne, Indiana, 35 miles from Van Wert, which had some *Liederkranz* that really was imported. Not long after V-E day the family's GI son bought in Paris and sent home, as a sample of the greatest delicacy Europe had to offer, a whole box of the American cheese.

Most U.S. cheese makers believe that it is bedazzlement by labels which makes some people think that the genuinely imported cheeses are better than American versions of them. They say that most imported cheese is only the very best produced at the source, since it is intended mostly for a class market, while the domestic cheese you find on the corner grocer's shelf often includes not only the best made here but all the rest. But they insist that the best U.S.-made cheese is every bit as good as its foreign counterpart if the unearned glamor attached to the exotic source is discounted.

When the Boom Started

Obviously, this is strictly a matter of taste, but large numbers of consumers seem to feel that the U.S. versions are at least good enough for them. Up to World War II our production of most foreign types of cheese was on a small scale, never having really got under way after the first war. But the complete shutdown of cheese imports in 1941 launched a boom which still is growing.

Among the most popular have been the Italian cheeses such as Provolone, which is cured partly by smoking, and Parmesan, which usually is served grated on spaghetti and macaroni dishes. Gorgonzola is an Italian version of Roquefort. Mozzarella is soft, unripened and used mostly in *pizzas,* the shallow, tomato-and-cheese Italian pies.

Camembert, which ripens from the outside inward with the aid of the white mold Penicillium camemberti, has deeper roots here, going back to the turn of the century, but it has become far more popular recently. According to a well-tended legend, it was Napoleon who named the cheese after the Norman village where he first tasted and fell violently in love with it. Almost flavorless before ripening, it gradually acquires a sharp, rich taste like nothing else on earth and is perhaps at its best eaten on slices of apples or pears for dessert.

Dutch Edam and Gouda, the red-coated, ball-shaped cheeses, Norwegian Gjetost, iron-hard, chocolate-brown and made of goat's milk, Swiss Sapsago, green and oddly flavored with a cloverlike herb—the list is long and colorful. It also is making us a nation of sophisticated cheese eaters.

One of the means by which such tastes have spread has been mail-order businesses like the Swiss Colony of Monroe, Wisconsin. Launched in 1926 by a Monroe college student who thought it might be a good way to peddle top-quality Green County Swiss cheese, it was for many years merely a part-time hobby. Then the owner tried offering assortments of more unusual cheeses and suggesting them as gifts. The business now has a mailing list of more than 400,000 names, ships as many as 25,000 packages a day at Christmastime.

Cheese men think that one prosaic reason for such phenomena, and for the great increase in cheese eating in general, may be the growth of our nutrition consciousness. During the wartime meat shortage the U.S. Department of Agriculture did much to spread the news that cheese is one of the most nutritious foods known. The department also helped combat the old wives' tale —and bogey of the cheese business—that cheese is indigestible. Actually, it is precisely as digestible as a beefsteak with a normal amount of fat. But as for the basic problem in cheese tastes—that is, why some people want it mild and odorless while others insist that it must smell to high heaven—the experts throw up their hands.

"We've never even tried to find out," an executive of one large cheese company said recently. "I don't think it would be safe to go around asking. Stirs up too many passions. Why, I've just heard a story about one fellow who ordered Limburger at a restaurant. The waiter set it in front of him, but he didn't even take a bite. Just picked up the plate, threw it at the waiter, missed and broke a plate-glass window. Claimed the cheese was fake because he couldn't smell it without bending down over the table."

THE END

My Life Among the Comedians

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

radio in which I hold a certain amount of confused interest is the "warmup." A warmup is just what the word implies, an informal sketch or bit of patter which comedians use to loosen up the studio audience before the show goes on the air. A typical warmup gag, for example, is Ken Murray's: "A lot of comedians use signs to make you laugh during the show," he tells the audience. "We don't do that. Personally, I don't care if you laugh or not. But it will be pretty embarrassing if people all over the country should find out you don't have a sense of humor!"

Fred Allen has always been a confirmed hater of warmups, although he, too, finally had to give in to the system in order to assure a responsive studio audience. Allen usually warns the audience not to swallow any laughs. "After all," he says, "you've probably just had a chicken dinner. Now, if you swallow a laugh it stays down in your stomach. And I don't have to tell you it's going to be pretty uncomfortable to have your stomach laughing at a chicken dinner." If those are not his exact words, that is the general idea.

As virtually everyone knows, each comedian differs from his colleagues in his approach to funny situations. Milton Berle, for example, is noted for his quick repartee. Jack Benny is a sympathetic figure who makes himself appear ridiculous. George Burns has a dry, sarcastic wit. Allen is a sophisticate.

The speed with which Milton Berle's brain works is nothing short of phenomenal. Several years ago, for instance, he had as his guest Charles Atlas, the strong man. During the rehearsal, Atlas froze tight from microphone fright, and Berle worriedly suggested that they get a stand-in in case the same thing happened on the broadcast. Atlas, however, demurred. "If I can just take my shirt off, everything will be all right," he promised.

Berle agreed. Then, to his horror, Atlas froze again on the broadcast. Try as he would, not a word came out.

"How do you like that?" Berle quipped desperately. "The strongest man in the world and he can't even pick up a cue!"

Which Barrymore Would Pay?

The late John Barrymore was similarly quick at comebacks and they were usually crushers. Barrymore and I once walked into a department store in Los Angeles. Displaying his famed profile he asked the salesgirl to "charge it to Barrymore."

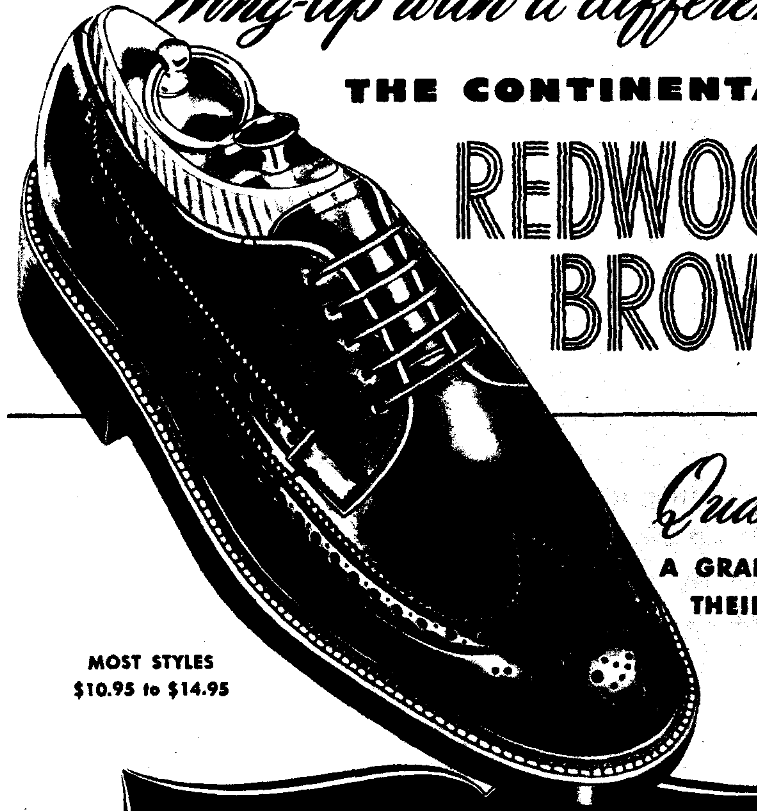
"Which one?" she asked.

"Ethel, of course," he snapped.

One comedian's reaction to another comedian is always intriguing. One of the most baffling cases on record is the remarkable Indian sign, hex, whammy, or whatever you want to call it, that George Burns exercises over Jack Benny. Burns can reduce Benny to helpless laughter any time he chooses. Several years ago, at a party in Hollywood, Burns held up an ordinary match in his fingers and said to Benny, "Jack, do you think that's funny?"

"No," Benny said, his face already beginning to contort with laughter.

Burns turned the match upside down



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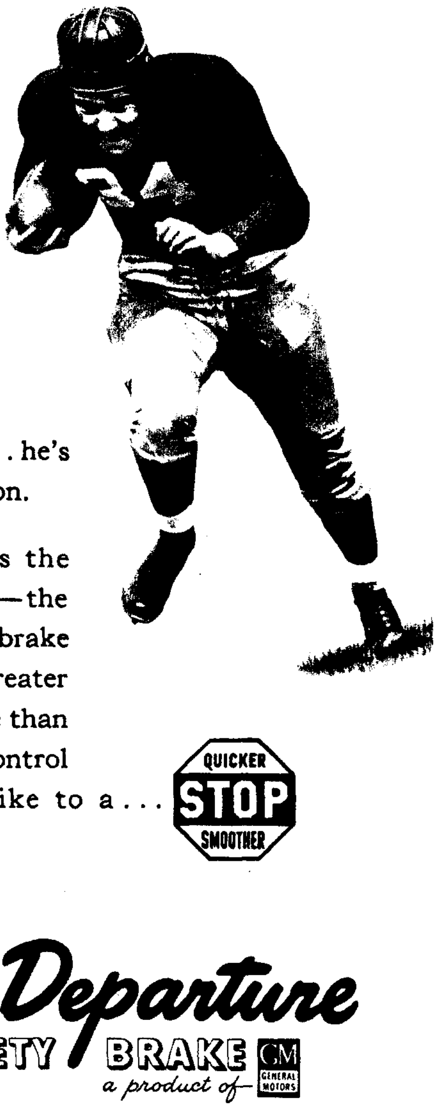

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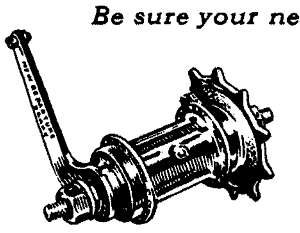

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and said, "This is the switch on the joke. Now do you think it's funny?"

Benny was hysterical within a matter of seconds.

Even more excruciating was an incident at a party given by Norman Taurog. A famous opera star had just begun to sing when Burns interrupted.

"I'm sorry," he apologized, "but Jack Benny was getting ready to laugh."

"That's not true," Benny protested. Turning to the bewildered singer, he said, "I'm sorry, but it just isn't true."

Burns shrugged his shoulders. "All right," he said, "but it looked to *me* like you were."

The slight commotion over, the opera star began a stirring aria. Every eye was on Benny. Suddenly a monstrous giggle rent the air. In a moment Benny was howling. He clutched at his sides and waved his arms helplessly. He doubled up and hopped around the room. Emergency measures were applied but even Burns couldn't get him stopped. Finally Benny was exhausted. Burns was sympathetic but protested his innocence. "I told you he was going to laugh," he said, as the opera star, mortally insulted, stalked from the room.

On the Trail of Phil Baker

Getting oneself into the position where one has to write jokes for these delightful madmen requires a certain amount of guile and general irresponsibility. In 1935, after two years of law school at the University of Chicago, I made my faltering start. With my erstwhile partner, Phil Cole, I called on Phil Baker, then billed as "Armour's Star Ham," at the Chicago Theater, and offered our services as writers.

"Sure, sure," Baker humored us. "Next time you're in New York look me up."

We were in New York almost before Baker was, but we couldn't locate him. His agent told us to please go away. Nobody else seemed to know where he was, so we left a message in every restaurant we could think of: "When Mr. Baker comes in, tell him that Block and Cole are here." Before we were through, we had more circulation than "Kilroy," and Baker was almost out of his mind trying to figure out who Block and Cole were.

We finally heard that Baker lived in Mamaroneck, a Westchester suburb of New York. At the suggestion of Cole, who used to be a "skip tracer" for a Chicago jewelry firm, we went to the Mamaroneck telegraph office and started to write out a wire. As anticipated, the attendant looked at the telegram and said, "Why, Mr. Baker lives just a few blocks from here!"

"Oh?" we said airily. "In that case, if you'll just give us the address, we'll run over to the house."

A maid answered the door. To her inquiring look, we said, "Tell Mr. Baker that Block and Cole are here."

Baker heard the names and reacted violently. He came charging out of the interior of the house like an enraged bull.

"Who are Block and Cole, anyway?" he demanded.

"We're your new writers from Chicago," we said. "Don't you remember?"

First he chuckled, then he roared with laughter. "Okay," he said. "Here's $30. That's for the laugh. Call me tomorrow."

The following day, Baker showed us the script for that week's show. One of the gags concerned a trip to California, and Baker was trying to explain to Agnes Moorehead, his stooge at the time and later to establish herself as a fine dramatic actress, why he couldn't take her to California with him.

"In the first place," he said, "there is no room for you. In the second place, I can't afford it. In the third place, I don't want to take a woman." There Baker stopped, searching for a gag.

"And in the fourth place are the Pittsburgh Pirates," Cole and I said.

That last line seemed especially appropriate because of the tight pennant race that year in the National League. When Baker laughed we thought we were made, but he was not so encouraging. "Look, kids," he said, "the line is good, but go home. Keep thinking about the show and maybe I'll be able to send for you sometime."

We were pretty low as we started back to Chicago. Nearing Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, about halfway home, we suddenly realized the Baker show would be on the air in a few minutes. We raced to a drugstore and turned on a radio.

Then we heard our gag, "And in the fourth place are the Pittsburgh Pirates." To our delight, the audience howled. I looked at Cole, and Cole looked at me. "What would Magellan have done?" Cole asked.

"He would have gone back to New York," I said.

Driving back, we worked out another routine for Baker. "Look," I said to Cole when we had finished it, "when we get there I'll read it to him. You laugh."

"Okay," Cole said.

Fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, Cole came down with a cold. While I was reading our new routine to Baker, all Cole could do was sneeze. It got so funny that Baker started laughing. Between laughs and *Gesundheits* he lost control of himself and hired us both at $100 a week. The animal life had begun.

The only thing I can think of to regret about the past 15 years is the fact that Baker and I invented singing commercials, or at least we think we did. It was 1936 or 1937 and Baker was soulfully humming a tune, That's What I Want for Christmas. All of a sudden he yelped, "Hey, that would make a good commercial!"

I got busy with the words, and since we were on the air for Gulf Gasoline at the time, it came out like this:

"Daddy, buy me good Gulf gas . . . makes your car go very fast . . . gives your motor lots of class . . . that's what I want for Christmas."

Having pleaded guilty to singing commercials, I will also plead guilty to having worked in Hollywood as a writer. I had been writing guest appearances for Eddie Cantor and when he started a picture called Forty Little Mothers I sort of hung around. One of the things that now sticks in my mind and colors my impression of Hollywood is an argument Cantor had with a director.

In one scene the director told Cantor his hatbrim, which was turned up, should be turned down. Cantor said he liked it turned up. The next day the issue was referred to the producer, who said he liked it down. Cantor still said up. The third day the executive producer was called in and said the brim should be down. Cantor insisted up. At the end of a week the head of the studio entered the fray and said to turn the brim down. Cantor *still* said up. Finally, with a week gone, they compromised. Cantor wore a Homburg. P.S. They cut the scene out of the picture.

Gracie Allen for President

In 1940, while writing for Burns and Allen, we conceived the idea of having Gracie Allen run for President. We had a duplicate of the Presidential train used by Franklin D. Roosevelt, and we started across the country from California.

As part of her platform, Gracie promised to move the Grand Canyon so people wouldn't have to go so far out of their way to see it, and she promised to change the name of Washington, D.C., to Washington, A.C., so women could use their vacuum cleaners. She even promised to have the newspapers printed on Cellophane so people could eat in restaurants and watch their coats at the same time. Finally, in Convention Hall in Omaha, we raised the standard of the Confusion party. Our symbol was a kangaroo and our slogan was, "It's in the bag!"

Gracie finally withdrew from the race by discovering that to be President you have to be thirty-five. "I will never admit I'm thirty-five!" Gracie said.

Shortly afterward I achieved a different sort of success: I got the late Grace Moore to stand on her head and sing One Night of Love.

Miss Moore was a guest star on a Milton Berle show which I was writing called My Secret Ambition. Marlene Dietrich had already played a musical saw on the show, Ann Rutherford had tooted a tuba, and Paul Muni had portrayed a burlesque comedian as his favorite secret ambition. For Miss Moore we needed something equally good. I therefore called on her in her hotel suite and said, "We're going to have to figure out what your secret ambition is, and I think it ought to have something to do with your best-known song, One Night of Love."

"Oh, no," she protested. "Not that. I've done that song so many times I could sing it standing on my head."

A wild light must have come into my eyes because Miss Moore looked at me and cried, "Oh, no! I can't do that!"

"Suppose I get Berle to buy a $10,000 War Bond," I said.

"I still won't do it," she said.

"Unpatriotic, eh?" I leered.

That did it. Miss Moore, over the protest of the Metropolitan Opera, sang One Night of Love standing on her head.

When the United States finally entered World War II, I was asked to go to London to "Americanize" the shows the B.B.C. was beaming to the troops. I was in trouble right from the start. For my first show I had a cannibal skit which I called the "Men-u-et." The Home Office protested immediately when they heard about the proposed sketch. In fact, I received a formal note of complaint from the Home Office.

"The cannibals you wish to lampoon are actually loyal subjects of the king and many of them are now aiding in the fight against the enemy," the note said.

I sent back a note asking how many cannibals the Home Office figured were going to be listening to the show. Somebody with a wonderful sense of humor must have taken over because the next note said, "We have now decided for the following reasons to permit you to proceed with your proposed skit. First, most cannibals don't understand English. Second, very few of them have wireless sets. Third, although they are loyal subjects of the king, they have also been known to eat many loyal subjects of the king."

There is a common impression that this whole business of writing jokes is mostly "switching" old gags, and much of it is, of course. For example, during the war Bob Hope said, "I'm so glad to be in England—the place that Churchill visits when he leaves Washington." Last year the joke was changed to: "Washington—that's the place Truman visits when he leaves Key West." And earlier this year it was: "New York—that's the place O'Dwyer goes when he leaves Florida."

A Punch Line for a Baby Gag

However, a gag is likely to spring from almost any source. Several years ago a group of us were trying to figure out the ending to a baby gag: "Hold the baby one way and it looks like its mother. Hold it another way and it looks like me." The punch line had to be delicate, of course, and we were having a tough time.

Finally one of the fellows tried the line again. "Hold the baby one way and it looks like its mother," he said aloud. "Hold it another way and it looks like me."

Suddenly, from the next room a voice said, "What! And let the blood run to its head?"

I ran to the door. In the other room was a man calmly fixing the telephone. "You come in and write jokes," I said to him, "and we'll send a writer in to fix the telephone."

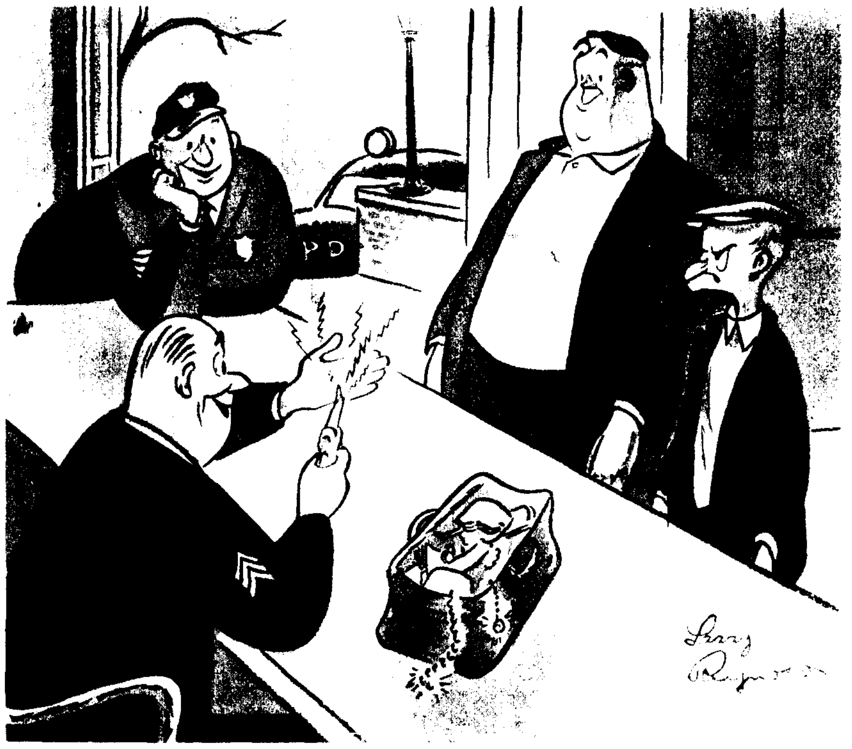
All in all it's a wonderful business, although both writers and comedians are often mutually discouraging. John Barrymore, for instance, was particularly difficult from a writer's standpoint because he liked to argue over certain lines which he would change, anyway, as soon as he was on the air.

Once we had a rousing argument over a line I had written, and finally I said, "Look, the theater is your medium and radio is mine. Who are you not to like the line I wrote?"

Barrymore arched his eyebrows in surprise. "Who do you have to be," he asked, "not to like it?"

I am now a performer on a television show called What's My Line? The other day I was asked if I intended to become a comedian myself. I said I might—if I could only find a good writer! THE END

BUTCH



"I wish you'd learn to carry a real gun, Butch. I hate havin' my name linked wit' yours when this gets in th' papers"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

Top-of-the-World Shaving
at a NEW Saving!
EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
Shaving Cream
SHULTON
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NOW .50
EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
SHAVING CREAMS
Lather and Brushless
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Greatly increased demand for Old Spice Shaving Creams has resulted in mass production—and mass production means a saving in manufacturing costs. This saving we are glad to pass on to *you*.

Lather Cream — full-bodied, quick-forming, non-drying.
Brushless Cream — always firm, creamy, non-irritating.
AND! *For that Top-of-the-World feeling after shaving Old Spice After Shave Lotion, 1.00 and 1.75* PLUS TAX

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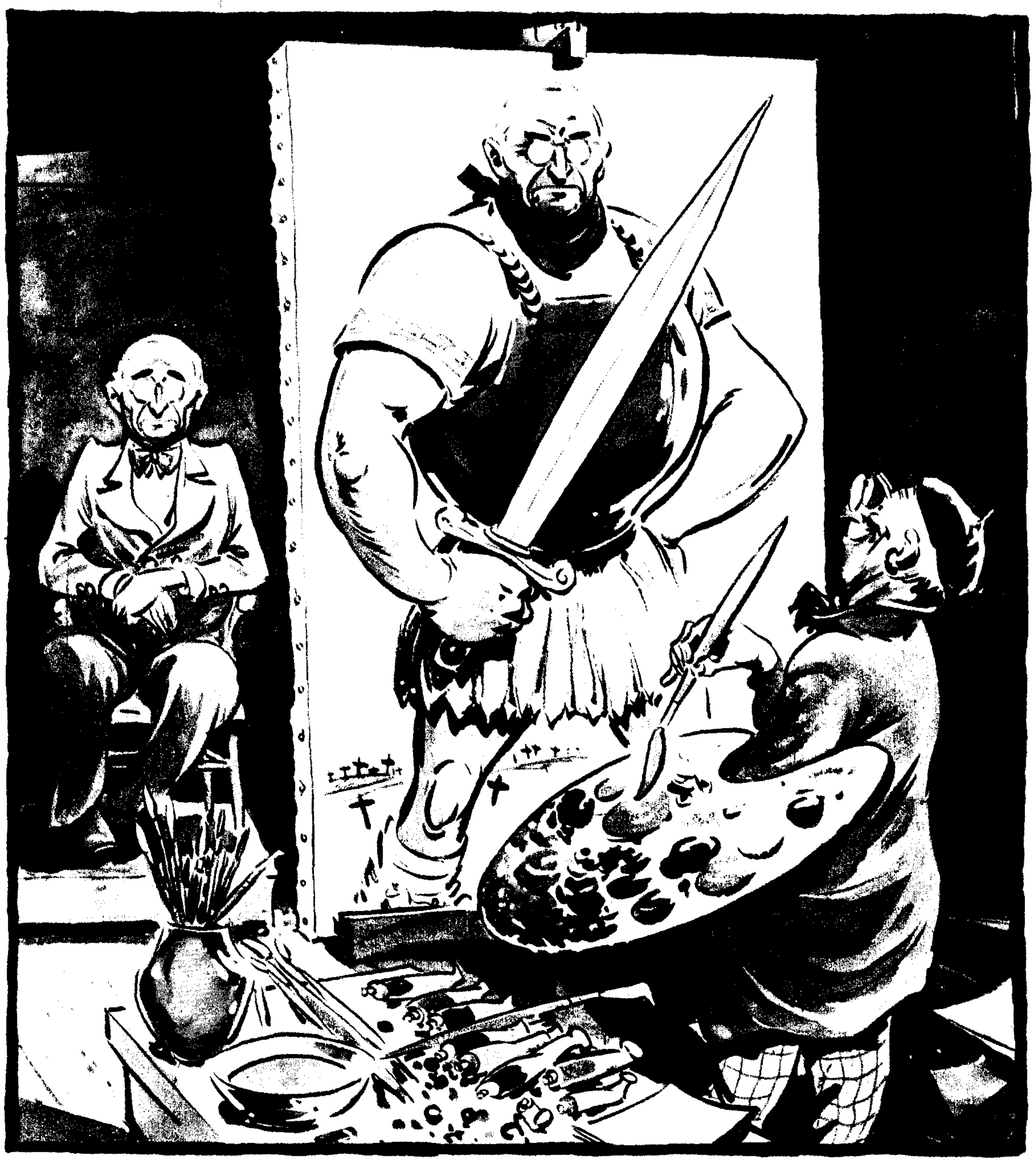

DORMAN H. SMITH

Painter's License

A FEW ISOLATIONIST NEWSPAPERS have lately dusted off their pet explanation of the origin of World War II, and are presenting it again as the reason behind the Korean war and any other hostilities that may occur in the near future. As we get it, their theory is that the President is deliberately and eagerly fomenting conflict in order to keep himself and his party in power.

This distortion of the President's character and purposes is not only vicious but palpably absurd. It is also stupid. For these same newspapers are among the country's most shrill and excited opponents of Communism. Yet they have picked up the Red cry of "warmonger" against Mr. Truman. And they are peddling it to their readers—who number in the millions—not as a propaganda attack by an unfriendly foreign power, but as their very own homemade journalistic discovery. We should imagine that the Politburo is chuckling happily at the whole performance. This magazine is not.

We certainly don't object to the free expression of honest differences of opinion. We don't object to honest criticism. We do object to criticism and accusation which apparently are born of nothing more substantial than unreasoning hatred. We particularly object to a publication which tries to infect its readers with its own hatred for political purposes.

Collier's has often found fault with President Truman's perception and judgment. We expect to keep on doing so when we believe that the circumstances warrant it, because we think it is our duty as well as our right to state our objections editorially. But we have never doubted Mr. Truman's sincere desire for a just and enduring peace, for the very good reason that we have found nothing in his record or his personality to warrant any doubt on that score. We may quarrel with his methods from time to time, but we trust the motives that underlie his foreign policy.

Before the start of the Korean fighting Mr. Truman was clearly preoccupied with domestic policies and politics. He was plugging hard for his social program and lambasting his adversaries. Anyone who disagreed with him was likely to be tagged by the President as a representative of the "selfish interests." Mr. Truman, in short, was not uniting the people for war. He was not frightening them with the threat of war. He was wooing the people class by class—labor, agriculture, small business—and dividing them for political conquest. And he was doing it as adroitly as he did in the 1948 campaign.

Mr. Truman was also talking confidently and, we believe, sincerely of peace. But his astuteness in foreign relations did not match his keen perception of domestic trends and sentiments. He pushed for social reforms at the expense of military strength and civilian defense. He went along with the "economies" of political-minded Louis Johnson. He took the recommendations of his Secretary of State over those of his military advisers in setting up the pre-Korean "defensive perimeter" in the Far East.

Those are not the acts of a man seeking war. Rather, it seems to us, they are the acts of a President unaware of the imminence of war, or unwilling to believe in its imminence. We think that Mr. Truman has made some grievously shortsighted mistakes. We have blushed for him over such blunders as his petty and ungrateful remarks about the Marine Corps. But we have not revised our opinion that he is a humane and kindly man who would not willingly involve us in the horror of another world conflict except in the face of the ultimate threat to our freedom.

The country has no time to listen to the hatemongers who, in effect, have accused the President of the United States of murder.

Memo to Voice of America

REMEMBER THAT INDICTMENT of American sports that was on the Moscow radio a few weeks ago? Well, we haven't seen any public announcement of your answer. So, now that the football season's under way, how about correcting a few of the Comrades' inaccuracies? And, if you don't mind, we'd like to make a few suggestions for your rebuttal.

According to Soviet propaganda, players at the University of Michigan "are often carried from the football field to the hospital or even straight to the cemetery." That is a gross libel on the consistently good Wolverine teams. It's never even happened in their games with Army or Notre Dame. The Kremlin must have the players confused with the coaches. You might tell the Muscovites and satellites that disappointed alumni occasionally go after a coach's scalp at the end of the season. But hearses in the end zone—never.

"Football players are forced obediently to carry out orders of their bosses," says the Red radio, "under threat of unemployment." This is a much more serious charge. We'd suggest that you just confess that, under a capitalistic economy, if a player messes up the boss-quarterback's orders on the playing field often enough, he may find himself sitting on the bench or even bumped off the squad—but not bumped off, period, as Moscow would have the world believe.

Your listeners have also been treated to this fill-in on women's wrestling in America: "Two women enter the ring and start pummeling each other. This lasts until one of them faints. The spectators of this barbarous affair are few, but they pay well, and that is just what the profiteers want." Aside from the statement about the meager audiences, this description is also confused and inaccurate. By all means put *your* audience straight. In a bout involving lady grapplers, it's the customers who faint—and only the less hardy ones at that. The veteran spectators can usually get through the thing by the simple expedient of holding their noses.

"I was curious…

I tasted it…

No wonder Schlitz is…
The largest-selling beer in America!"
The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!

TUNE IN! *Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman, "The Halls of Ivy." Wednesday nights on NBC*

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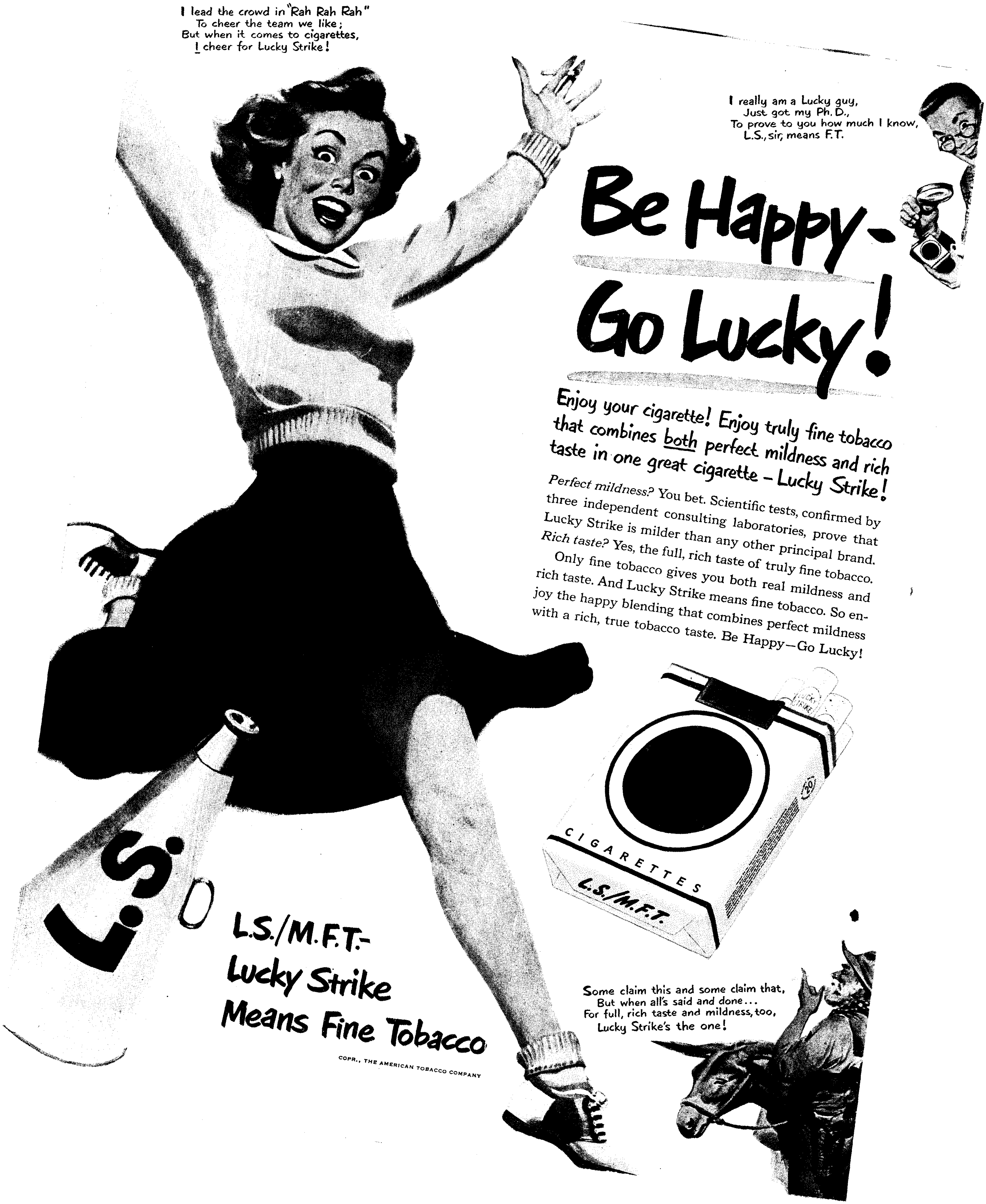

I lead the crowd in "Rah Rah Rah"
To cheer the team we like;
But when it comes to cigarettes,
I cheer for Lucky Strike!

I really am a Lucky guy,
Just got my Ph. D.,
To prove to you how much I know,
L.S., sir, means F.T.

Be Happy-Go Lucky!

Enjoy your cigarette! Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette – Lucky Strike!

Perfect mildness? You bet. Scientific tests, confirmed by three independent consulting laboratories, prove that Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand. *Rich taste?* Yes, the full, rich taste of truly fine tobacco.

Only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So enjoy the happy blending that combines perfect mildness with a rich, true tobacco taste. Be Happy—Go Lucky!

Some claim this and some claim that,
But when all's said and done...
For full, rich taste and mildness, too,
Lucky Strike's the one!

L.S./M.F.T.- Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

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